The Saturday Evening
POST
October 22, 1955 – 15¢

OCT 1 8 '55
LIBRARY BALDWIN-WALLACE COLLEGE BEREA OHIO

Take Auto-Accident Cases Out of the Courts!

By Judge Samuel H. Hofstadter

MINNESOTA'S Murray Warmath

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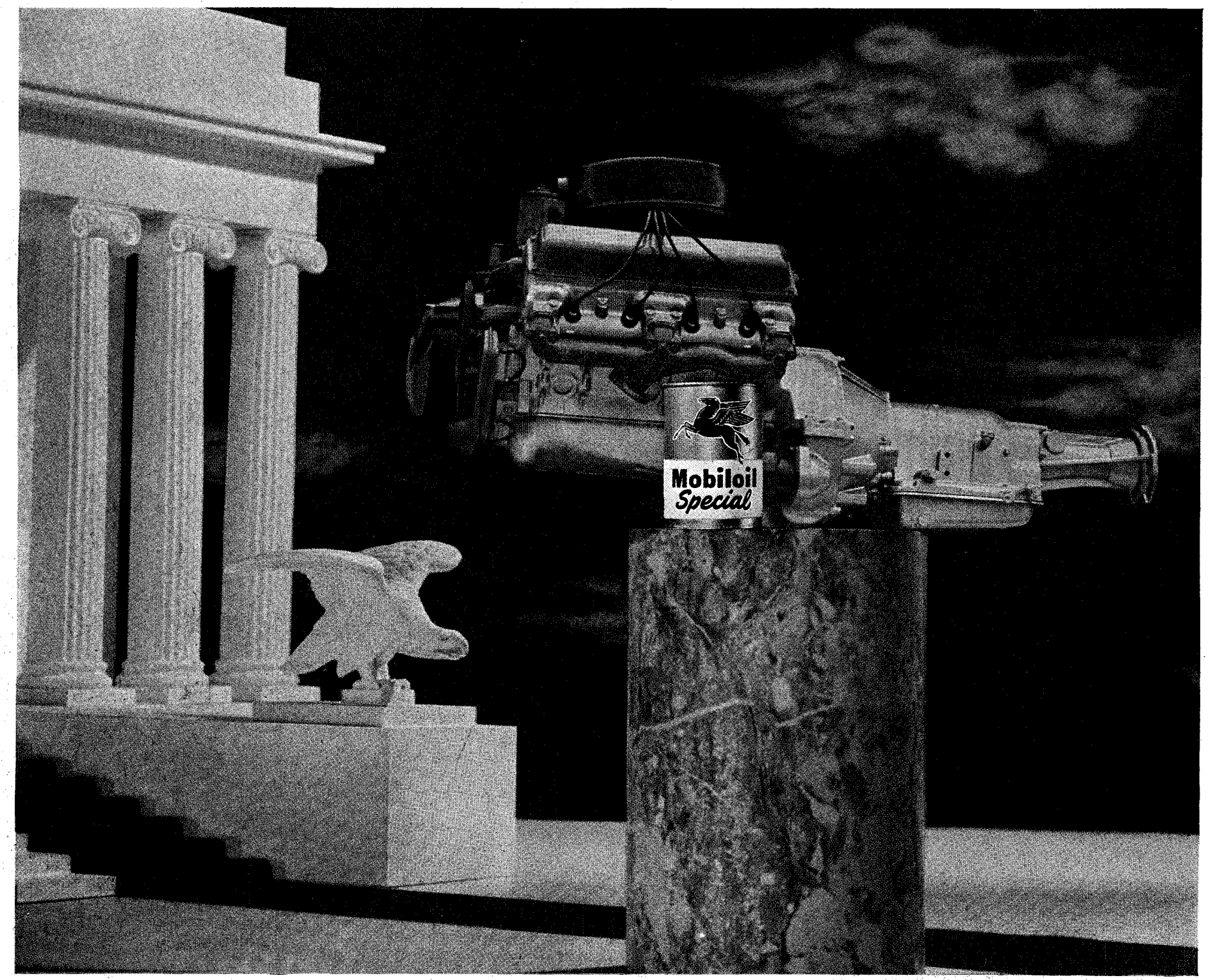

Treat your engine as a V.I.P.* — *give it this special care—have maximum protection, avoid costly repairs*

New Mobiloil Special is the *specially* made *year-'round* oil developed to provide reliable protection for one of your greatest valuables—your car's engine. Use this oil in *all* seasons of the year . . . in *all* climates . . . with complete confidence. It safeguards against wear and corrosion with amazing effectiveness . . . helps your engine to perform at its best. New Mobiloil Special means greater smoothness, faster pickup, extra power—and greater *gasoline* mileage, too. For maximum protection of your engine make your oil New Mobiloil Special . . . now.

Owners report substantial gas savings, too!

Since switching to New Mobiloil Special, car owners are reporting more miles per gallon from their gasoline—substantial savings in mileage in addition to better performance.

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Sold at Mobilgas Stations, Garages, Car Dealers

* *Very Important Property*

SOCONY MOBIL OIL COMPANY, INC., and Affiliates: MAGNOLIA PETROLEUM COMPANY, GENERAL PETROLEUM CORPORATION

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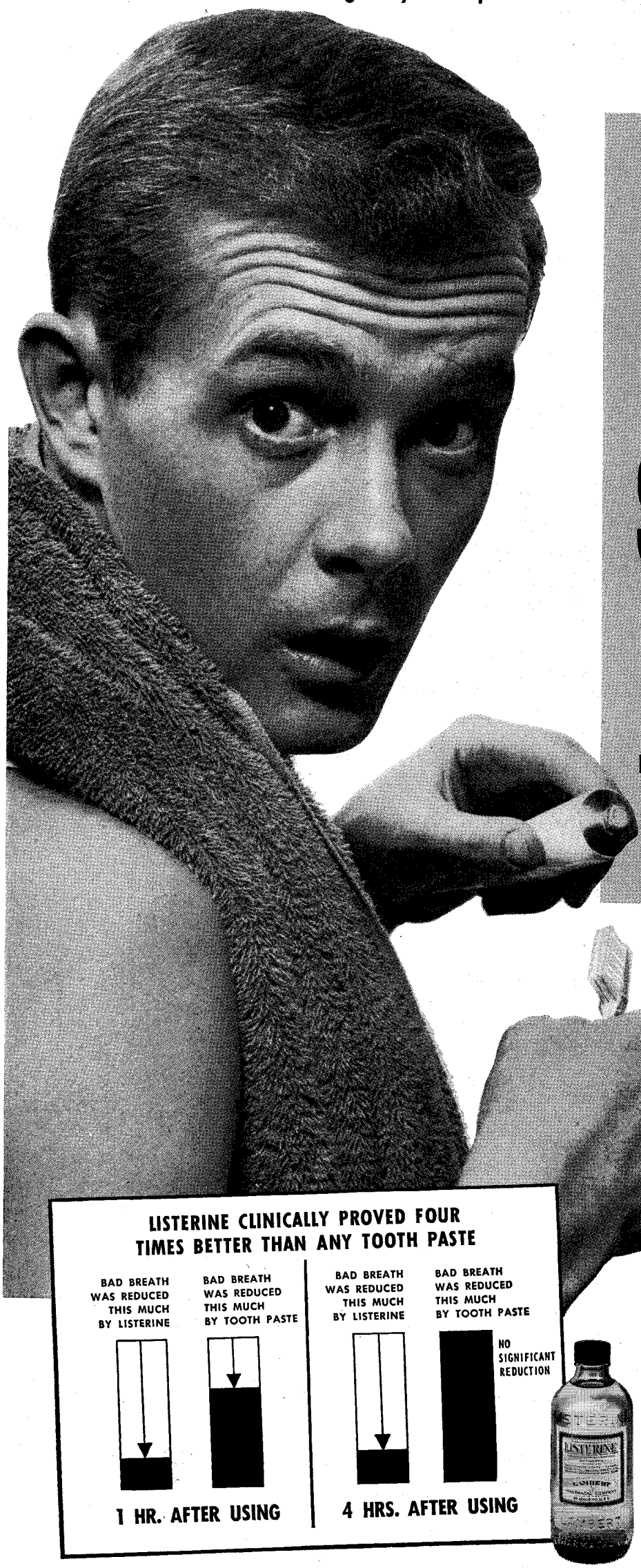
TOOTH PASTE DOESN'T DO IT... *No tooth paste gives you the proven Listerine method of stopping bad breath with germ-killing action!*



LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC STOPS BAD BREATH 4 TIMES BETTER THAN TOOTH PASTE

LISTERINE CLINICALLY PROVED FOUR TIMES BETTER THAN ANY TOOTH PASTE
BAD BREATH WAS REDUCED THIS MUCH BY LISTERINE
BAD BREATH WAS REDUCED THIS MUCH BY TOOTH PASTE
BAD BREATH WAS REDUCED THIS MUCH BY LISTERINE
BAD BREATH WAS REDUCED THIS MUCH BY TOOTH PASTE
NO SIGNIFICANT REDUCTION
1 HR. AFTER USING
4 HRS. AFTER USING

Germs are the major cause of bad breath and no tooth paste kills germs like Listerine—instantly—by millions!

Far and away the most common cause of bad breath is germs. You see, germs cause fermentation of proteins, which are always present in the mouth. Research shows that your breath stays sweeter longer, the more you reduce germs in the mouth. That's why Listerine stops bad breath four times better than any tooth paste.

Listerine Antiseptic Kills Germs by Millions

Listerine Antiseptic kills germs by millions on contact. Test after test has shown that even fifteen minutes after gargling with Listerine Antiseptic, germs on tooth, mouth, and throat surfaces were reduced up to 96.7%; one hour afterward, as much as 80%.

No Tooth Paste Kills Germs Like This . . . Instantly

Tooth paste with the aid of a tooth brush is an effective method of oral hygiene. But no tooth paste gives you the proven Listerine Antiseptic method—banishing bad breath with super-efficient germ-killing action. As a result, Listerine stops bad breath instantly, usually for hours on end. No tooth paste offers proof like this of killing germs that cause bad breath.

LISTERINE

. . . the most widely used antiseptic in the world

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Photo-Perfect
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nges stations. A touch
it! And for just $10 Philco
w Philco from across the
er moving from your
erfect picture . . .

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THE COVER

Mother is making rapid progress at teaching the boys to maintain a tidy room; if George Hughes had painted this the day school opened, the detail would have given him a lame arm. Now, here is portrayed an intelligent female who in her delicate way molds the character of men; so, when her boys are seniors in college, they will be 27 per cent tidier than now. Then they will get married and never leave so much as a pipe cleaner lying about—for six weeks. After that they will revert to human beings, and what they don't chuck around will be what they haven't got. A woman's picking-up-stuff is never done. Why doesn't this mother shock the boys into tidy conduct by simply leaving their shambles untouched? Because they like it this way. She'd better go buy herself a new hat.

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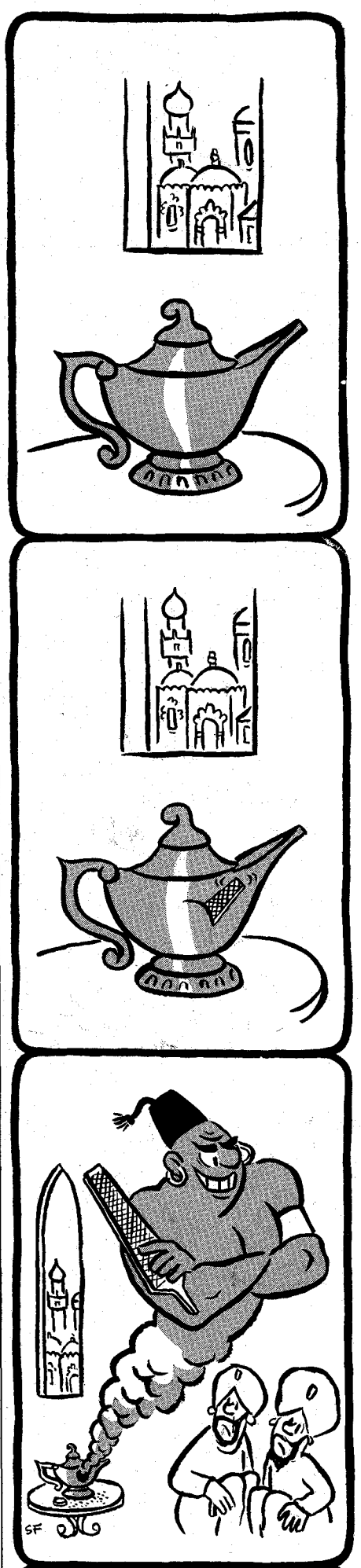
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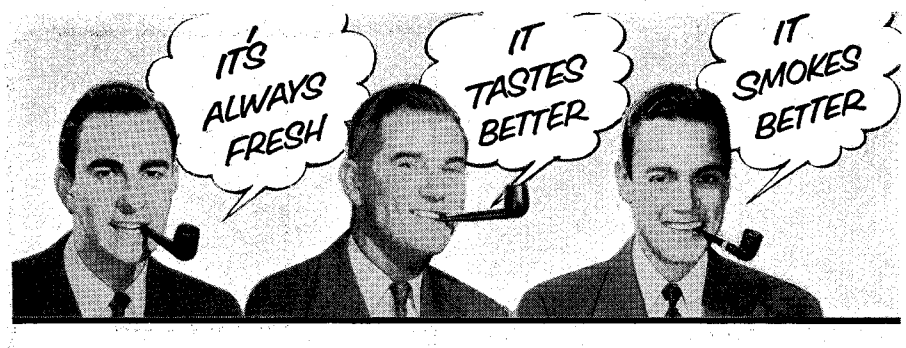

Switch to Kentucky Club

KENSEAL POUCH KEEPS TOBACCO FRESH TO LAST PIPEFUL

You get **Guaranteed Fresh** smoking tobacco when you buy Kentucky Club. Zip open the outer "discard" package and there's your Kenseal Pouch—filled at the factory with fresh Kentucky Club and ready to use. No other pouch is so smart-looking and durable—fits your pocket so comfortably—keeps your tobacco so fresh. It's the only three-ply pouch laminated of Polyethylene, aluminum foil and glassine—bonded together with moisture-proof adhesives.

NEW AROMATIC MIXTURE

Kenseal Pouch keeps tobacco fresh

The new Aromatic Kentucky Club Mixture is sweeping the country. Blended from six choice imported and domestic tobaccos. In distinguished plaid package and Kenseal Pouch. Try it.

FAMOUS WHITE BURLEY BLEND

Kenseal Pouch keeps tobacco fresh

Kentucky Club Regular is famous for its smooth, mild flavor and grand aroma. Look for the blue package with picture of red-coated rider; Kenseal Pouch in smart regimental stripes.

Letters

Rockwell's Mermaid Passes "Obscenity" Test

Dear Sirs:

I note by your Post of Sept. 24 that the sensibilities of a subscriber in Massachusetts were disturbed because of your [Norman Rockwell cover, Aug. 20]. . . . Our sensibilities were not disturbed, but had the lobsterman dropped the mermaid in a pot of boiling water, we would have been enraged!!! . . .

DR. E. A. E. PALMQUIST, *Minister*
Woodland Baptist Church
Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

About the mermaid: Some people don't have a funny bone left in their bodies. . . .

MRS. MARGARET BIERSCHENK
Pennsauken, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

. . . Do not like lobsters, but think mermaids O.K. . . .

JOSEPH L. CHAPMAN
Margate City, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

. . . Your mermaid cover is delightful. I would love my husband to catch one if only he also would go and trap a faun for me. . . .

MRS. VICKY SMITS
Sudbury, Canada

Dear Sirs:

Norman Rockwell couldn't draw an obscene picture!! . . .

MRS. JAMES E. GASTON
Fairhope, Ala.

Dear Sirs:

. . . What could be cleaner than a young innocent mermaid fresh drawn from the water? . . .

L. W. DAVIS
Meshoppen, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

. . . What did you expect a mermaid to wear? A sweatshirt? . . .

MRS. M. H. WILLIAMS
Tangent, Oregon

Dear Sirs:

Norman Rockwell's mermaid cover obscene? Aw fiddle!!

AGNES REESE
Westminster, Md.

Dear Sirs:

. . . Now that this cover has appeared, I'm not only wondering about the artist, (whom I've always considered wonderful) but I'm also wondering about the editors (you) who would let such a cover be published. . . .

PEG NEWMAN
Schenectady, N.Y.

● The vote on Rockwell's cover, at press time, was: In Poor Taste, 11; Obscene, 21; Not Obscene, 245.—ED.

Nike Installations Are Not Always Welcome

Dear Sirs:

Craig THOMPSON'S feature [THEY DIDN'T WANT THAT GUIDED MISSILE] on the Nike . . . in the September 3rd issue is tops. It is, by far, the best such article I have seen. Articles of this type will aid tremendously in bridging "civil-military gaps" encountered in a few locales.

I am working constantly with some of these men on their sites and can honestly say, "You couldn't find a nicer bunch of guys."

A. D. PARKER, *Nike Field Engineer*
Western Electric Co., Newtonville, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

. . . I am sorry that you could not publish the names of the persons near Washington . . . who spitefully closed the road between the control and the launching site of a Nike installation there. . . .

It is not inconceivable that the day may come when their smug, self-centered and worthless lives might be saved by that very Nike installation getting the bomber that might have killed them. . . .

MARTIN S. GRAY
Los Angeles, Cal.

Texan Fed Up With Jibes at Texas

Dear Sirs:

The anecdote and the cartoon in "The Perfect Squelch" [by Lois B. Richardson, Sept. 17] are an insult to the more than 8,000,000 residents of Texas.

Good humor is one thing, but slander is another. If this were an isolated incident it would not be worthy of comment.

But Texans are fed up with the ridicule of national magazines, including yours, which portray the people of this state as crude, arrogant and boastful bores wallowing in oil and cattle wealth.

ED N. WISHCAMPER, *President*
West Texas Press Association
Abilene, Texas

● Although the offending Perfect Squelch did deal with a boastful Texas cattleman, we can't believe that all of Texas' 8,000,000 citizens have been insulted. Texas and Texans are, we think, big enough to take it.—ED.

(Continued on Page 6)

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"It's so easy to use!"

LEWYT

with

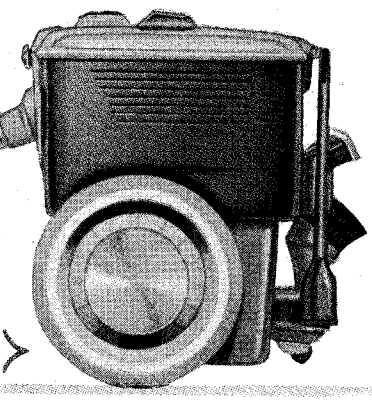
"finger-tip" cleaning!

CLEAN WITH 63% LESS EFFORT!

THE NOZZLE ROLLS ON WHEELS!

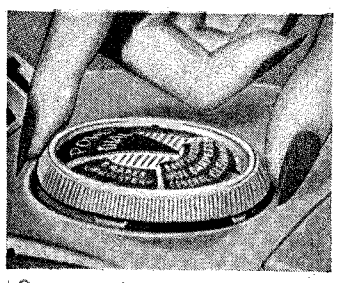
NOW, FOR THE FIRST TIME, BOTH CLEANER AND NOZZLE ROLL ON WHEELS! No more arm-ache from pushing and pulling! No more lifting and carrying! A "finger-tip" touch rolls the nozzle over rugs and floors! A "finger-tip" touch rolls the cleaner room-to-room!

EVERYTHING IS ON WHEELS!

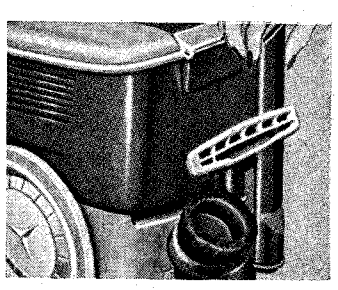


THE CLEANER ROLLS ON WHEELS!

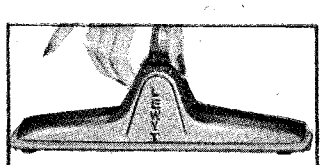
ONLY LEWYT MAKES EVERY CLEANING JOB "FINGER-TIP" EASY!



"finger-tip" **POWER DIAL!** A touch dials correct suction for wool rugs, cotton rugs, bare floors or drapes!



"finger-tip" **TOOL SELECTION!** Tools roll along with you in Lewyt's *built-in* tool rack! No chasing back and forth!



"finger-tip" **COMBINATION RUG 'N FLOOR NOZZLE!** You can clean *both* rugs and floors without changing tools! Rolls on wheels, doesn't tire your arm! Genuine Fuller Brush adjusts for all heights of rug pile!

You're working too hard if you don't have the amazing new 1956 Lewyt!

Not only do the cleaner and nozzle roll on wheels for "finger-tip" cleaning – but the new Lewyt puts many more conveniences at your finger-tips!

Its new combination 2-in-1 nozzle lets you clean *both* rugs and floors without changing tools. All tools roll with you in Lewyt's *built-in* tool rack.

You get the most powerful Lewyt ever built, exclusive new vinyl hose that won't clog, tubes that lock, plus many more deluxe features – and, of course, no dust bag to empty.

ENDORSED by National Institute of Rug Cleaning, Inc. . . . official association of professional rug cleaners, owners and operators of professional rug cleaning plants *who recommend that you vacuum your rugs daily and have them professionally cleaned at least once a year by a professional rug cleaner.*

LEWYT *the cleaner rolls the nozzle rolls* — EVERYTHING ROLLS!

LEWYT CORPORATION, 84 BROADWAY, BROOKLYN 11, N. Y.

Available at leading stores in CANADA ©LEWYT CORP., 1955

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Happy-up your whole family with

Arvin radios

They give a lift to living!

Ⓐ **Twin speakers for true tone!** With *two* coordinated panoramic speakers, Arvin *Duophonic* gives new richness to both radio and recorded music. Unique design, with lighted slide-rule dial and mercury-type treble-bass control. Model 956T, in your choice of Turquoise Blue, Sandalwood, Ivory or Coral.

Ⓑ **Lulls you to sleep, wakens you, tells day, date, time!** Arvin Calendar-Clock Radio turns on coffee-perk, too; follow-up buzzer alarm sounds a second call if you doze off again. Phonojack for record playing. Model 958T, in choice of 4 colors, is one of seven smart Arvin clock radio models.

Ⓒ **So much fun at such low cost!** Arvin *Airway* 3-way portable goes wherever you go, plays wherever you play—on batteries, AC or DC! Air Loop antenna really reaches out. Automatic volume control. Stunning styling. Model 952P, Maroon. Model 954P in Red, Aqua or Cinnamon.

Ⓓ **Famous shatterproof Arvin *Rainbow* in 6 colors!** A color to match any room in the house. Big-set tone in compact cabinet has delighted millions. Perfect for small fry, with a non-breakable cabinet that welcomes abuse like a puppy. Model 840T, in choice of Ivory, Coral, Green, Citron, Cherry, Sandalwood.

Arvin offers 61 radio choices

There's an Arvin radio that's exactly right for every member of your family, and for exactly what you want to spend! Priced from $13.95 to $66.95, every Arvin is top value in its class. Millions of happy Arvin radio families find Arvin meets every need. Arvin Industries, Inc., Columbus, Ind.

Letters (Continued from Page 4)

Dam Confusion in Water-Supply Dept.

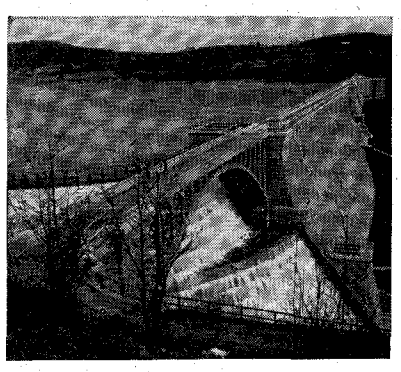
Dear Sirs:

. . . Henry LaCossitt's article THE WORLD'S BIGGEST THIRST [Sept. 10] is most interesting.

It is natural that the Delaware water is such excellent quality—only good healthy droplets could survive the rock-bashing course thru such beautiful country to become the Pepacton Reservoir.

One error in this dam article is that you have the wrong identity to the Cornell Dam picture on page 31. It looks mighty suspiciously like the Schoharie Reservoir at Gilboa, N.Y., going over full tilt!

HERBERT R. MORE
Oneonta, N.Y.



● Reader More is right. Herewith a picture of the New Croton Dam or, as it's called locally, the Cornell Dam. The New York City Board of Water Supply mislabeled its photograph.—ED.

Civil Liberties Union Sets Off Controversy

Dear Sirs:

In your Sept. 17... editorial PEOPLE ARE JUDGED BY THEIR ASSOCIATES, NO MATTER WHAT THE CONSTITUTION SAYS . . . you blame the Civil Liberties Union for its criticism of an Army pamphlet which, you say, cautions soldiers about people who talk like communists. . . .

Here in Mississippi your articles against segregation are called communistic. How would you like to be called before the Thought Control Bureau on a charge of communistic talk because you "favor mongrelization of the races, which is one of Karl Marx's favorite doctrines ——" . . .

F. K. DOWNEY
Jackson, Miss.

Dear Sirs:

. . . I want you to know that I think this editorial is the soundest advice given to your readers in a long time. . . .

KENNETH D. SLOOP
Santa Ana, Cal.

Dear Sirs:

. . . The ACLU does not seek to have citizens forbidden to judge people by their ideas, expressions and associations. On the contrary, it defends your right to judge people as you will. It opposes the stirring up of hysteria and fear. It emphasizes the primary responsibility of Government officials to locate and deal with conspirators. . . .

MRS. LORENZ HANSEN
Upper Darby, Pa.

Nobody Loves Crosswalk Squatters

Dear Sirs:

Three cheers for Thornton Utz's cover [Sept. 17] and the Indianapolis Safety Board for taking the cue!!!

CURT ELLIS BAKER
Indianapolis, Ind.

● The day after Thornton Utz's cover appeared, the Indianapolis police began handing out tickets to motorists who stopped their cars in crosswalks.—ED.

Dear Sirs:

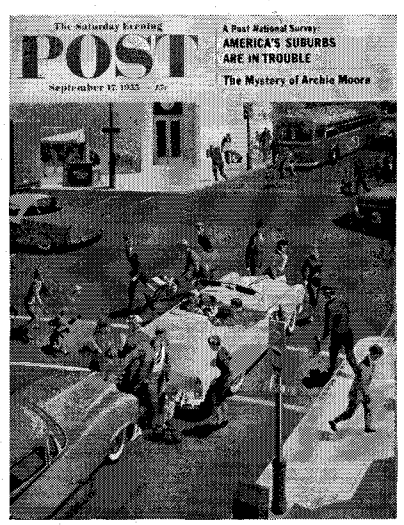
It is my contention that . . . The Saturday Evening Post owes me forty-five cents. . . .

When I left the newsstand with my copy of [the Sept. 17] issue in my hand I encountered exactly the same situation which Mr. Utz had so aptly painted. . . .

Rudely, perhaps, I handed the truck driver my copy of The Saturday Evening Post. He looked at the cover, grinned a little and backed up his truck. He failed to return my magazine as he drove away. So, I bought another copy. . . . While proceeding toward Yonge and Bloor I had occasion to lose two more SatEve-Posts. No, I was not angry; because two of the motorists took the hint. . . .

My fourth copy I held onto, as I wanted to read the contents of the magazine. . . .

LEONARD J. TURNER
Toronto, Canada



● We approve heartily of reader Turner's one-man crusade, but we contend that he got his forty-five cents' worth in terms of crosswalk tranquillity.—ED.

Post Picture Credits

Read across page, then down:

17–Wide World, Jacob Lofman. 18–George Burns. • 19–George Burns, two by Hans Knopf. • 20, 21–Glenn Grohe. • 22–Gabriel Moulin Studios, Sid Avery. • 23–United States Marine Corps, Sid Avery, Cal-Pictures. • 24–Robert Stanley. • 25–Three by Hans Knopf, four from Wide World. • 26, 27–Maynard Clark. • 28–Two from Wide World, European. • 29–Four from Wide World, United Press, four from Wide World. 30–Frank Ross, Wide World. • 31–Stan Galli. • 32, 33–John Bickel. • 35–Ernest Chiriaka. • 36–Larry Fried. • 37–Four from Wide World, Larry Fried. 38, 39–Stanley Zuckerberg. • 42–George Burns. • 43–Three from Wide World; George Burns. • 45–Sam Bates. 61–Hans Knopf. • 108–Wide World. • 115–Wide World. • 144–Chet Moulton, Alex Saunders, Jacob Lofman, Alex Saunders.

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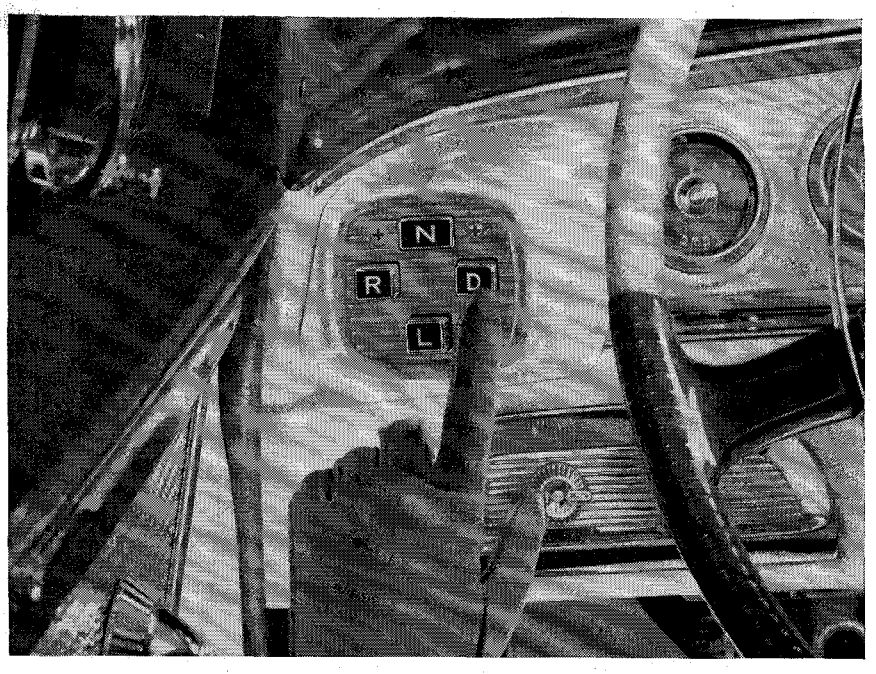
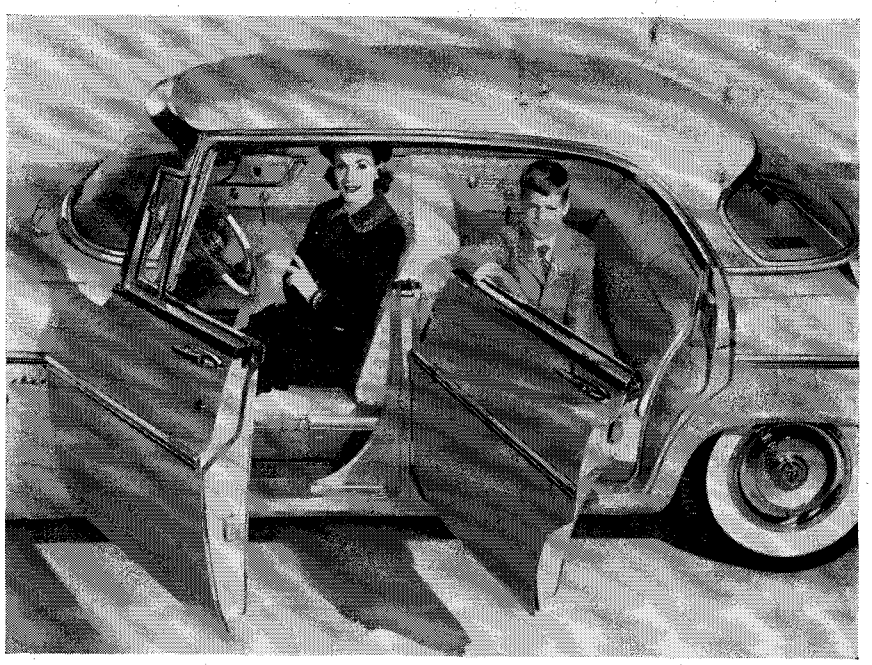
NEWS! . . . FROM THE *FORWARD* LOOK '56

NEWS IN THE FLIGHT SWEEP! . . . The year's freshest and truest new note in car design. In one clean sweep from headlights to up-swept tail, it clearly and unmistakably wraps up the whole idea of *GO!* Accenting the low, long, ground-hugging mass of the car . . . here's the design that looks completely like today, and points clearly to tomorrow, too!



NEWS IN PUSHBUTTON POWERFLITE! . . . Newest driving advance of the year! Put your finger on a button on the dash at your left for whatever driving range you want. *Only the driver can touch it.* Safe and convenient as never before. And remember . . . PowerFlite itself gives the finest blend of smoothness and swiftness among *all* automatic transmissions!

NEWS IN WONDERFUL SAFETY! . . . Brand new LifeGuard door latches that hold fast under stress as none have ever done before. Chrysler Corporation bodies and frames, strongest and most rigid built. The finest, most responsive Power Steering, Power Brakes and engines on the road. And Safety Seat Belts, if you wish, that meet official airplane specifications!



NEWS IN 4-DOOR HARDTOPS! . . . Now in Plymouth, Dodge, De Soto, Chrysler and Imperial . . . *finest and most rugged cars of all in this newest body style!* The dashing, long, low line of the true hardtop . . . *but with full 4-door convenience.* Full side vision, with *full-width* rear doors and exclusive *full-width* rear windows in these cars of THE *FORWARD* LOOK!

THE BEST NEW CAR NEWS of all is to be found this year in the cars of THE *FORWARD* LOOK '56 . . . regardless of the price range in which you're interested!

Here are cars that are full of new advances. Cars that *bring things to you* other cars do not yet have. Cars that *do things for you* other cars are not yet able to do.

Here are cars so new and so wonderful to own you'll feel a new kind of pride when you get one. Cars that literally make driving or riding a new kind of joy and satisfaction.

Right now, well over a million families own 1955 cars of THE *FORWARD* LOOK from Chrysler Corporation. These owners tell us they have discovered a motoring experience that simply cannot be found anywhere else today. And now comes the *second* year of challenge from THE *FORWARD* LOOK. *Now, for '56, the differences between these cars and all others become sharper still!*

The new Dodge is already on display. Plymouth, De Soto, Chrysler and Imperial soon will be. Watch for the announcements. See them at your dealer's. *There's good news for you in these cars!*

CHRYSLER CORPORATION

PLYMOUTH · DODGE · DE SOTO · CHRYSLER · IMPERIAL

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Tops in TV Drama—"Climax!"—CBS-TV, Thursdays

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Happy birthday, all four of you—from Franco-American Spaghetti

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FRANCO-AMERICAN IS A TRADEMARK OWNED BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELL'S SOUPS

HEAP THE PLATES, Mama, and let everybody get set for a whopping good time!

This is FRANCO-AMERICAN Spaghetti. It's the *most fun* fun-dish there ever was. So good you can hardly blame our pig-tailed princesses for being small gluttons.

That rich, red Franco-American sauce has an appeal that makes "seconds" inevitable. You ought to see the fine ingredients that go into it. Tomatoes that are busting their buttons with juicy goodness. Genuine aged Cheddar cheese. Plus a long list of homey seasonings.

You might think good fun and good eating are enough for any dish to offer. But Franco-American Spaghetti doesn't stop there. It's *nutritious*, too. It supplies body-building protein and *energy* which everybody needs.

All this for less than 8 cents a serving. Need we say more? Bet you're on your way to order several cans of this delightful Franco-American Spaghetti, right now.

Spaghetti

BY FRANCO-AMERICAN

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Editorials

Big Labor is the Next Target for Red Infiltrators

One of the most important struggles now going on is the one between the Communist Party and the top leaders of the American Federation of Labor over the question whether the trade-unions of this country shall become appeasers of Moscow. President George Meany, of the AFL, is determined that they shall not. But the communists have hopes of eventual victory. They hope that general public sentiment will go so soft and mushy on the communist question that the average union member will fail to back up Meany.

Ever since Lenin's Bolsheviks seized control of Russia in 1917, the AFL has refused to have any truck with them. It stood firm in the 1920's, even though many intellectuals and liberal political leaders, including some United States senators and Franklin D. Roosevelt, sympathized with what they naïvely considered "the Russian experiment." The AFL gave accurate warning of Red infiltration of the Government in the early 1930's, but was laughed at. It opposed United States recognition of Stalin's dictatorship in 1933.

Now, for months, the Communist Party has been waging a tireless attack on the AFL, and especially on Meany, for resisting the Kremlin's "new look" and new smile. Here is a typical Red denunciation: "George Meany has disgraced the working class of America before the world! Holding the title of president of the AFL, and slated to be the head of the merged labor movement of 15,000,000 American unionists, he stood up before the congress of the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions in Vienna and disgracefully raved against big-power negotiations and peaceful coexistence. He called on the West German trade-unions to drop their opposition to re-armament."

Meany did more than that. He told the European and Asian union leaders that neutralism is evil and that mere noncommunism is not enough. Labor, he said, must be anticommunist. "We didn't compromise with Nazism," he reminded them. "We weren't non-Nazi; we were openly anti-Nazi. The free labor movement wasn't non-Fascist, it was openly and militantly anti-Fascist. Today . . . we mustn't make the mistake of being just non-communist, because we can't afford the luxury of being noncommunist."

Returning to the United States, Meany spoke similarly at the convention of the Retail Clerks International Association.

Soon the Reds issued an open letter to Meany and President Walter Reuther, of the CIO, pointing out that "delegations" of various kinds were going to communist countries, and "Why not a visit by American trade-unionists to the Soviet Union, China and the other Eastern lands?" Reuther remained silent on this question, but when Meany was asked about the communists' open letter, he answered: "As representative of ten million free trade-unionists, I would be willing to give consideration to a trip to Moscow as soon as it is possible to have free trade-unions in Moscow."

Smoothly the Reds argue that "the Meany line is making enemies for labor here at home." How? Well, the bulk of the people now want to trust and love the Kremlin. They'll get so mad at the AFL that they won't support its legislative program, nor will they vote for the candidates it endorses in next year's election, according to the Communist Party.

If anybody thinks that this slick communist sales talk won't impress some union leaders, he is greatly mistaken. The CIO is less resistant to the Kremlin than the AFL is. It tends to go along with the preponderant "liberal" sentiment, especially as expressed by Americans for Democratic Action. Moreover, some AFL unions are much less resistant than Meany, David Dubinsky, and other anticommunists in the AFL leadership.

The Reds hope to fool rank-and-file union members with bogus "peace" propaganda and thus develop a pressure that will carry up through many unions and at last win a majority vote in the Executive Council of the combined AFL and CIO, despite Meany. If this happens, it will be one of the greatest victories in the Kremlin's campaign to paralyze our country.

DUFFY'S CARTOON

"The Corn is as High as an Elephant's Eye."

U.S.S.R. Thrusts Its Foot in the West's Back Door

Despite some premature and ill-advised expressions of optimism by the State Department and the British Foreign Office, it is now plain that the Soviet Union won an important success in the negotiations with Chancellor Adenauer of the West German Republic.

Most of the earlier comments on the exchange of diplomatic relations between the U.S.S.R. and West Germany seemed based on the assumption that the Russians had conceded something important in extending recognition to a regime which they had previously described as a running dog of the imperialistic West. This can hardly be the current opinion.

What of importance did Premier Bulganin achieve? Apparently by assuring Herr Adenauer that some of the war prisoners whom he had previously denounced as war criminals would be released, the Russian premier got the right to set up an embassy at Bonn. As the recent report by the Australian Government on the operation of communist espionage in Australia indicates, the Soviet Union does not use an embassy merely to entertain other diplomats at teas and cocktail parties. The Soviet espionage apparatus will have another important base of operations against the West.

Furthermore, the means have been created for intimate negotiation between West Germany and communist satellite East Germany on the all-important subject of reunification. And it has been made plain that East Germany will have the whip hand when and if negotiations are undertaken. Any hope the West may have had that Russia would imperil its western defenses by permitting Germany to reunite except as a Soviet satellite was promptly slapped down.

As the head of an unarmed nation, half of which is held hostage by the Soviet colossus, Chancellor Adenauer had little choice but to go to Moscow to do what he could to secure the release of prisoners held in Russia. The communist negotiators, both Russian and Chinese, have (Continued on Page 12)

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MOTORISTS:

Take your cue from a rusty lock!

Get rid of binding "engine rust" to UNLOCK HORSEPOWER in your car

It takes a lot of *extra* effort to open a rusty lock. That's because of friction built up by deposits on close-fitting parts.

Your car engine, too, is affected by deposits—rust, plus dirt and acids. This is "engine rust", the deadly combination that clogs valves, valve lifters and piston rings, causes friction that takes extra effort to overcome. It's why your engine loses pep, wastes gasoline, gradually wears out.

Pennzoil with Z-7 makes it easy to prevent the harmful effects of "engine rust". The special power ingredient contained in this different kind of Pennsylvania motor oil keeps harmful deposits *away* from vital parts, lets THE *Tough-Film*® lubricate under perfect conditions. Your engine stays alive and quiet, easy on gasoline and instantly responsive—because horsepower is *unlocked.*

Switch to Pennzoil with Z-7 for fall—hear and *feel* the difference!

PROOF!

More Power! "Dynamometer test after changing to Pennzoil with Z-7 showed increase of 6 road hp at rear wheels." GORDON W. WATTSON, KANSAS CITY, MO.

Less Gas! "Gasoline mileage increased 2½ miles to the gallon when I switched to Pennzoil with Z-7." A. B. ROBERTS, SAVANNAH, GA.

Less Oil! "With Pennzoil with Z-7 my oil consumption has been cut 50% and my car runs smoother and more quietly." H. C. TEER, AUBURN, ALABAMA

Sound your Z for the LONG QUART

SOUND YOUR Z
100% Pure Pennsylvania
PENNZOIL
Safe Lubrication

MEMBER PENN. GRADE CRUDE OIL ASSN., PERMIT NO. 2

BETTER DEALERS IN EVERY STATE FEATURE PENNZOIL® PRODUCTS

Now with Z-7 *the power ingredient*

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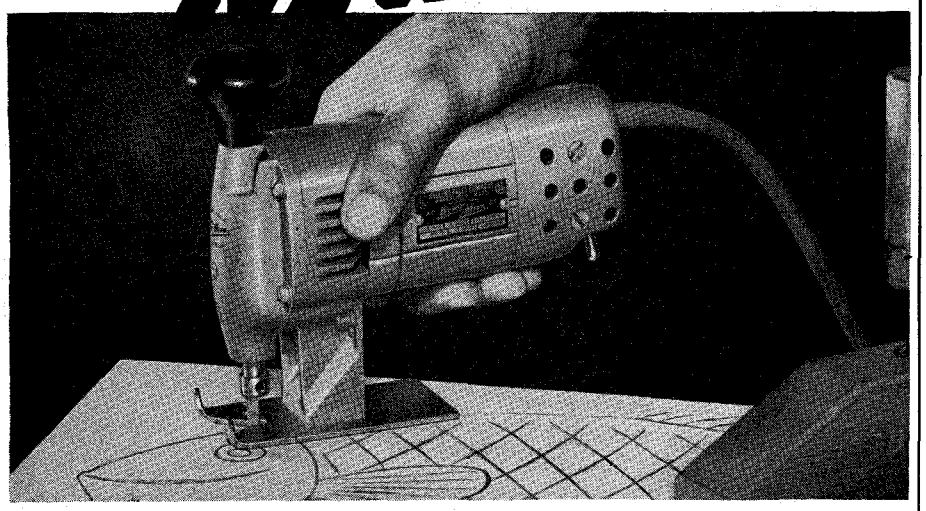
THEY'RE NEW!



FASTEST-CUTTING JIG SAW MADE!

This powerful new Millers Falls tool is a jig saw, hack saw, coping saw, ripsaw, crosscut and keyhole saw all in one. Makes curved, straight or irregular cuts in wood, metal, all kinds of material — in places often inaccessible to other saws! It's small, compact, light for easy handling; with speed and power for rapid feeding. Exclusive design features and special blades result in far greater cutting speed than any similar saw. Cuts its own starting hole in wood. Airstream from motor keeps cutting line free of dust and chips. Will solve hundreds of sawing problems for you.

No. 480 Dyno-Mite Electric Jig Saw
Regular $44.95 — Special for Xmas $39.95

THEY'RE DYNO-MITE

REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

FOR THAT PROFESSIONAL FINISH!

This new Millers Falls Self-Powered Orbital Sander is just what you need for your finest projects. Finish-sands furniture, cabinets, interior trim . . . will remove paint, varnish or surface imperfections . . . all without tracking, scoring or burning surface. High-speed orbital action permits sanding in any direction, on wood, metal, plastics, composition board. Lightweight, compact design makes it easy to use on overhead and vertical as well as horizontal surfaces. Abrasive papers easily changed in a jiffy.

No. 580 Dyno-Mite Electric Orbital Sander
Regular $44.95 — Special for Xmas $39.95

THEY'RE

Millers Falls

Finest Power Tools Made

MILLERS FALLS TOOLS SINCE 1868 ®

FREE AT YOUR HARDWARE DEALER'S
Ask for these folders on the whole power-packed line of Millers Falls Dyno-Mite electric tools including the remarkable new Dyno-Mite Power Workshop, or write direct.

MILLERS FALLS COMPANY
Dept. P-15
Greenfield, Mass.

Editorials

(Continued from Page 10)

used prisoners to great effect. First they hold in captivity under the most degrading conditions prisoners whom they had no right to imprison at all. Then, in a sort of ghoulish cat-and-mouse game, they offer to free a few of the captives, expecting our side to be so grateful to get the prisoners back that the original outrage of their seizure will be forgotten, if not forgiven, and important political concessions made to the communists.

For the long-term consequences of whatever happened at Moscow, we shall have to wait and see. It is certainly difficult to believe that in these new circumstances Germany will be eager to honor its obligation to provide twelve divisions for the NATO army. Indeed, Mr. Khrushchev has made it plain that the Soviet Union has no intention of sanctioning an organization directed against itself. His price for any deal with the West remains the destruction of NATO.

The long and short of it is that Soviet policy has achieved another success, one which must eventually produce some new thinking in American and Western European circles. Certainly there has been no Soviet retreat.

What Has Happened to the Front Porch?

In the past decade or so, millions of new homes have been going up all over America. Mostly one-floor "ranch type" or "colonial," the new dwellings in many cases seem convenient and colorful, they're helping make America a "nation of homes" instead of "cliff dwellings." There has been one great lack, however. In 90 out of 100 of these pretty new homes there isn't anything that even approximates the front porch.

This homely American institution—often more elegantly called "veranda" or "piazza"—belonged to a more expansive generation and had qualities that today's "patios," "breezeways," "terraces" or backyard "fireplace areas" can't approach. For one thing, it was "out front" instead of "out back," far enough removed from the social current that flowed along the sidewalk for privacy, but available for informal neighborhood sociability.

Millions of Americans who are still not old can remember when boys who were too shy to "call on a girl" congregated in safe numbers on the young ladies' front porches—the girls' dresses rustling from the hammock or swing, and the boys in narrow-bottomed "ice-cream" pants, maybe plunking on a mandolin or ukulele. There were incidental and more prosaic advantages to the old front porch, of course: kids could play there in wet weather, housewives could catch a breath of fresh air in the morning and maybe a bit of gossip from the mailman. Even henpecked husbands had a place to smoke their "smelly old pipe."

Anyway, there was a largeness and easiness around the old front porch. Times and tastes—and costs, of course—are bound to change, but older generations have a right to keep a warm spot in their hearts for this old-time summer haven.

Disasters Suspend "Business as Usual"

Before the flood waters brought down by Hurricane Diane had stopped rising, the relief agencies were out in the night with emergency aid. But not far behind them in the light of the dawn were thousands of people pouring in tons of needed products.

When disaster strikes, no group is quicker to respond to human need than the men and women who provide the vital goods and services. The impact of the disaster in Pennsylvania, New York, Connecticut and Massachusetts was stunning. There was human misery on an appalling scale, and the business community jumped in to help relieve it—and with monumental generosity. There were no price tags attached.

Pharmaceutical firms rushed in antibiotics, collecting supplies by air from all parts of the nation. Most drug concerns stood ready to replace their retailers' damaged stocks without charge. Food manufacturers donated soup, coffee and even cookies for children. Soft-drink makers turned over their water-purification plants, in Waterbury, Connecticut, for example, providing drinking water for 8000 people daily.

Less spectacular but no less significant: around-the-clock work of service engineers rushed to the disaster areas to dry out, clean, rebuild and return to service vast amounts of machinery. Individual workers in the stricken areas performed feats of courage and endurance, including Mrs. Etheleve Phillips, a Bell Telephone operator in Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania, who risked her life to get to her job because "I knew I could do more for my neighbors by handling telephone calls than in any other way." Manufacturers are giving priority to flood-damaged plants in delivery of critical machinery and materials so that workers can answer the back-to-work whistle. Washed-out retailers and manufacturers find that most suppliers are liberally extending credit.

In time of disaster the American people deliver the goods, and worry about the books later.

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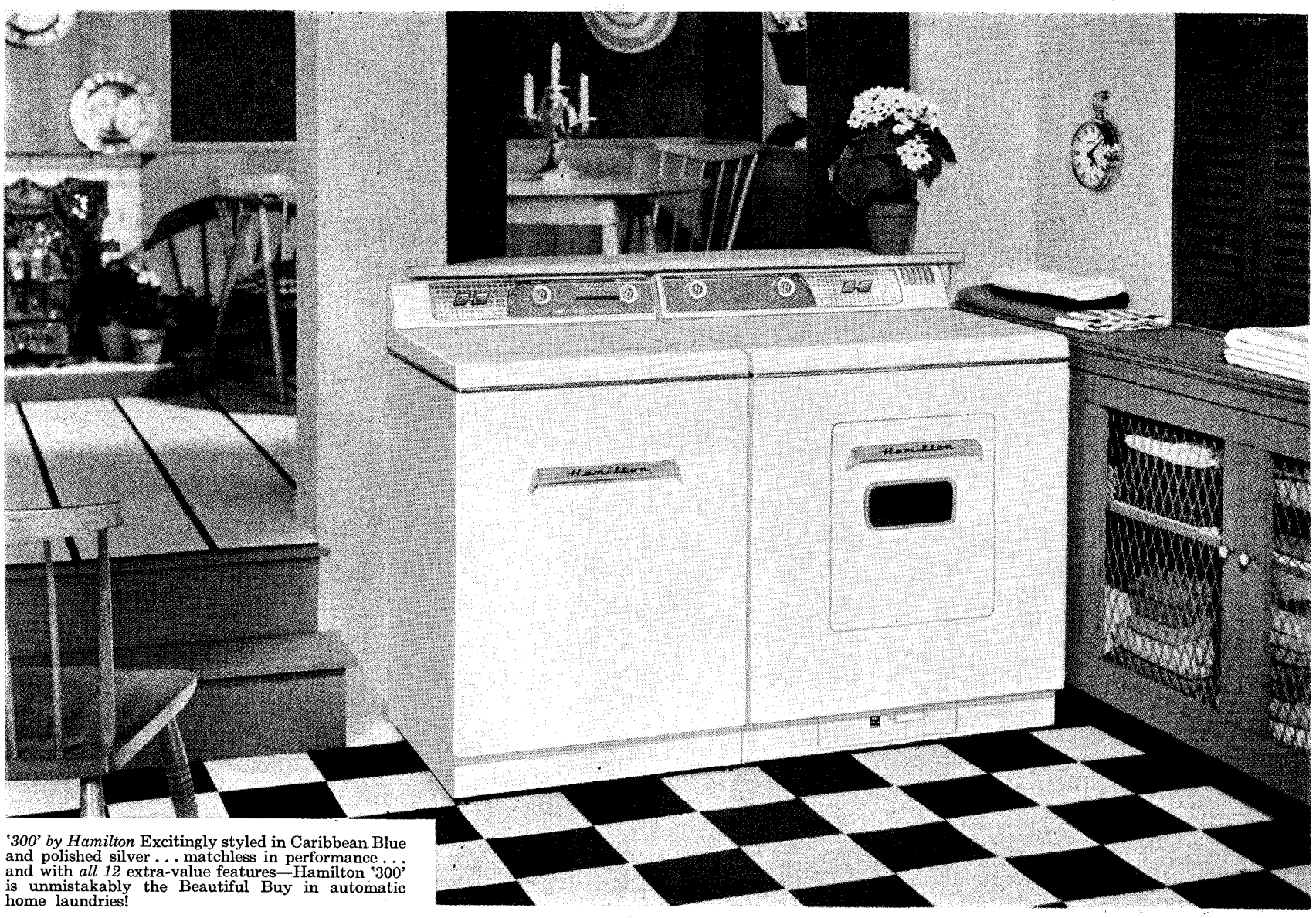
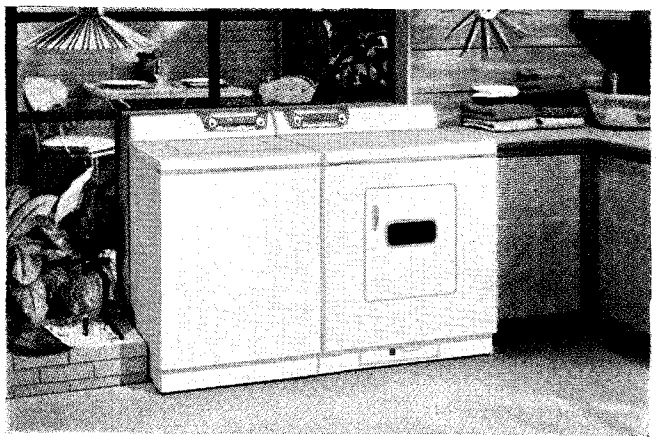
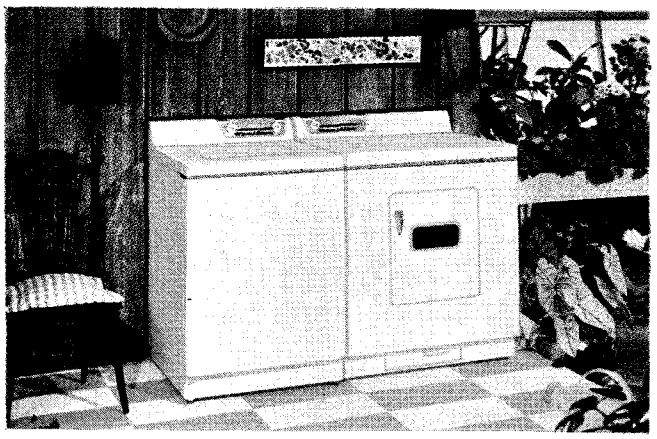


'300' by Hamilton Excitingly styled in Caribbean Blue and polished silver . . . matchless in performance . . . and with *all 12* extra-value features—Hamilton '300' is unmistakably the Beautiful Buy in automatic home laundries!



'200' by Hamilton Smart blue and silver trim and an amazing range of better-laundering features make this a mighty bright buy for budget shoppers!



Jubilee by Hamilton A Hamilton 75th Anniversary special, the Jubilee is handsomely done out in Aztec Gold and black, and celebration low-priced for you!

Hamilton prescribes ALL, the original "controlled-suds" detergent, for best washing results. You'll find a start-right package of ALL in your new Hamilton washer—tested and approved by the Hamilton Home Service Department.

see why more families than ever are choosing these

three handsome Hamiltons!

Hamilton washers and dryers are richly styled-
give you up to 12 extra better-laundering features
and the widest price-choice in all Hamilton history!

Talk about popularity! Right from the very start Hamilton has been a first-name in automatic laundering—and this year, thousands more Hamilton-happy families are increasing this headstart. You can *see* how a Hamilton makes a bright spot in your home . . . *but that's not all—*

Talk about performance! About the amazing simplicity of Hamilton's *Selecta-Cycle* washer control . . . the power of *Soil-Seeking Washing Action* . . . the bright sparkle of *Fresh-Flo* rinsing.

And for fastest, gentlest drying, Hamilton's exclusive *Carrier-Current* air circulation . . . the care-free safety of *Fabri-Dial* temperature control . . . the springtime freshness of *Sun-E-Day* drying.

Talk about price! This wonderful choice of complete home laundries fits a handsome Hamilton into *any* household budget. And if you want to talk about the very best home laundry buys—well, just talk to your Hamilton Dealer—*but do it right now!*

Hamilton

the name women know and trust

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DRIVE A DE SOTO BEFORE YOU DECIDE!

An exciting new beauty . . . designed for today's and tomorrow's roads . . . quick and nimble in city driving . . . safer, more comfortable at super-highway speeds . . . new push-button drive selector . . . new and mighty V-8 engines (up to 255 hp)

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with sizzling "high torque take-off"... new super-highway brakes... 85 exterior color combinations... luxurious interiors... smart new forward look! Drive the glamorous

1956 DE SOTO... designed for the super-highway age!

De Soto Division, Chrysler Corporation

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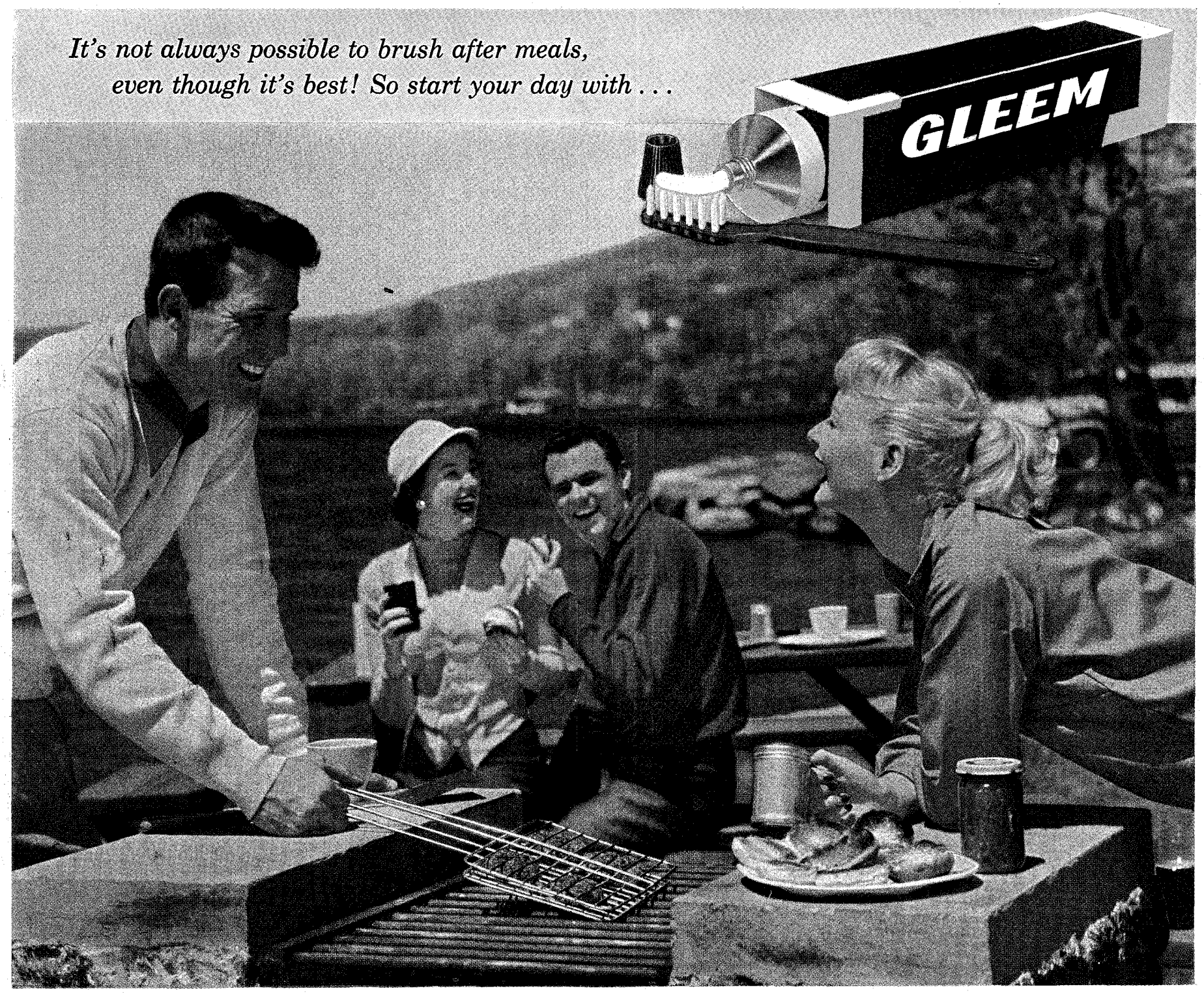
It's not always possible to brush after meals, even though it's best! So start your day with . . .



New Gleem Toothpaste for people who can't brush after every meal

JUST ONE BRUSHING destroys decay- and odor-causing bacteria!

If you're too busy to brush after every meal, use Gleem. One Gleem brushing *destroys up to 90% of bacteria* (major cause of decay) . . . protects most people against mouth odor *all day*. And Gleem's flavor is so wonderful even youngsters like to use it regularly! That's a sure way to help them reduce decay!

Only Procter & Gamble's new GLEEM has GL-70 new cleaner and decay fighter!

Mouth odor stopped all day for most people with *one* Gleem brushing. Scientific tests prove just brushing with Gleem before breakfast gives all-day protection against most unpleasant mouth odor. So start your day with Gleem.

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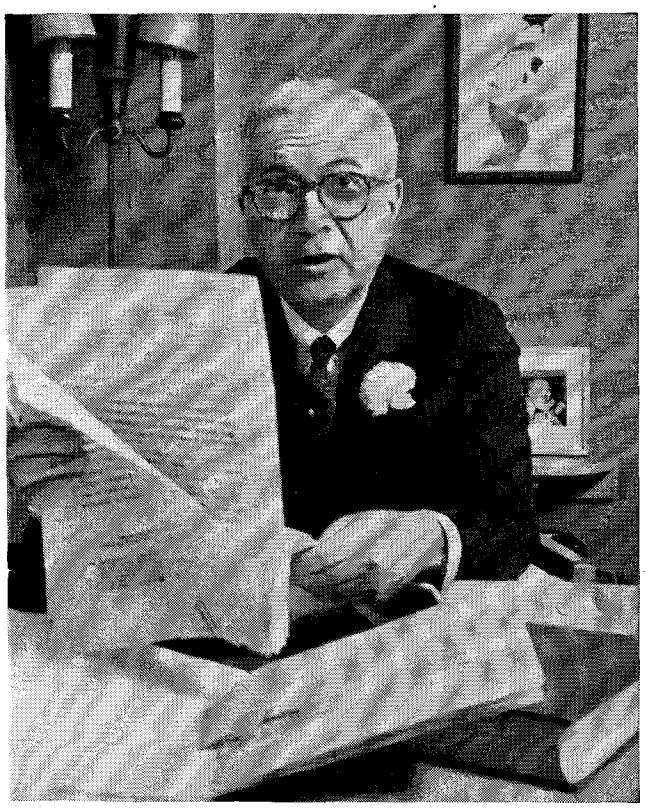
The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY Benj. Franklin

Let's Put Sense in the Accident Laws



Last year nearly two million persons were injured in auto accidents. "Our courts are buried under thousands of suits," says Judge Hofstadter, "and they come up with some fantastic decisions."

A distinguished American jurist offers a bold plan to settle highway claims by taking them out of our courts!

By Samuel H. Hofstadter,
Justice of the New York Supreme Court,
As Told to
Joe Alex Morris

We Americans are the world's greatest builders of automobiles and superhighways, but our system of handling lawsuits arising from automobile accidents is as old-fashioned as the original one-cylinder horseless carriage.

After more than twenty years on the bench, I am convinced that it is time—well past time, in fact—to get automobile-accident lawsuits out of our overburdened courts and to dispose of them in a sound and up-to-date manner patterned after the universally accepted system of workmen's compensation. This, as I will explain later, would mean that anyone injured in such an accident would be assured of compensation within a short time and on the basis of established payment schedules administered by a state board, without regard for the question of who was at fault in the accident. Such a system would eliminate the risk that injured persons, after years of litigation, may get no compensation at all, and it would, in my opinion, be fairer to all who become involved in an accident.

As a judge, I have no hesitation in saying that in our modern civilization almost anyone, including yourself, can end up in court in connection with a suit to recover damages suffered in an automobile accident, no matter how carefully you drive or even if you don't drive at all. And once you are in court you may well find yourself in for some real surprises.

Let me, for example, tell you about the case of the U-turn. At fourteen minutes past ten o'clock on a gray morning in January, Frederick K. Browne was driving on a wide road near Bergen, New Jersey, when he decided to turn around. He slowed down to fifteen miles an hour, observed (Continued on Page 112)

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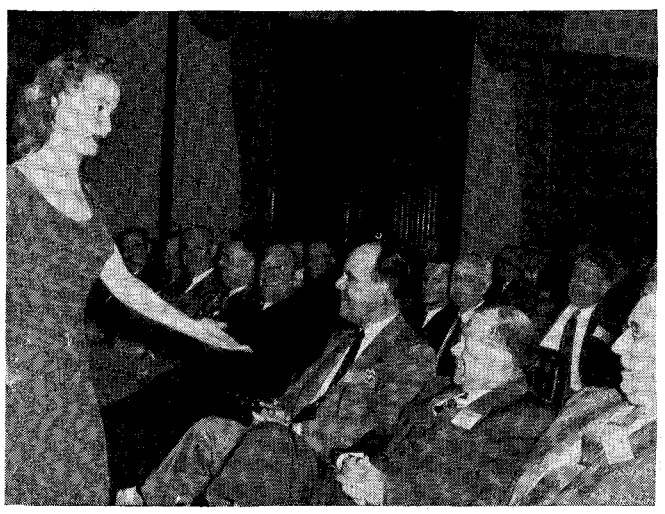
In a General Electric sales-convention skit, bathing beauties help a pair of "salesmen" learn about some new G.E. products.

Industry has decided a sales pitch gets across better

if a gorgeous blonde helps deliver it. And now



Connie Anderson sells a love song to G.E. salesmen down in front of the footlights.

BIG BUSINESS IS STAGE-STRUCK

By RUFUS JARMAN

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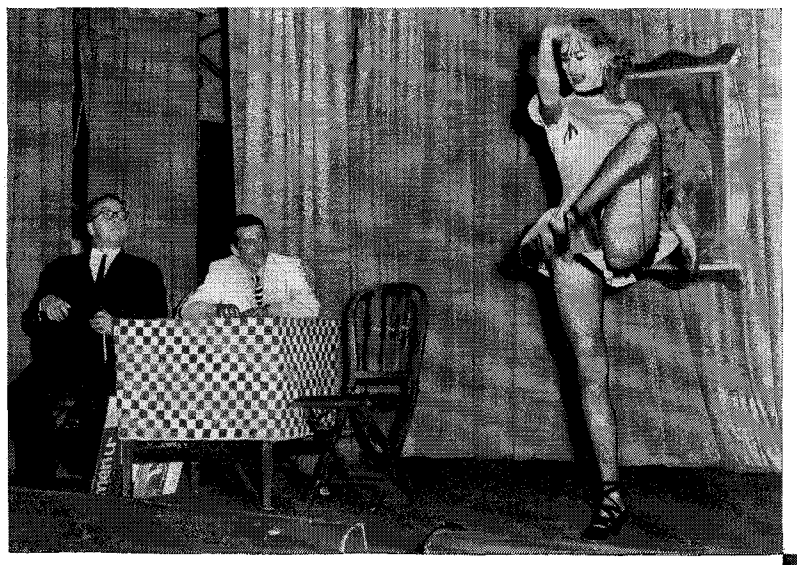
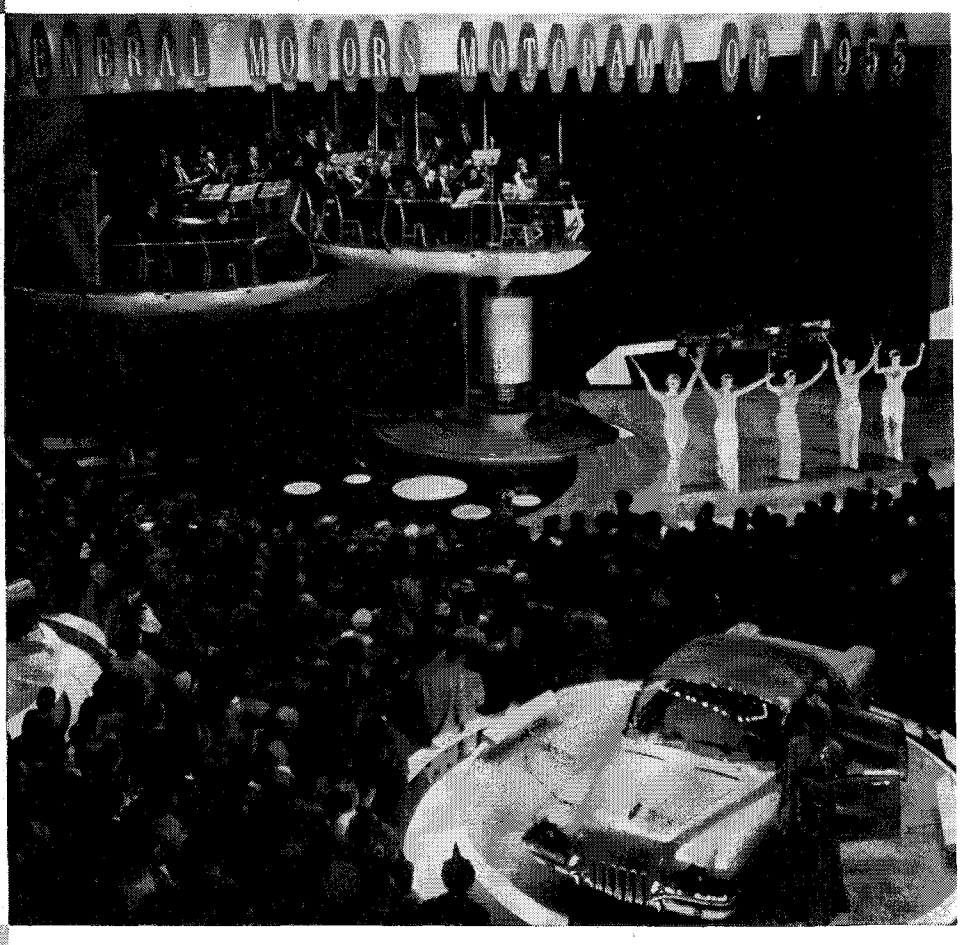


Roy Johnson and Zachary Charles portray two G.E. salesmen on an expense account. Donna Beaumont is the night-club dancer.

Free-show lovers jam the ballroom of the Waldorf in New York for the General Motors Motorama. Here a thirty-piece orchestra and a chorus of "Fisher Body Girls" whet the public appetite for new models.



American sales conventions, which used to be as dull and uninspired as the career of George F. Babbitt, are embracing the techniques of show business these days. The sales manager's annual speech is sometimes scored to music. Humorous skits often convey a firm's new policies and selling ideas to the assembled distributors, dealers and salesmen. And the presentation of next year's models of the company's product may include a line of high-kicking chorus cuties to provide some of the glamour of the Broadway theater.

During the next twelve months 200 or 300 firms—automobile and appliance manufacturers, sellers of cereals, gasoline, hair lotion, cosmetics, automobile tires, whisky and beer—will spend from $5000 up to $2,000,000 each on costumes, scenery, music, transportation, theater rentals, original scripts, directors and Broadway casts.

These components will be assembled into revues, plays, musical comedies or simple skits interspersed between the sales talks by company officials. Some shows will be one-shot affairs. Others will tour the country on special trains. And each management expects its show to imbue its men with fierce loyalty to the company, and inspire them to great feats of salesmanship.

Bonnie Gravatt models her outfit for Motorama executives. On its coast-to-coast tour early this year Motorama introduced the new GM line to 6,000,000 people.

Shows produced with professional talent to put across a sales message are called "Industrial Theater." A few firms used this medium as far back as the mid-1920's. So many concerns have adopted Industrial Theater since 1953, however, that a recent headline in Variety, mouthpiece of show business, exulted: THERE'S NO BIZ WITHOUT SHOW BIZ. The New York chapter of Actors Equity Association, the theatrical union, estimates that more of its members are employed in Industrial Theater than in the dramatic and musical-comedy shows on Broadway and on the road combined.

Until three years ago there were only three concerns that made a business of producing industrial shows—the Jam Handy Organization of Detroit; Dramaturgy, Inc., of Cleveland; and Wilding Picture Productions, Inc., of Chicago and Detroit. But Industrial Theater has grown so fast lately that there are now a dozen or so producers. These range from small-time booking agents, occupying grubby offices along Broadway, up to big advertising agencies.

Occasionally big names are used in industrial shows—Robert Merrill, Patrice Munsel, George Gobel, Dinah Shore, Fred Waring—but producers usually prefer to use competent actors not quite so well known. They fear that very big names might overshadow the client's product, which should be the star of the show.

(Continued on Page 58)

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The police abandoned the canoes, running, just as the arrows began to fly from the long house

The Headhunters of Ianagl

By OLAF RUHEN

Harrison had to bring the savage killers of nine women to justice—or die trying.

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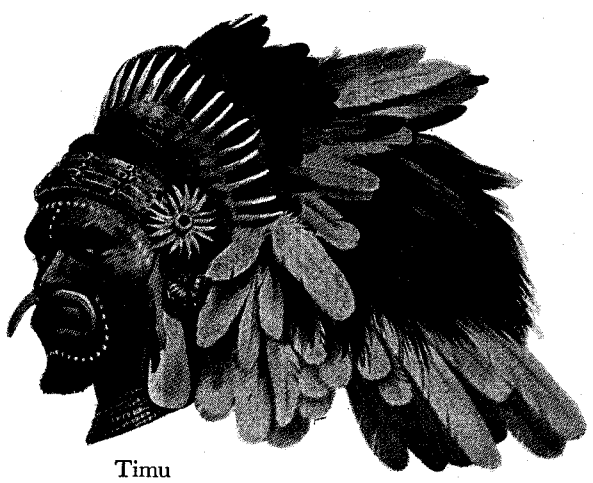
Patrol Officer Ron Harrison, twenty-six, tall, unmarried, not overly ambitious and normally a little lazy, was in the third and last week of a routine river patrol when they brought him news of the murder of the women. He was encamped for the evening in the village of Mubaidia, a small and impoverished community of sago eaters, such as live in the low-lying areas in Southwestern New Guinea. They were a thin and miserable people who enriched a diet composed mainly of starch with small additions of grubs and snake meat. Harrison, in country new to him, with a team of ten strange constables under a corporal whom he did not altogether trust, was in that hour looking forward to a speedy return to his pleasant, if fairly primitive, headquarters at Arodi.



Timu

It was the corporal, Nundi, who now brought him the news of the killings. Nundi looked and acted like a paragon amongst men, thereby engendering that distrust which Harrison tried neither to explain nor to abandon. He was a well-built native, well-groomed according to police regulations, with shining belt and harness and scrupulously clean body, trimmed hair. His skin was shining with health, his eyes were bright, and his only self-indulgences were occasional cigarettes and an irritating tendency to hold himself superior to other natives, particularly to those not connected with the service.

He was completely unperturbed now as he came to Harrison in the tent set up on the dancing space in front of the fighting platform of the long house in Mubaidia village.

"Sir," he said, "there has been a killing in the village of Kerabini, three days up the river. There is a man who has just now reached Mubaidia by canoe, and he tells of the killings."

"Killings?" Harrison said, sitting up. "What kind of killings?"

Corporal Nundi

"Just killings for the taking of heads, sir," Nundi answered. "Not a killing of vendetta. A killing of women. Nine women of the village of Kerabini."

"Where is the man?" asked Harrison.

"I'll get him, sir," Nundi said. "But he can talk only the place talk of Kerabini."

"Get him," Harrison said impatiently. "And get an interpreter."

"I can interpret the talk, sir," Nundi said. "I speak it well enough," he added a little smugly.

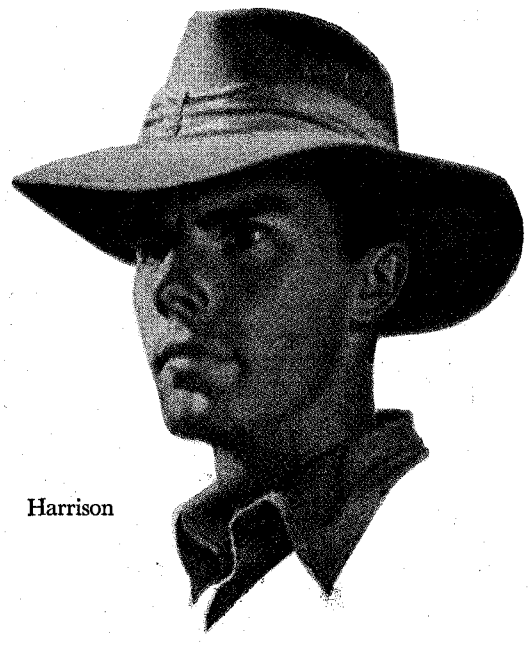
"You're too good to be true," Harrison said, but he waited until the corporal was well away from the tent, and he said it under his breath. Then he stood up and followed the corporal into the open air.

The informant was a bush Kanaka, rather better formed than the sago eaters of Mubaidia, but only an average specimen of river man; and his wild eyes were big with fright. As soon as he saw Harrison he launched, without being told, into a frantic tumble of words.

"He says that forty men of the Ianagl in three canoes came and took the heads," said Corporal Nundi.

"What was the way of it?" Harrison asked. "Let him begin at the beginning and tell whatever he knows. Was it a raiding party?"

Nundi conducted question and answer with the man for fully five minutes until Harrison was thoroughly annoyed. Nundi paid no attention to him at all, but continued questioning



Harrison

the man, and though he was tempted to break in with questions, Harrison realized the interruption could serve no useful purpose, and indeed would lower his prestige in the eyes of the people, now gathered round, only partly comprehending. Nevertheless, the uninformed waiting was an irritant, and he wished he had confined his request to simple questions and answers.

Nundi finally turned to him and said, "It was not a raiding party, sir. The women were working in the garden in the afternoon of the day before yesterday. The gardens are close upon the riverbank, and there is only a fine screen of bushes and trees, growing here and there. There were nine women and a young girl in the garden, and the girl was lying asleep at the edge of the garden under the trees. The nine women were weeding, with their heads down, and they were watching their work and did not see the river, though it was so close to the garden. And three canoes of the Ianagl men came down the river and they saw that the women did not observe them at all, and they drifted with the current down past the garden until it was out of their sight.

"Then they came ashore and surrounded the garden. They crept round the garden very quietly and when they were stationed all about it they ran and came quickly and rushed on the women and struck them down and cut off their heads."

"Was the village watching, that all this was known?" asked Harrison skeptically.

"No, sir," said Nundi, with complete candor and gravity. "The village is a little way from the garden. It was the girl lying asleep under the trees. She (Continued on Page 90)

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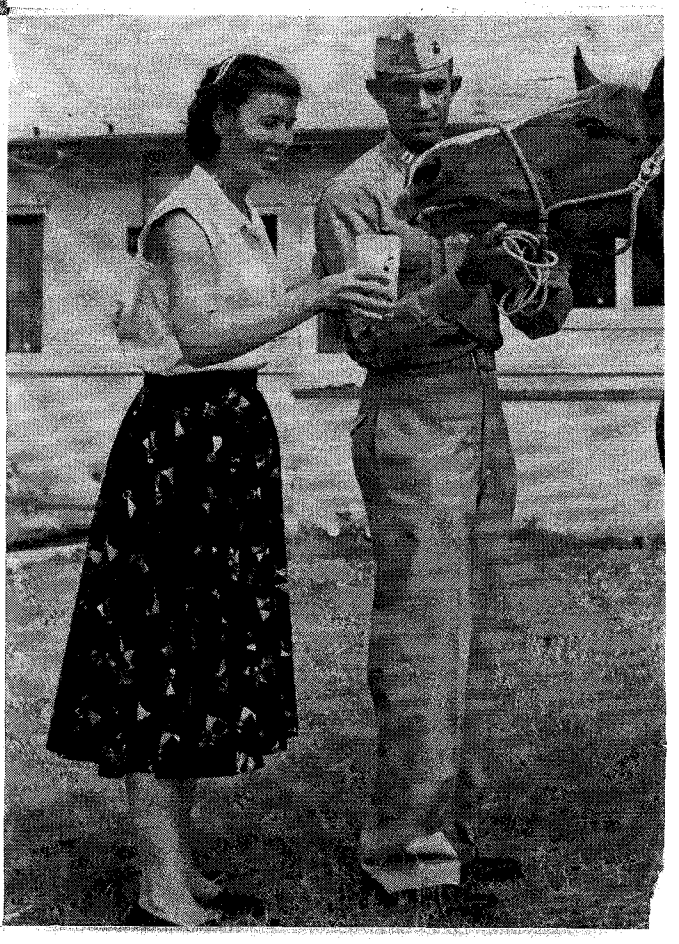
In San Francisco, Reckless became the first female to enter the Cartoon Room of the Bohemian Club. Her old comrades, Sgt. Elmer Lively and Lt. Eric Pedersen, escorted her.

Red Carpet for Sergeant Reckless

By ANDREW GEER

The heart-warming story of how the Marines' heroic war horse made her way to America by plane and ship to rejoin the men who fought alongside her in Korea's bloody battles.



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Sgt. Joe Latham and Reckless in Korea, where she carried 75-mm. ammunition to embattled Marines.

Reckless, the little Korean race mare who served during the Korean war as an ammunition carrier for a Marine Recoilless Rifle Platoon, has been leading a life never before enjoyed by a horse ever since April 17, 1954. That was when the Post published an article I'd written about her exploits called RECKLESS, PRIDE OF THE MARINES. Within days of publication, scores of people began asking the same question, "When is Reckless going to be rotated?"

For a time it looked as though she would be denied entry into the United States, but as always where Reckless is concerned, she won out. The Post article was not only to become her visa, but it got her a free ride across the Pacific and led to her becoming an honorary citizen of California.

I met Reckless when I took command of the second battalion, 5th Marines, in mid-April, 1953. Through the next months her Recoilless Rifle Platoon was attached to the second on the Bunker Hill-Panmunjom line. When we were in reserve I saw Reckless at play, and when we were in the line, I saw her under fire. We became good friends and, months later, I went to Seoul to meet her Korean friends and learn something about this extraordinary animal.

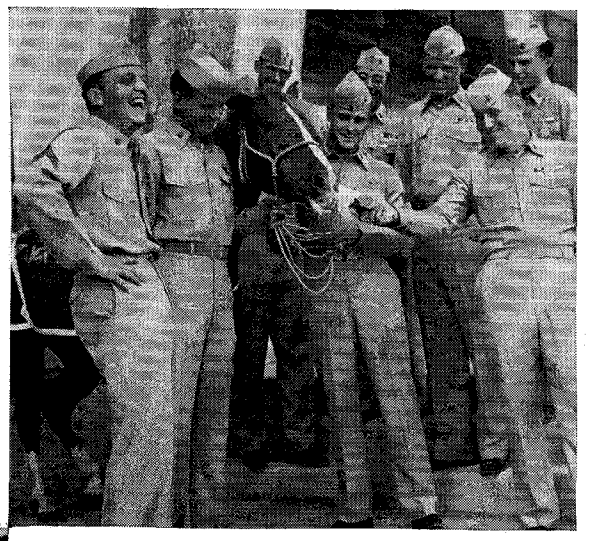
Her transition from a Korean race filly named Ah Chim Hai (Flame of the Morning) to a marine named Reckless began when 2nd Lt. Eric Pedersen, USMC, bought her for $250. He wanted to increase the firepower of his Recoilless Rifle Platoon and he needed an animal to pack 75-mm. shells over the rugged Korean hills. He found the little sorrel at the Seoul race track. Due to poverty brought on by war and illness in the family, her Korean owner was forced to sell her.

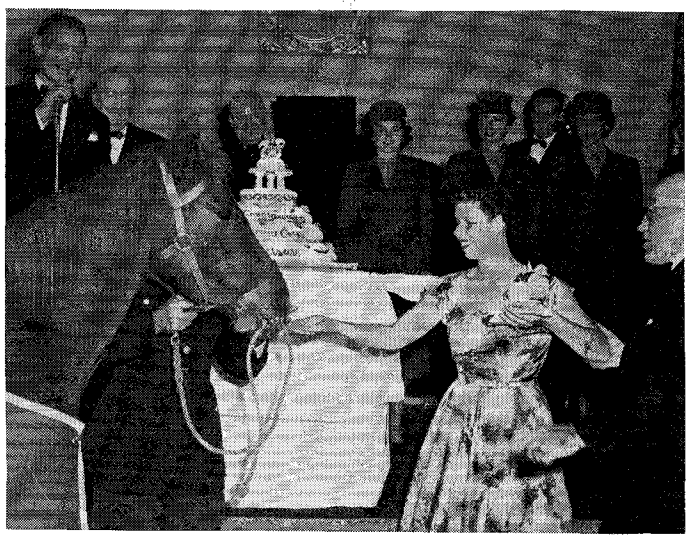
As a recruit in "hoof" training she displayed intelligence and adaptability, and an astonishing taste in foods. She ate bacon and eggs, mashed potatoes and peanut-butter sandwiches with an after-wash of coffee or beer. Between meals she ate anything from cigarettes to a campaign hat given her by the Australians. Once she broke up a poker game by eating a stack of blue chips.

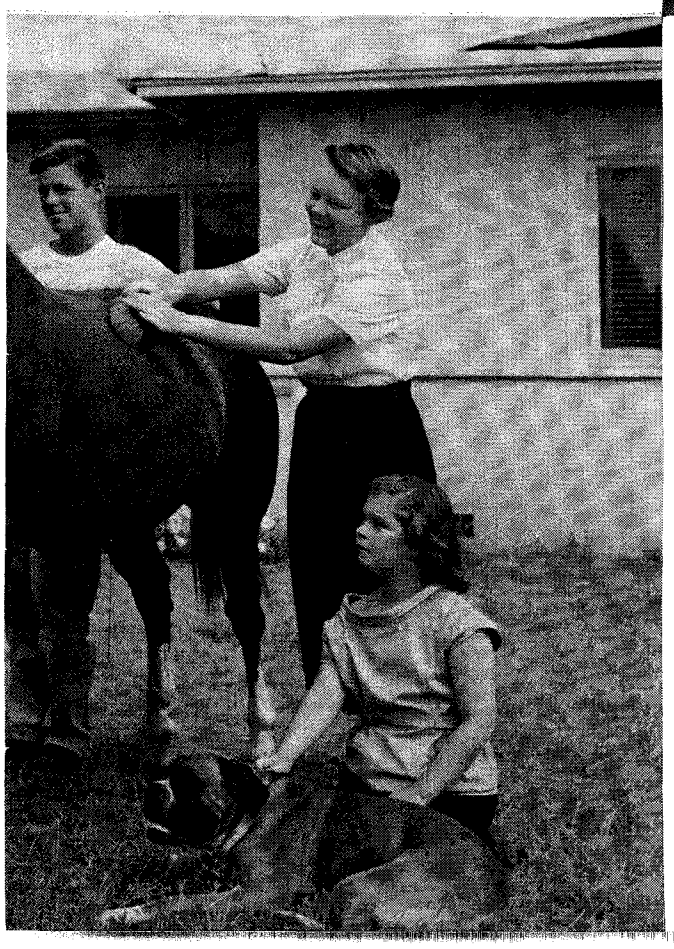
The marines, who enjoyed her antics in camp, grew to love her during the savage fighting for Outpost Vegas. With enemy artillery and mortar fire coming in at the rate of 500 rounds a minute, she made trip after trip to the front-line guns, delivering ammunition. This was the day she walked the glory road into the hearts of the 1st Marine Division.

By that time she had been living with us for nearly a year, and had been in one big battle and a couple of smaller ones. She ate our food and drank our beer; she slept in our tents and bunkers, and not once had she behaved as animals are expected to misbehave. Lt. Bill Riley summed it up for all, "Reckless has forgotten she's a horse."

It was obvious the 1st Marine Division had long since forgotten they were dealing with anyone but another marine. A very unusual marine. At a ceremony as formal as could be arranged on a wind-swept Korean field, troops were paraded while Reckless was cited for her bravery and Maj. Gen. Randolph Pate, division commander, pinned sergeant's chevrons to her shiny new red-and-gold silk blanket. It was Sergeant Reckless now.







At left, Pedersen, now a captain, his wife, Kay, and their kids give their new ward a glass of milk and a rubdown. Reckless actually drinks out of a glass. Above, at Camp Pendleton, fellow Marines treat Reckless to some ice cream. Right, Kay Pedersen feeds the guest of honor the first piece of cake at a Marine Corps birthday dinner.

One afternoon, after the truce had been signed, Reckless and a delegation of concerned marines called at my bunker high above the Imjin River.

Gunnery Sgt. Joseph Latham, who had put her through "hoof" training and had also lost a stack of poker chips to her, acted as the spokesman.

"Colonel, we're worried about Reckless. What's going to happen to her when the division goes home? Her name isn't on any rotation list and we can't leave her in Korea to become a broken-down cart horse."

The delegation and Reckless were assured that "somehow, some way," she would be shipped to California to retire in a Camp Pendleton pasture.

Not long after this the news spread that Reckless had been kidnaped and was being held for ransom. General Pate explained the incident later,

(Continued on Page 48)

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Bartley didn't care about a girl's other talents.

All he wanted was

A WIFE WHO COULD COOK

By EDMUND GILLIGAN

Take the case of poor Bartley Malone, the esteemed cook of the schooner Adventure, a halibuter of the old Gloucester school.

Bartley's the one they speak of—the sea lawyers, I mean—when they try to figure out the whims of Nature, her justices and injustices. Because it was the greatness of his heart—and nothing but the greatness of his heart—that reduced Bartley from the rank of doryman to the cook's rating, and reduced him in person from a hearty two hundred pounds to practically nothing. Say one hundred and sixty, give or take a few pounds.

"Is there not one of you that can cook at all? Even to the extent of a few pannycakes and a kettle of tea?"

It was the skipper of the Adventure who thus spoke out in his most desperate fashion, which could be very desperate, indeed, if he put his mind to it. There she lay, the poor thing, a thousand miles from home and hove-to under the tail end of a gale, and the cook in his bunk with a broken leg and his retirement papers all filled out in his mind's eye.

A cross-sea took an awful whack at the Adventure and filled her up all crisp and icy and hid the gallant skipper. They heard him roaring just the same. "What, boys? Will you have your poor captain starve? After all he's done for you?"

Now up steps brave Bartley. According to those heroes that were on the Adventure's deck that memorable (Continued on Page 136)

Bartley put his arm around her and drew her closer. At the same time, he deftly thrust a fork into the fudge icing.

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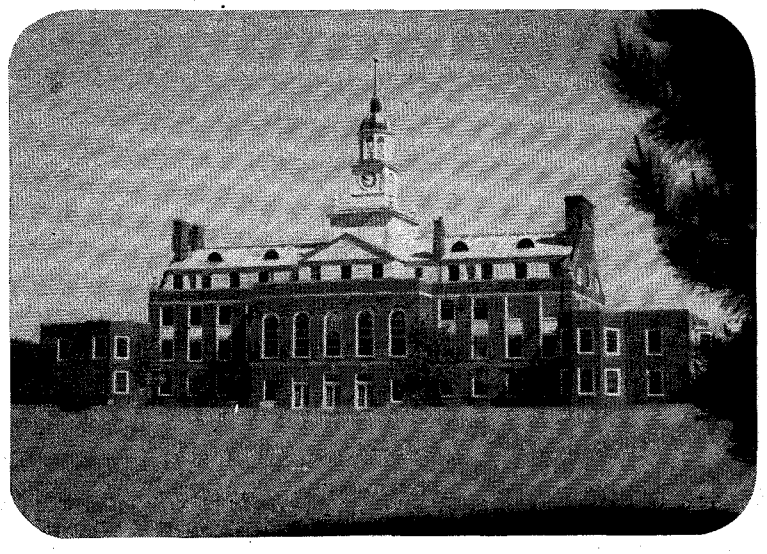
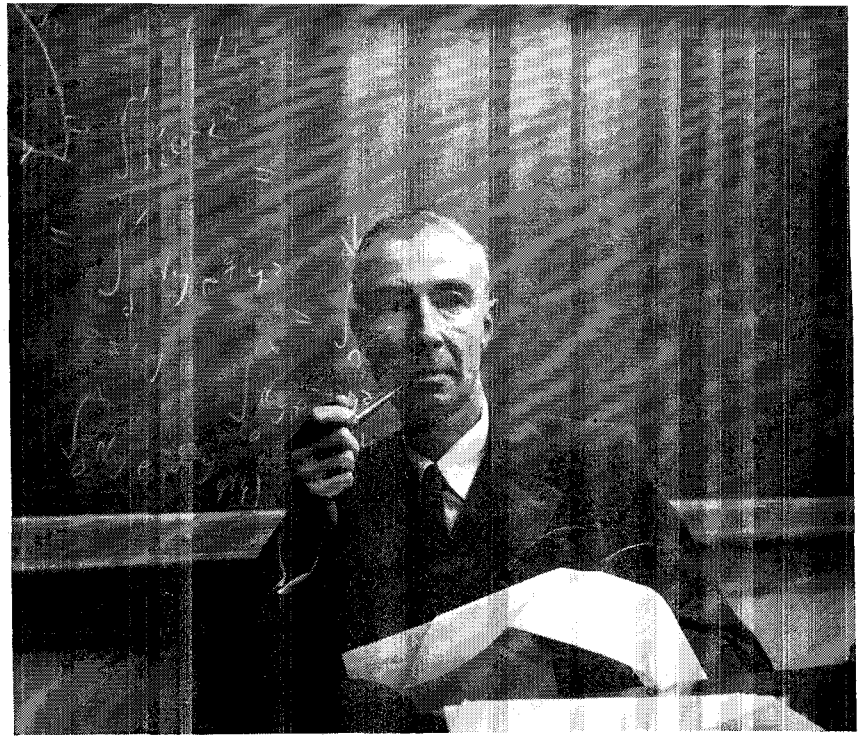
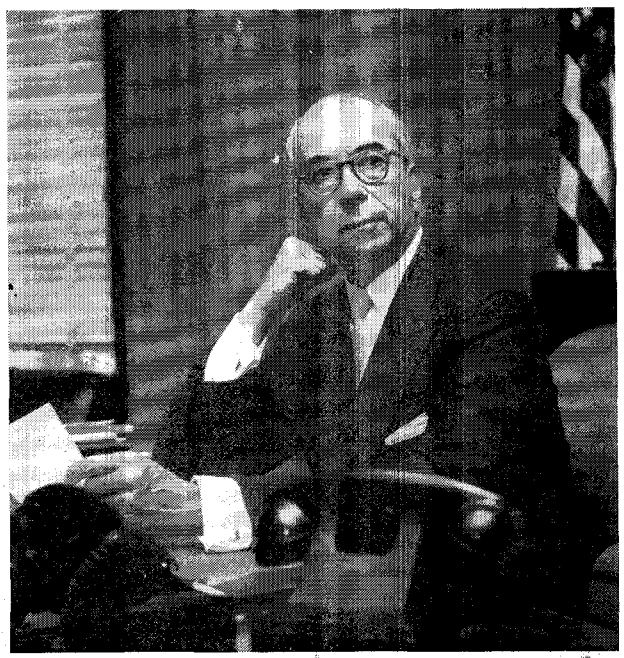
The Institute for Advanced Study, at Princeton, N. J., has been described as "an intellectual hotel for transient thinkers."





Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer was ruled a security risk by Atomic Energy Commission chairman Lewis Strauss (right). But Strauss later voted to retain Oppenheimer as director of the institute.



Where the Biggest Ideas are Born

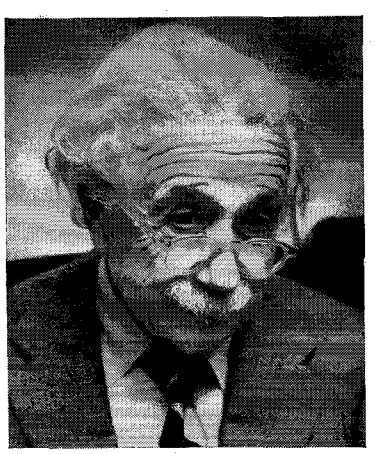
The inside story of the Institute for Advanced Study, where high-powered thinkers generate some of the theories that change the world.

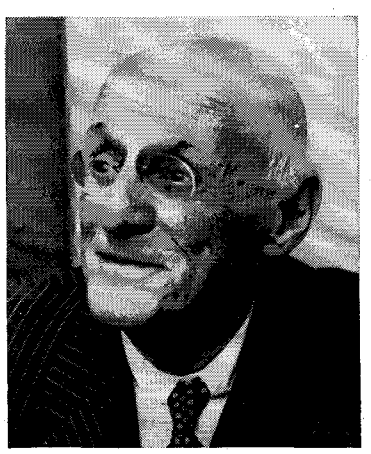
By Demaree Bess

A few months ago a very celebrated scientist, Dr. John von Neumann, unostentatiously arrived in Washington to become one of the five members of the Atomic Energy Commission. This Hungarian-born American citizen is superbly qualified for his first full-time Government post. Doctor von Neumann is not only one of the world's foremost mathematicians but his range of knowledge also includes nuclear physics and higher chemistry. Moreover, his formidable learning is concealed by a jolly, friendly personality which enables him to get along easily with all sorts of people.

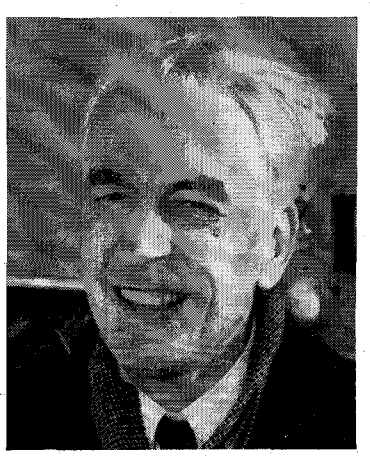
President Eisenhower's appointment of Doctor von Neumann to the AEC once again centered attention upon a unique enterprise at Princeton, New Jersey, called the Institute for Advanced Study, of which the scientist is a charter member. This institute, which has been described as the most spectacular concentration of brain power in the United States, is celebrating its twenty-fifth birthday this month. It occupies one square mile of placid woodlands within walking distance of the bustling campus of Princeton University.

Since the Institute for Advanced Study had no precedents to guide it, its first quarter of a century has been one prolonged experiment. What the institute has done is to bring together selected assortments of very exceptional scientists and scholars, set them down in a secluded community made to order for them, and permit them to do exactly what they please. The purpose of this experiment was to discover how (Continued on Page 119)





The late Albert Einstein was a charter member of the institute, which was organized twenty-five years ago by educator Abraham Flexner (right).



Former members of the institute's high-brow School of Historical Studies include poet-playwright T. S. Eliot and famed historian Arnold Toynbee.

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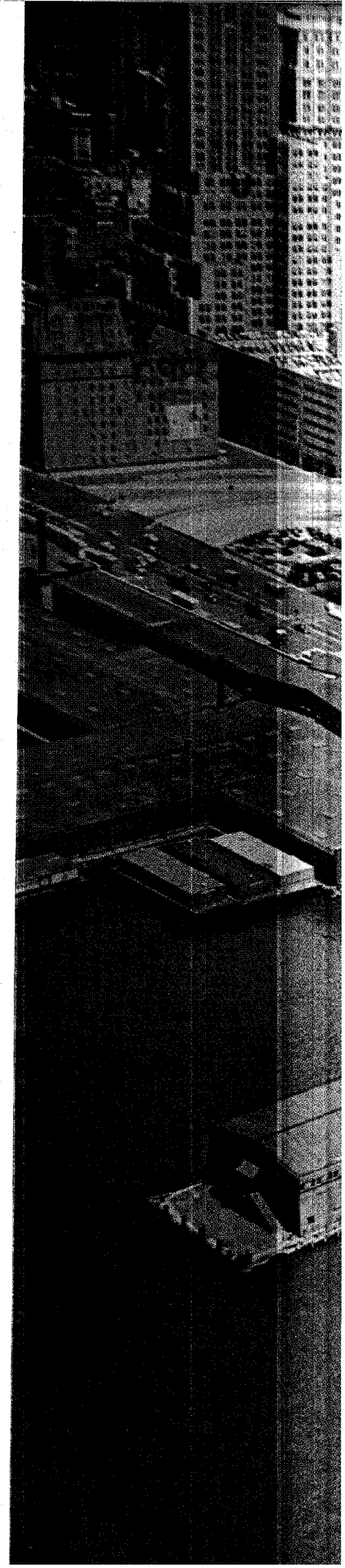
The Face of AMERICA

TIP OF MANHATTAN



Down by the sea wall of lower Manhattan there's always a free show: A never-ending parade of freighters, ferries, tugs and ocean liners. Front-row center seats for the spectacle are available at Battery Park, a historic piece of real estate thrust into the Bay of New York, where the Hudson meets the East River, and on summer Tuesdays the park offers a band concert staged on the mall of Castle Clinton. In the past, before it became a national monument, the Castle served as a fort, an opera house, a depot through which 8,000,000 immigrants passed, and an aquarium. On this particular Tuesday the New York Fire Department band celebrates Fire Fighters' Day on the mall. The spanking new fireboat John D. McKean adds a spectacular, watery salute to the festivities, a final fitting touch to a show that Broadway couldn't beat. ● Photograph by Maynard Clark

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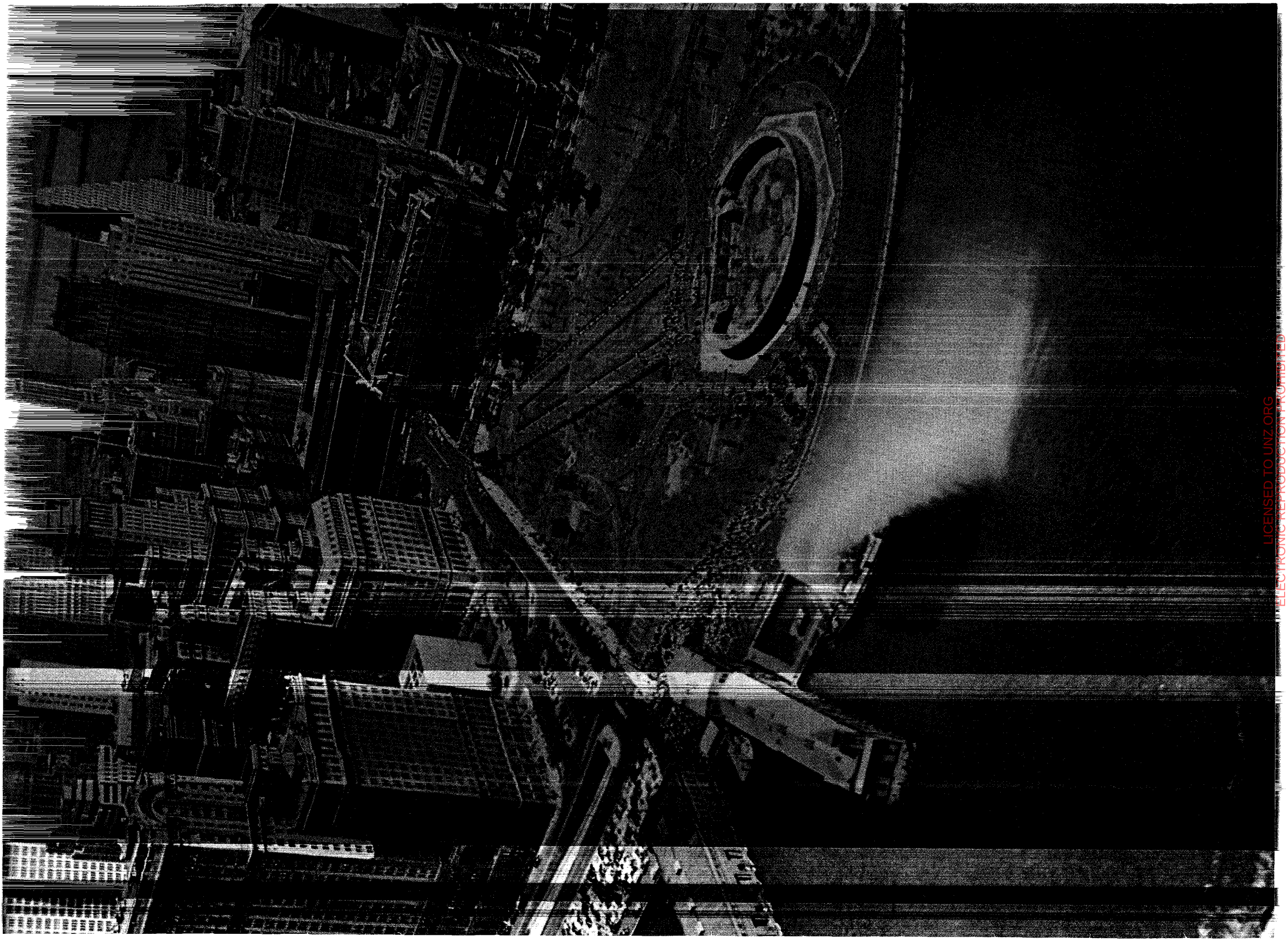

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In 1952, Harry Truman wanted Adlai Stevenson, as did most Democratic leaders. Adlai ran a good race, losing to an overwhelmingly popular opponent.

After his defeat Adlai finished his term as governor of Illinois, then retired to his farm in Libertyville.

ADLAI GIRDS FOR BATTLE

By JOHN BARTLOW MARTIN

An intimate visit with the No. 1 Democrat at his Illinois farm, where he ponders his defeat of '52, his chances of winning in '56.

Important Democrats frequently drop in to see Stevenson. New York's Gov. Averell Harriman, himself a prospect for the 1956 presidential nomination, was a recent caller.

Adlai Stevenson, the thoughtful Democrat who ran for President in 1952 and seems to be in a fair way to run again in 1956, lives on seventy acres of rolling rural countryside in Libertyville, Illinois, forty miles north of Chicago. Stevenson's place is something between a farm and an estate. The house stands back a third of a mile from a dusty road, its gravel lane lined with unkempt shrubbery and sometimes blocked by wandering sheep. It is a modest frame house shaded by maples, its light gray paint peeling in spots. A basement recreation room is filled with mementos—campaign buttons and cartoons, scrapbooks compiled by admirers, a bow and arrow Stevenson brought from Africa, a rug given him by King Ibn Saud of Saudi Arabia.

On an ordinary morning last August, Stevenson was seated at an old wooden table in his study, reading his mail and the morning paper. When his first visitor of the day arrived, he walked out to the screened porch. He was wearing an open sport shirt, old pants, sneakers, no socks. The porch was cool and shady; the lawn beyond the hedge sloped down to the Des Plaines River.

Stevenson, peering at the sheep grazing among trees in the distance, said, "I have more crises around here! Last night a dog I was boarding for my nephew mortally wounded one of the sheep. My son and Barney, our farmer, had to kill and clean it. I told them I wasn't going to participate, I was a statesman now, and I wasn't going to participate."

He sat down in a white chair by a glass-topped table. "It's been a bad summer. I got back from Africa and plunged right into a lot of talk and travel. And my oldest son got married, and there was his wedding and all. It

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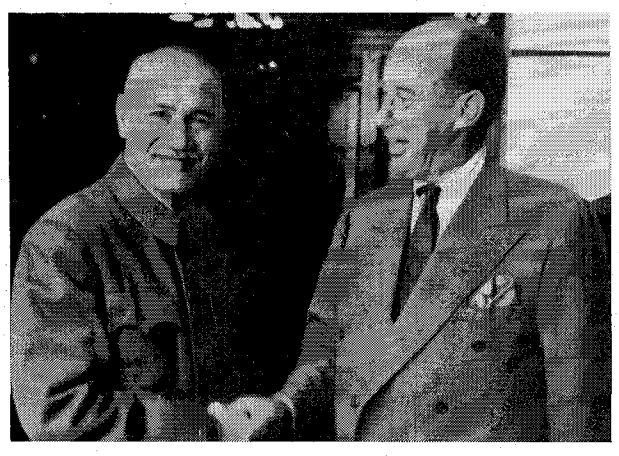
THREE BUSY YEARS FOR STEVENSON

On his world tour in 1953, Stevenson passed out chocolate bars to South Korean kids.



Chiang-Kai-shek welcomed the globe-trotting ex-governor to the Nationalist Chinese refuge in Formosa.

Indian villagers serenaded him. The music was nice, said Adlai, but "a little too loud."

On the homeward lap of his 1953 jaunt, he boarded a camel to look over Egypt's pyramids.

The gown and mortarboard became familiar. Since 1952, statesman Stevenson has picked up half a dozen honorary degrees.

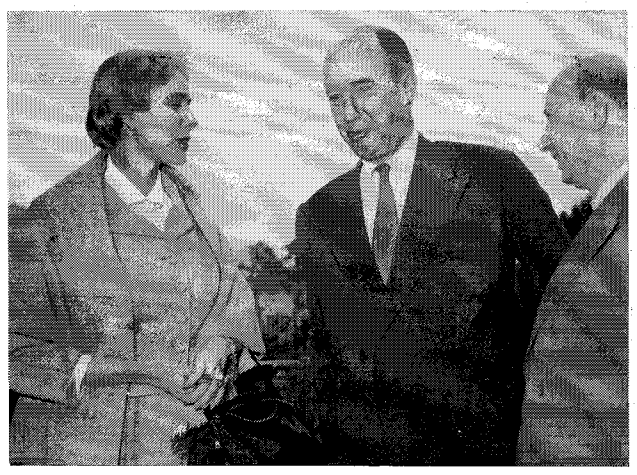
As party leader, he made several major speeches criticizing Republican policies.

left me with an appalling accumulation of mail and work that I'm still struggling with." He seemed ebullient and amused at his predicament. "Then I've had quite a bit of law work, which has been most gratifying. And naturally there are the visitors who come and go. This summer I've had Burmese and Pakistanis and Syrians, Englishmen and Frenchmen and sundry people going to and from the San Francisco conference"—the United Nations birthday celebration. "And now, of course, the governors."

The annual governors' conference was going on this week in Chicago; most of the Democratic governors had called on him. Almost to a man, they wanted to ask whether Stevenson intended to run for President next year, and to tell him he should. The other day, while he had been entertaining three of them, a stranger had turned up at the door to present him with a Bible. Many admirers find their way to his house unannounced. Some want to take snapshots, some want to shake hands, some are just curious. Last winter a group of foreign students traveling by chartered bus from New York to Minnesota insisted that the bus be routed through Libertyville so they could meet Stevenson.

His secretary, Carol Evans, arrived. He had lunch with her and with his son, Adlai III, and his son's bride. Stevenson hurried through soup, a sandwich and fruit. A governor was due at 2:30. He said, "I've got to get to work—I wish you could see my desk," and he went into his study.

Adlai Stevenson is a man without precise counterpart in American political history. Other men have won many hearts by losing the election; others have captured the party machinery in defeat; few if any defeated candidates have retained party and popular leadership until the next election. Stevenson has. His 1952 campaign (Continued on Page 115)



In Italy on personal business last spring, Adlai made his call on U. S. Ambassador Luce and Premier Scelba.

A Kikuyu tribeswoman posed with the Democratic chieftain in Kenya, Africa.

Home again. In three years Stevenson has covered about 150,000 miles.

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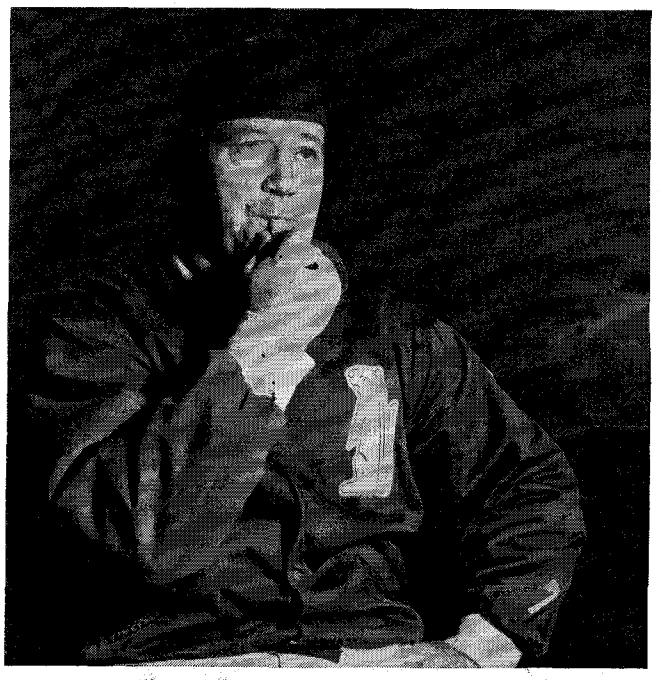
Rebel in North Country

By TOM SILER

Old grads yelped in pain last year when Minnesota officials named Murray Warmath, a Southerner, to coach the football team. Here's how he handled that explosive situation.



Tennessee-bred Murray Warmath mellowed his critics by winning seven out of nine games in his first year at Minnesota.

In the midst of a brisk football practice last year, Murray Warmath, Minnesota's new head coach, yelled, "Haids, haids!" Nothing happened. Again he shouted, "Haids, haids!" Still no response. The boys just couldn't translate this Southern version of "Heads, heads!"—a football command summoning the players to gather around, as in a huddle.

Finally Warmath blew his whistle. The ninety-odd Gopher candidates clustered about him.

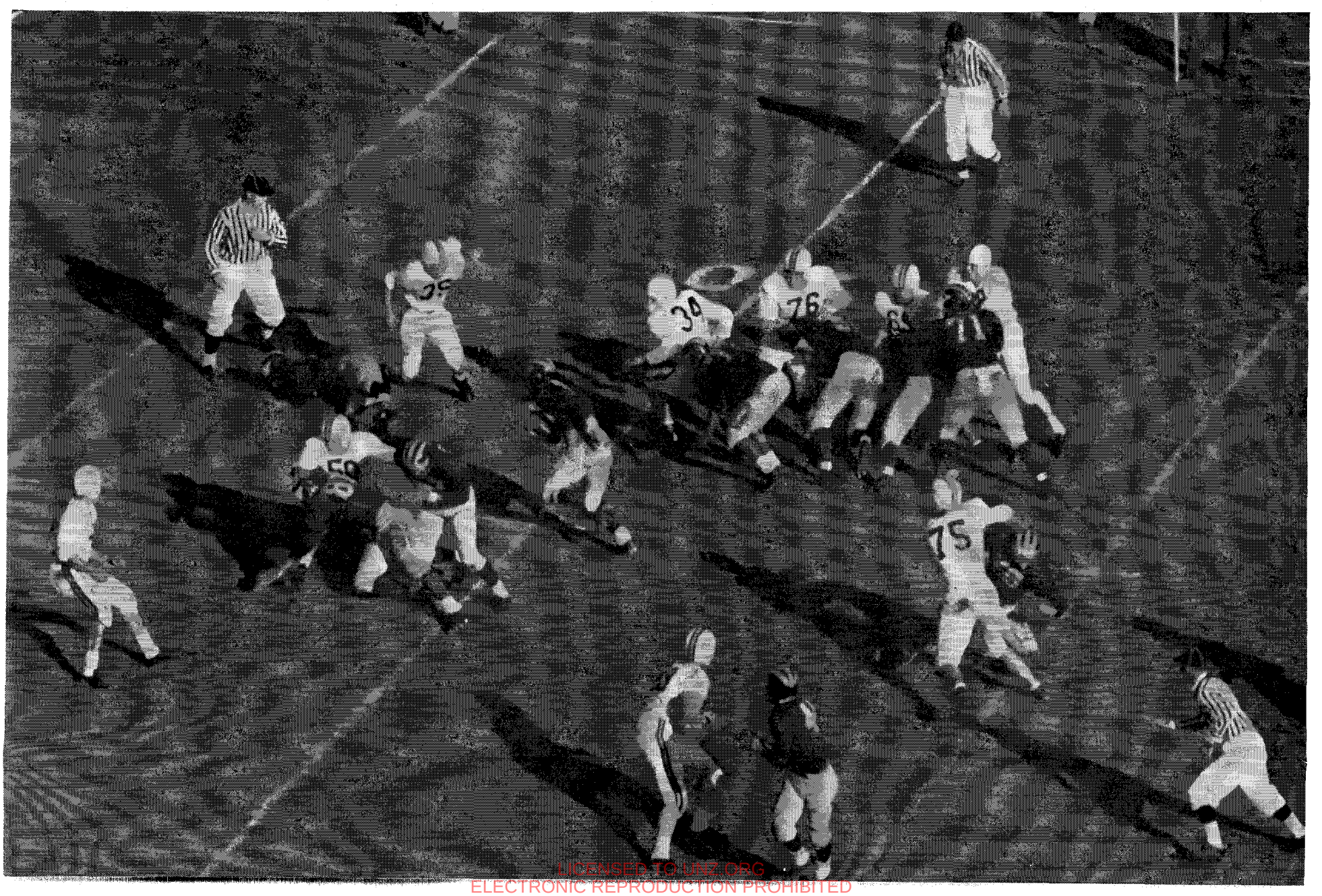
"Down at Mississippi State, when I yelled 'Haids, haids!' the players came arunning," Warmath explained. "Maybe we'd better do it differently up here. Anybody got any ideas?"

"Coach," offered a youngster from Duluth, "why don't you just say, 'You all come heah!'"

Warmath, as this story suggests, faced a number of adjustments when he left the biscuit belt for the Midwest—the first Southern-born, Southern-trained coach ever to move into the Western Conference. The players also had a lot to learn—a new offense, rebel yells, soft accents and the tremendously quickened tempo of a new regime. However, the Minnesota fans had the toughest transition of all.

They weren't prepared for athletic director Ike Armstrong's press conference of January 29, 1954. At that time, Ike revealed an amazingly well-kept (Continued on Page 140)

1954: Michigan's Fred Baer gallops 23 yards for a touchdown, right through a wagon-sized hole in the Minnesota line. Of this 34–0 defeat Warmath says, "We were whipped before that one started."



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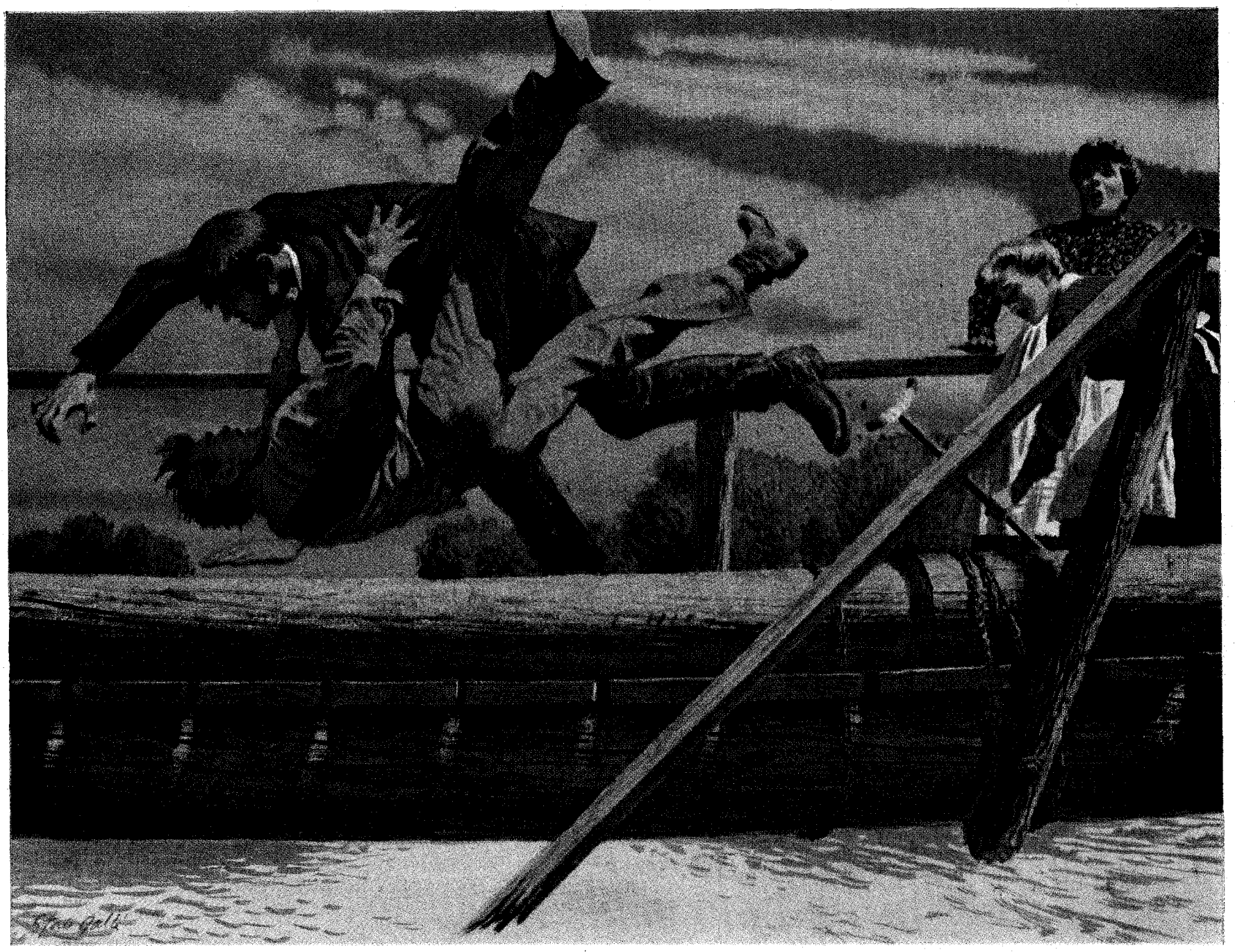

He didn't hesitate, not even for an instant. He charged him on the dead run. Down they went, with Walter underneath.

The Taming of McFee

By VICTORIA CASE

Walter had been whipping boy long enough. Now he was taking charge of the place.

I've tried all my life not to hate anybody—not the screaming Indians on the Plains, nor the heartless men who took the last of our food while my brother lay dying, and especially not those people who speak contemptuously to a cripple, as if we carried our crutches on purpose to make ourselves despicable. And I've tried hardest not to hate McFee, but it is one thing to forgive one's own wrongs, and another entirely to shut my eyes to a blow struck at the boy, Walter Rossner, my nephew—and not even a blow in anger, but sneering and deliberate, to prove McFee's strength. Then I can't remember about forgiving, but only hippety-hop to the pantry and squeeze my eyes tight against the scalding tears, hardly able to pray.

McFee—he uses no first name, but only McFee, and proud of it—is Walter's uncle on his mother's side, a great, thick-chested man, muscled like a bull. I will say in all fairness that his strength protected us, here in the Oregon Territory with hardly any law. Our land claim lies across the main trail down from the mountains, and since the gold seekers were everywhere, a good many lawless men would have robbed us, if it had not been for McFee.

This much I give McFee. Young Walter and I needed him when he came. Beyond that I will not go. He found a soft living in our cabin, and made himself master. He took the only bedroom, so I slept on a narrow bunk in the kitchen and Walter had one of the horse stalls in the barn. He chose out the big black horse, Prince, for his own, and brother's old saddle, which I grant you was too big for young Walter, and yet the boy would have grown into it; and McFee rode high and arrogant about the valley, mixing into the politics of the territory, courting favor with the sheriff and idling like a king, with all the money we could scrape up going straight into his pockets. And when Walter and some of the neighbors built a narrow little wagon bridge across the stream in front of our cabin—the ford was always muddy and sometimes

(Continued on Page 122)

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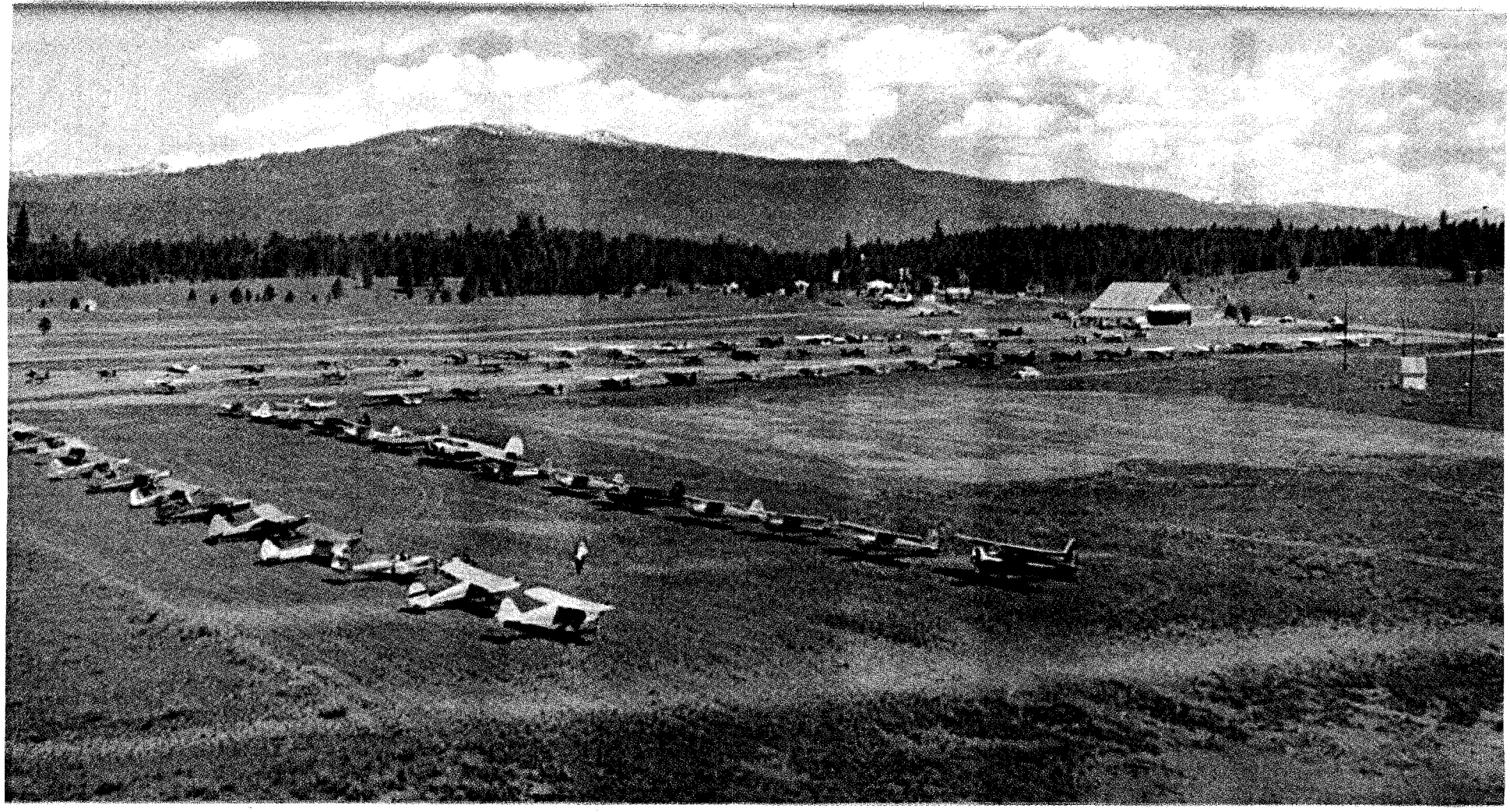
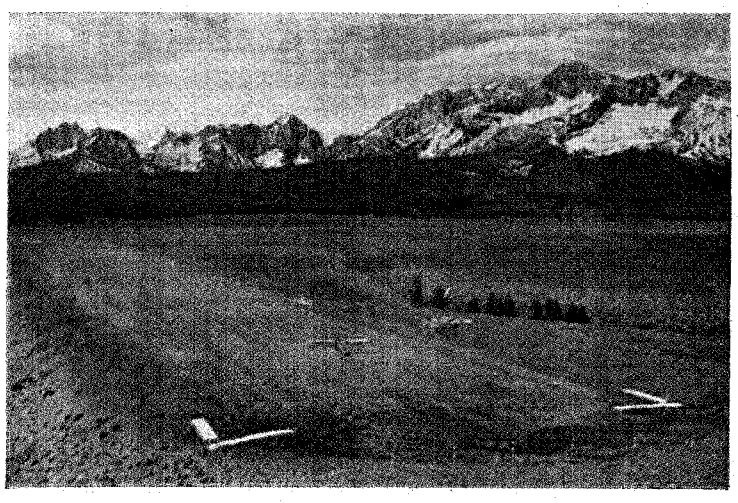


This year's "fly-in" breakfast at McCall, Idaho, attracted 120 small private planes and a couple of DC-3's.

EVERYBODY FLIES IN IDAHO

By PHILIP GUSTAFSON

Cowboys ride the range in aircraft and posses take to their planes to pursue badmen in this Western state, where there's a flying machine for every 700 people.



The newly built airstrip at Stanley is a welcome sight to fliers making the hop over the towering Sawtooth Mountains.

Aerial sight-seers swoop down for a closer view of Redfish Lake in Idaho's vast, inaccessible mountain wilderness.

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On the morning of June 8, 1948, the people of Carey, Idaho, kidnaped the President of the United States. That morning, Harry Truman was speeding to Idaho Falls after an overnight stop at Sun Valley. When his motorcade hit the crossroads community of Carey, he ran into a human roadblock. The whole population was massed across the only highway through town. A man stepped forward and asked the President if he would dedicate their new airport.

Mr. Truman let himself be led to the site, where he spoke his piece. When members of his party saw that the airport was nothing more than a dirt-and-gravel runway scraped out of a creek bed, they said the President had been shanghaied into wasting valuable time. They didn't know that the little Carey airstrip was a symbol of something very important to Idaho.

Carey lies on the western edge of the Lava Desert, which slashes across the lower quarter of the state in a stretch like Dante's Inferno. Small planes had been shattering themselves on its crags, and a landing strip at Carey was needed for cross-state air traffic. Carey was an unincorporated community and it couldn't raise a nickel by taxes, so the citizens set out to build the airport themselves. Every able-bodied man for miles around showed up to contribute elbow grease or equipment. At the peak of the day's activity, 200 men were at work, with eighty pieces of heavy machinery — bulldozers, scrapers, tractors, plows, graders and hay lifters. At day's end the airstrip was built.

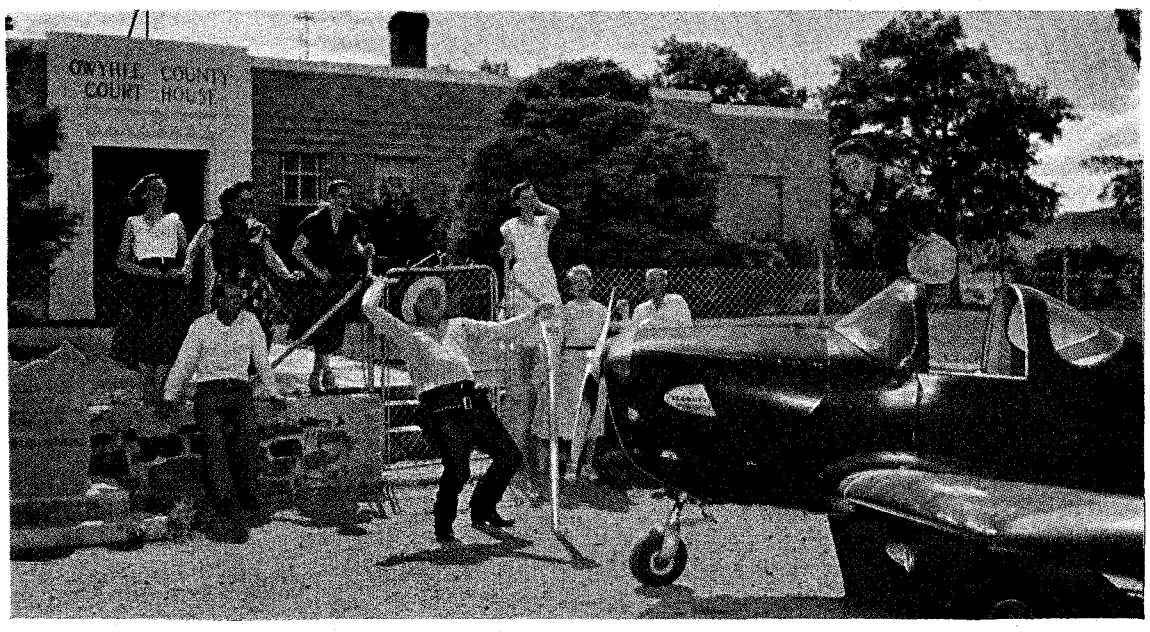
The Carey runway typifies the grassroots airport-building program by which Idaho has overcome a land of towering mountains and canyon-cut desert largely impassable for wheeled vehicles. Tiny communities like Carey, too poor to afford airports that meet standards for Federal aid, have turned to, like pioneer barn raisers, and built a network of little airstrips.

Runways have been scraped out on the tops of mountains and deep in the valleys in the massive range that blankets the center of the state. This is the so-called Mason-and-Dixon's line of Idaho, the barrier that has separated northern and southern areas geographically and economically. It has turned back the railroads, and only one north-and-south road skirts its edges. But now the airplane has opened up the wilderness.

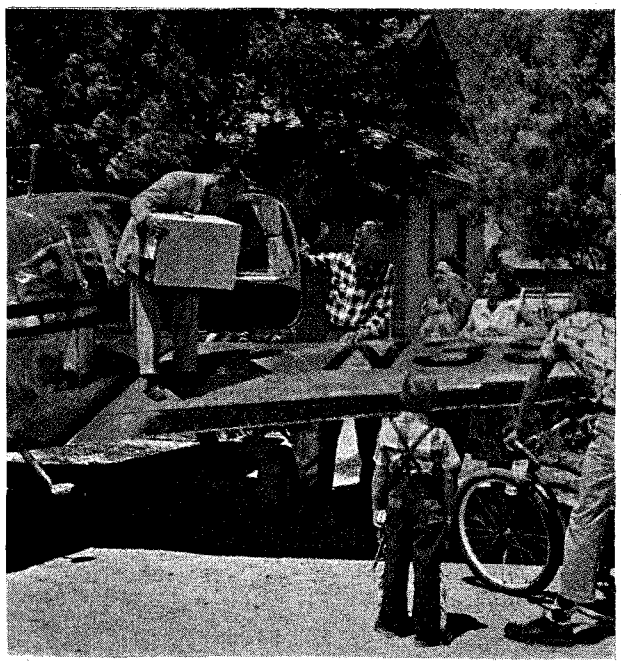
Do-it-yourself airstrips have surmounted a different kind of barrier in the south. In the north, obstructions go up; in the south, obstructions go down; fly southeast from Boise, the state capital, and you cross a desert cut by mile-deep canyons that forbid road building. Sometimes these canyons widen into narrow valleys where cattle ranchers were once so isolated that they saw no one from outside for months on end. They still have no telephones or electricity, but today they fly everywhere.

Idaho communities have built 117 airports in the last nine years; from Boise you can reach any point in the state in less than two hours by plane. Some of these trips used to take three days by car, or a week by pack train. In licking their crazy terrain, the people of Idaho probably put planes to more uses than anybody else in the world. Cowboys ride fence lines at 100 miles an hour. Enterprising young pilots chase wild horses in the canyons and capture them for sale. Contract pilots flying for the game department drive antelope into rope corrals to be tagged, nudging the laggards with their wing tips.

Chet Moulton, State Director of Aeronautics, spreads the word on flying to youngsters at a Boise airport.



Wally Hart thought nothing of landing his craft in the main street of Murphy, a desert hamlet with a population of 50, but got a real shock when he discovered a parking meter there. Local officials had planted the meter as a gag.



Flying salesman Bill Dunkley drops in on the ranch of flying farmer Gilbert Breding to deliver a television set.

In the north, sportsmen swoop down on dude ranches in roadless mountains and fly out with venison and fish. Game wardens practically control Idaho's $43,000,000 hunting-and-fishing industry from the air. Each spring their flying census takers scud low over deer and elk herds and calculate next year's shooting limits. Wildlife officials jump into two-place jobs and chase whistling swans out of contaminated waters where they would sicken and die. Conservation men parachute beavers into remote valleys to build dams and prevent erosion. Charter operators supply wilderness settlements with everything from hay mowers to hairpins, and the mountain-bound residents use their own planes as they would a car.

Most of Idaho has stepped out of snowshoes and saddles into the airplane. Insurance men like Bill Robinson, of Boise, drop down on their prospects from the air; salesmen of Boise's Logsden Motors go everywhere in their little Red Rambler. Bill Dunkley, the music dealer, flies all over the state servicing radios and musical instruments. Farmers use planes to dust their crops against insects and blight, and some of them spray their orchards to keep apples from dropping.

Even the sheriffs fly. When Kenneth Hastings, a murderer doing time in the Idaho state penitentiary, fled into the hills in a stolen truck, flying deputies took to the air in twenty-one planes. Hastings had to camouflage the truck and hide in the brush. The planes kept him pinned down for four days, till one of the deputies spotted the truck and the bloodhounds smelled him out.

Airplanes are used for fun too. This becomes clear when you watch 200 or 300 planes swarming in for one of Idaho's famous breakfast flights. Whole (Continued on Page 89)

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The Lady was a Dude

By CLIFF FARRELL

"A cowboy!" she squealed–

and Dan knew she was like all the rest.

Dan Kerrick was in an aggressive mood as he drove into Buffalo Horn to meet the new schoolteacher. In the first place, it wasn't his responsibility. The married ranchers took turns at transporting the children at the south end of Moccasin Basin to and from the district school. This was the week Dan's brother and sister-in-law were to have taken over the chore, but both of them were down with feverish colds and Dan had volunteered to act in their stead.

Meeting the new teacher in Buffalo Horn was an added errand. The girl who had begun the fall term as schoolmarm a few weeks earlier had gone the way of most of them. She had got married suddenly on Friday after school, and was already setting up housekeeping with a young rancher up in Round Valley.

Now another teacher was being brought in on a rush call. She was coming from Cheyenne, but Dan understood that she was an Easterner. Most likely, he reflected, she wouldn't last any longer than the others.

In his opinion, the young ladies, fresh from normal school or college, who came into this Wyoming range country invariably fell into one of two classifications: They were hoping to find a husband for themselves or they intended only to spend a term or two in Wyoming for the novelty of it.

Dan first cleaned up the routine errands. He picked up grocery orders for half a dozen ranchers' wives, and loaded ten sacks of sheep salt for Jim Sealover into the station wagon, as well as the new blade for Sam Denton's snowplow. He got the repaired spider for Ed Ramsey's windmill and lashed it on top. He even remembered the baby oil Pearl Wilton had been so worried he would forget.

It wasn't the errands that had him on edge. These were the normal neighborly duties of anyone making the fifty-mile trip to town. It was the glint he had seen in the eyes of the womenfolk and the knowing grins on the faces of the men that graveled him.

They all knew he was to meet the new teacher, and they anticipated romance. Therefore Dan was ready to run scared as he parked alongside Pop Jensen's restaurant, which also served as bus station.

Dan was twenty-five, black-haired, gray-eyed, and blocky of shoulder and chin. He was master of his own soul. He liked to hunt and fish and ride fast horses and drive fast cars, and to go where he pleased, and to kiss any girl he pleased. He was half owner, with his older brother, Art, in a thriving outfit up in the basin, and he had no intention of getting married—at least not in the foreseeable future.

The Rock Springs bus had made its stop and was pulling out after discharging a young lady and her baggage. There was no doubt she was the new schoolteacher, and very attractive. As Dan walked closer he had to concede that she was, in fact, as pretty as a red button. She was of medium height, and slender here and not so slender there. She had clear, young, dark eyes and glossy dark hair and a clear complexion in which the keen wind had brought glowing color. She was as lively as a robin.

Dan tipped his hat. "Miss Mary Jane Meadows?"

She was indeed Miss Mary Jane Meadows. And she was overjoyed that someone had come to meet her, for she had felt conspicuous standing there alone in this strange town.

Her gaze traveled over him, entranced, taking in his tanned skin, his stiff-brimmed range hat, duck jacket and saddle denims and soft half boots.

Then she gazed up and down the three-block street. "Buffalo Horn!" she sighed ecstatically. "I wanted this position the minute I heard that name. It's so Western—so outdoorish!"

Dan rounded up her luggage and led her to the station wagon. It was a late, snappy model with a two-tone paint job and had red leather upholstery. She gazed fearfully at the conglomerate cargo that weighed down the springs. The windmill spider on the roof particularly appalled her.

She relaxed a little after they got under way. She gazed around at the high, rolling plains, broken by flat-topped hills.

"I'm just utterly fascinated," she assured Dan. "I've never been West before. I'm from Indiana. I just love Wyoming. It's so big, so—so—well, it's just big. All this country, and, my goodness, not even a tree in sight. So wild! So untouched!"

Dan resented the way she described Wyoming. It was as though she were admiring something that did not exist. But it made him easier in mind

(Continued on Page 131)

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"Buffalo Horn,"
she sighed ecstatically.
"It's so Western—
so outdoorish!"

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Evans hates to shave, loves dogs and avoids people. Here his prize-winning terriers greet him at his New York home.

The Foxy Dreamer of Broadway

Maurice Evans apologized publicly for his hit, Dial M for Murder, but he cheerfully plays Shakespeare for the world's toughest audiences – and makes them like it.

By Maurice Zolotow

Maurice Evans (the name is pronounced *Maw*-riss, not Maw-*reece*) is the most ardent interpreter of Shakespearean roles in the history of Broadway. During the past twenty years, when most of the sure-fire smashes on the rialto have been either rip-roaring comedies or musical extravaganzas, Evans has been the freak of show business. He is the last living representative of an almost extinct species, an actor who can earn a living by reciting the iambic pentameters of the Bard of Avon. A Shakespeare play usually has about as much appeal at the box office as a 1923 Hupmobile does in the current car market. But Evans, a canny Welshman with a handsome face and a mellifluous voice, has made himself a fortune producing and playing in Hamlet, Macbeth, Twelfth Night and Richard II. He has grossed close to $5,000,000 with Elizabethan plays, and his own cut must be about $1,500,000. He has even taken his highbrow enterprises on the road and played to capacity business in towns like Waco, Texas, and Yakima, Washington, where you can't usually get anybody to sit through Hamlet even by giving away the tickets and offering free transportation to the theater.

Evans thinks Shakespeare's plays are the most exciting dramas ever written, and he is always ready at the drop of a script to plan a production of Hamlet. During World War II, when he was in charge of entertainment for the Army's Central Pacific Area, Major Evans insisted on shoving Hamlet and Macbeth down the throats of battle-weary dogfaces who probably would have been better pleased with chorus girls and slapstick comedians.

More recently, television producers tried to interest him in acting for their medium. Evans said, sure, he would be delighted – provided he could do a play by Shakespeare. Conferences and top-level maneuvering ensued. Well, they would give Evans an hour's television time to

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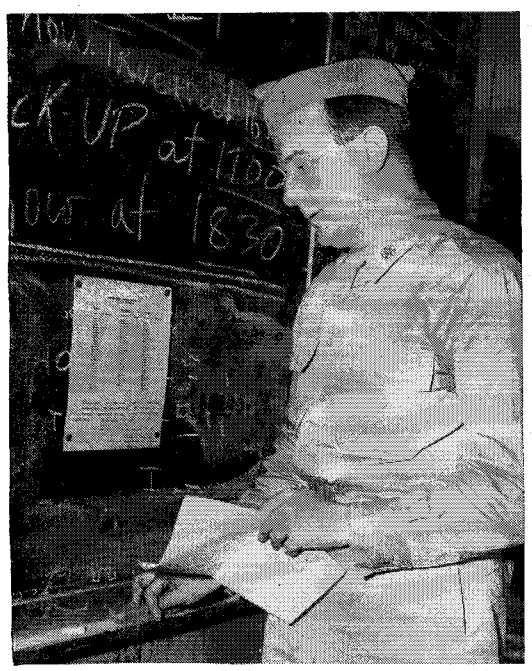


As an Army major in World War II, Evans force-fed Shakespearean plays to our soldiers overseas.

1947: Evans visits George Bernard Shaw, whose plays he rates second only to Shakespeare's.

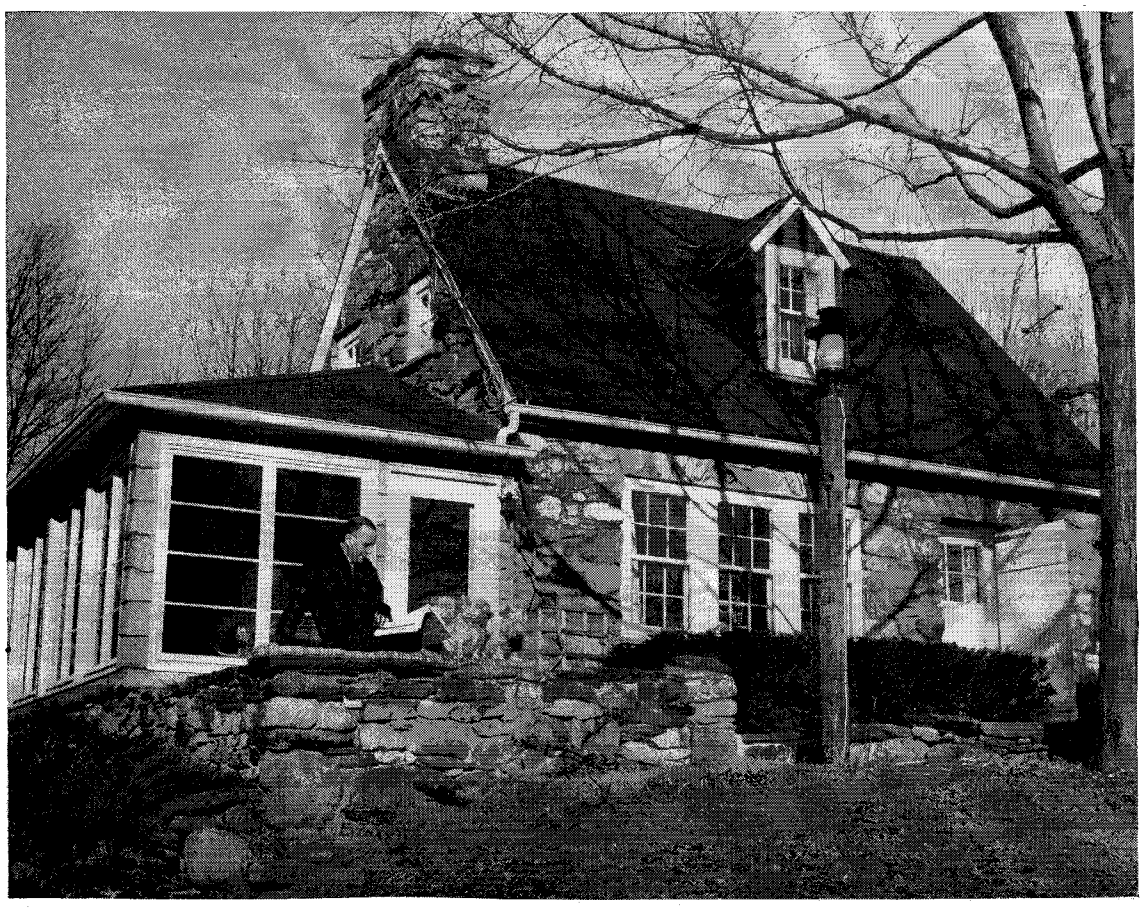
Sarah Churchill (Sir Winston's daughter) with Evans in a television production of Richard II.

do a "version" of Hamlet. Evans sent back word that you couldn't do Hamlet or any other Shakespearean play in one hour; he needed a minimum of two hours. Two hours was an unheard-of amount of time to devote to any single play, Evans was informed. Finally, he was asked if he would take $5000 to appear on Milton Berle's program and do the balcony scene from Romeo and Juliet, with Dagmar playing Juliet. Evans yelled "No!" so loud that you could hear it from Radio City to Hollywood. The offer was increased to $10,000—ten thousand beautiful crisp new dollars for doing a five-minute scene.

Evans sent back word that, much as he loved money, he was not mixing comedians and Shakespeare for any sum. He had been bitten once before. In 1937, he did a scene from Hamlet on the Fred Allen radio program, with Allen playing the ghost of Hamlet's father. In the middle of the scene, Allen paused to explain that the reason his ghostly sheet was so clean and white was that he, like all other ghosts, used a well-known soap powder for laundering sheets.

Then the objection was made that the television audience would not understand Shakespeare. Evans (Continued on Page 127)

Evans and Judith Anderson have starred together in Macbeth on stage and television. He plans several more Shakespeare telecasts—at $10,000 per performance.



Part of the year Evans lives in Ridgefield, Conn., where he happily plays the roles of plumber, carpenter and cook. He is now busy producing a new play based on the best-seller No Time for Sergeants.

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She was happy beyond words, never guessing that her husband had been hired to marry her.

THE GOLDEN JOURNEY

By AGNES SLIGH TURNBULL

I guess we may have to do some waiting," Kirkland advised Paul. "Women—Anne especially—can't be pushed. But we still can hope."

James Kirkland had promised young Paul Devereux a successful career in politics, if Paul would marry Kirkland's daughter, Anne. A doctor had told Kirkland there was a remote chance that Anne might regain the use of her paralyzed legs if she became pregnant and suffered severe labor pains. Paul was repelled by Kirkland's offer, but he agreed to visit Anne.

Anne and Paul fell in love almost immediately. But because of her crippled condition, Anne asked him not to continue to see her. Kirkland and Paul agreed that perhaps it would be best to comply with her wish—for a while, at least.

Politically, Paul was making good progress. He was stumping for Halsey, Kirkland's candidate for governor, and had agreed to make an important address at the Red Stone Mines. Johnny Bovard, the mine owner's son, was working with Paul on the speech.

One evening, Paul laid his fears and aspirations before Harrison Hartwell, the senior partner at his law firm. Hartwell distrusted Kirkland. He suggested that Paul could do the most good by getting into city politics and cleaning up the rackets.

Paul knew more about this problem than he admitted. He had discovered that Kirkland's right-hand man, Arno Malotte, was doing business with a notorious underworld figure named Camponelli. What Paul didn't know was that Arno planned to marry Anne.

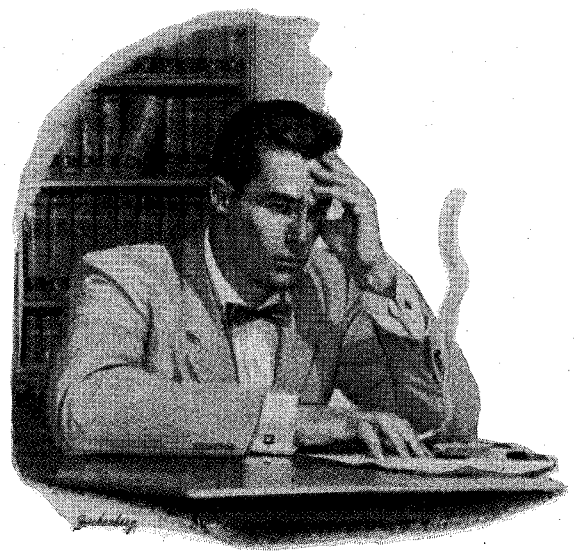
IV

Back at his own desk Paul found a message from Kirkland asking him to call at the office that afternoon when work was over, so at five-thirty he presented himself. Kirkland was in fine fettle.

"If I were superstitious, Paul, I'd think our plans were going almost too well. Of course," he added, sobering, "on the one side we have enough worries to hold us down."

"There's nothing new, then?" Paul asked anxiously.

"No, that's the trouble. Mrs. Catherby, Anne's grandmother, has been trying again to get her to talk about—well, about you; with no result. But it wasn't that I wanted to talk about today. I've been in conference with Halsey and we've settled on a few high lights for your schedule this summer, beginning June fifteenth. I'll give you a copy. But here's what delighted me. Right out of the hat Halsey pulled this one. He said he'd been very much impressed with you the day we lunched with him, and that the capital needed bright young chaps like you. 'Ever think of him for state senator later on?' he asked. I kept a poker face and said that mightn't be a bad idea. Well," he added, giving Paul's shoulder an affectionate slap, "what do you think of that?"



It was bitterly hard to run into a thing like this upon his happy return.

"It sounds pretty wonderful," Paul answered. "If I can only make it."

"You'll make it all right. Take these papers along and look them over when you have time. Platform stuff and all that. Fodder for your guns!"

As Paul left and went on back to his room, he thought earnestly of Kirkland. As a father, his love for and devotion to Anne were beyond all question. She was, Paul knew, the center of her father's heart. And yet the strange game in which he was involved had the patent power to cause him to forget all other cares, all other joys. Would he, Paul, ever reach that point, he wondered uneasily. For he knew, without learning, that there was danger here. There was allurement, there was enticement, there was forever the temptation of the seductive fruit, the Golden Apples of power which hung before all whose imagination could envisage them. And he, too, had glimpsed the tantalizing fruit, else why was he started upon this amazing journey? His heart suddenly knew fear, and yet he also knew that he would not turn back. . . .

After a half week of chilly showers, May thirtieth, Memorial Day, dawned fair, warm and beautiful. As he dressed, Paul thought of his speech. Oh, well, he would add nothing now.

He would have preferred reaching Red Stone when lunch was over, but he didn't want to disappoint Johnny. Since he had promised Hartwell to drive him out, they went together, reaching the mines a little before noon. They passed slowly through the main street of the Patch, noting the flags and bunting flying bravely from most of the dull red doorways. The gaunt tipple and washer rose bleakly

(Continued on Page 98)

Paul stood close beside her when the vows were pledged.

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Post Scripts

Book Dedications

Well, I've just finished writing a book entitled Apache Vengeance, so now seems to be a good time to list the dedications I plan to include at the front of it. Here they are:

To MY WIFE, for smiling encouragement at me each time she passed my desk with the vacuum sweeper.

To RUDY, the little kid next door, who helped me in my work more than mere words can express when he heeded my request for him to keep his great big yap shut for a while.

To MY WIFE'S FRIENDS, for their sincere interest in my book, particularly those who came into the den to ask, "Whatcha typin'?"

To HOMER, my brother-in-law, who, when I might have become discouraged and given up, kept alive my hopes with such statements as, "Well, it's certainly as good as some of the junk they print!"

To GLORIA, my little niece, who hauled off and slammed the den door shut each time she turned on the TV real loud, in order that I wouldn't be distracted while I worked.

To ELMER, my unemployed brother-in-law, who slept until nearly one P.M. each day, in order that what he termed his "stirring around" wouldn't hinder the progress of the novel.

To JOHN, my good friend, for his help with Chapter Eight, in digging it out of the ashpit into which my wife inadvertently threw it.

VERNON H. KURTZ

A Musical Evening at Home

In Four Movements

(Wherein I entertain members of the Ladies' Social and Cultural Club with a high-fidelity rendition of Tschaikowsky's Fourth Symphony.)

1st Movement

ME: "The Introduction has a Fate motif, introduced by horns and bassoons. Beethoven used the same idea in his Fifth. Listen."

FIRST MUSIC LOVER (after five bars): "Oh, how interesting. You sort of get the feeling —— You remember, Helen, that Alice Wilson's husband, Fred, played the bassoon. Or was it the trombone? He had to give it up after he lost his front teeth. Everyone said that dentist really made a mess of that job, although ——"

2nd Movement

ME: "The second movement is marked 'Andantino in modo di Canzoni.' The oboe introduces it. This is one of my favorite movements."

SECOND MUSIC LOVER: "That is nice. Andantino, you say? It's funny how they use all those Italian terms in music, isn't it? Of course, the Italians have always been very musical. Speaking of Italy, Doris Blake is going over there next month to join her husband. Florence or Naples or somewhere like that. Her husband is connected with some company that installs dynamos and generators and all that sort of thing. They say they're getting along much better now, but ——"

3rd Movement

ME: "I think you'll like this. It's the pizzicato movement. Just listen to the violins."

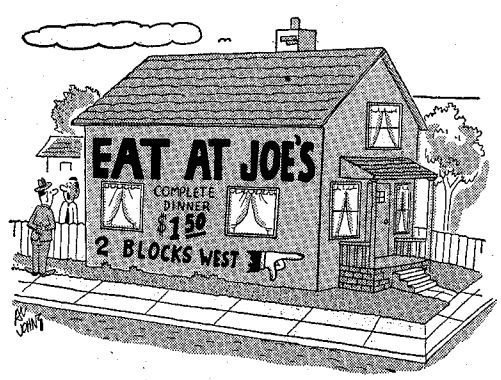
THIRD MUSIC LOVER: "Very nice! So that's pizzicato! Oh, Louise, wait till you hear! We went out to dinner with the Masons the other night and Charlie, to be different, ordered some very special kind of pizza. Well, when the waiter brought it, Charlie took a mouthful and made the funniest face! Kaye was just furious, but the rest of us just howled because ——"

4th Movement

ME: "This is the Finale. If you listen carefully, you'll hear the strains of an old Russian folk song, followed by ——"

FIRST MUSIC LOVER: "That's the whole thing about serious music, I always say. You've got to listen carefully. There's so much to it. With music of this kind you've got to pay attention and really work at it if you want to enjoy it, because of all the different themes and nuances and so forth. . . . It certainly was an enjoyable and instructive evening, and I think I can say for all the other ladies that we really got a great deal out of it and certainly hope that ——"

OTTO JANSSEN

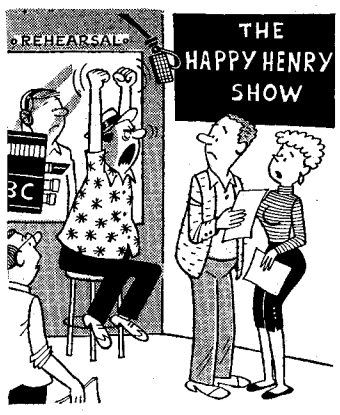


"It doesn't look so hot—but we needed the extra money."

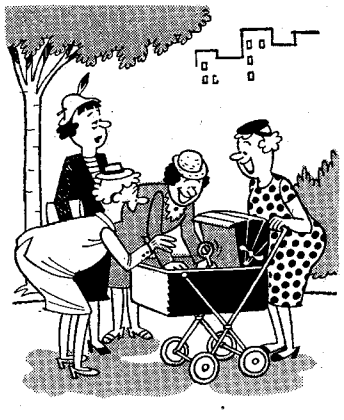
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

GUESS WHO By BILL HARRISON

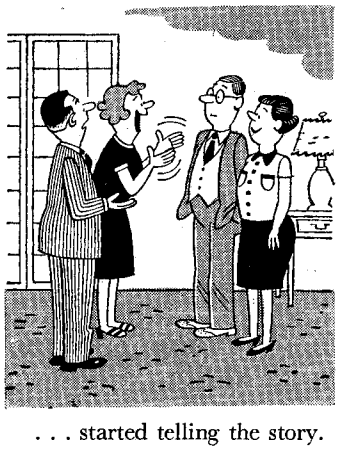
. . . the call is for.



. . . is Happy Henry.



. . . is mother of six.



. . . started telling the story.

. . . didn't want a dog.

. . . had to be dragged to the party.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Routine

Miss McCaskett
  Gathered the mail—
The checks, the orders,
  The bills of sale,
The ads and circulars
  By the bale—
And placed them as neatly
  As one could ask it
In Mr. Federber's
  IN basket.

Mr. Federber
  Examined the lot;
Kept the ones
  He was glad he'd got,
And dumped the others he
  Wished he'd not,
With a yawn so wide
  That he couldn't mask it,
In Mr. Federber's
  OUT basket.

And Miss McCaskett
  Gathered the pile,
And setting aside
  The ones to file,
She dumped the rest with
  A tired smile,
Tonelessly humming
  "A tisket, a tasket,"
In Miss McCaskett's
  Wastebasket.

NORMAN R. JAFFRAY

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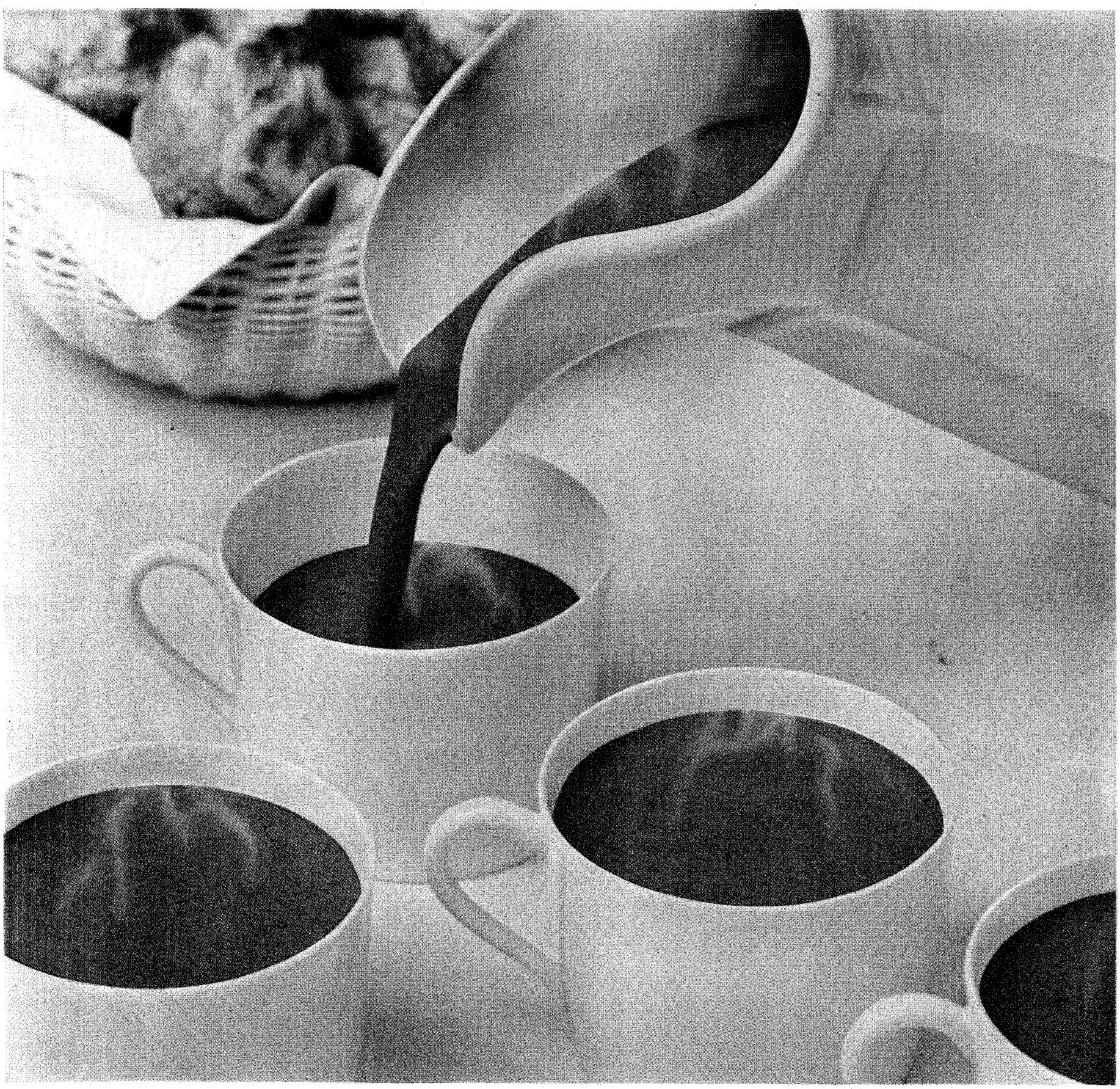

How to serve soup to a group!

Is there a pitcher in the house? Fill it with hot soup! Pour the soup into friendly cups. Could anything be more practical? Or more pleasant?

For soup fills a group with such warmth and cheer—it can easily be the hit of the party.

Try a pitcher of hot soup when everybody's watching television. Bring on soup in a pitcher next time you have a party. Make it a "custom of the house"—snacks and soup...*beautiful* soup!

Tomato Soup and Green Pea are fine for pouring. So is any one of our cream soups—Cream of Chicken, Mushroom, Celery, Asparagus. There's Bouillon or Consommé, if you like light snacks. Fabulous Black Bean for the soup gourmet. Or set the party talking—make new soups by combining two soups!

If there's a pitcher in the house—why not fill it up right now with good hot soup!

YOUR BODY NEEDS . . .

PROTEINS—for upkeep and growth
VITAMINS and MINERALS—for vitality
CARBOHYDRATES—for energy
LIQUIDS—for your well-being

A VARIETY OF SOUPS SUPPLIES THEM ALL

Once a day . . . every day . . . SOUP!

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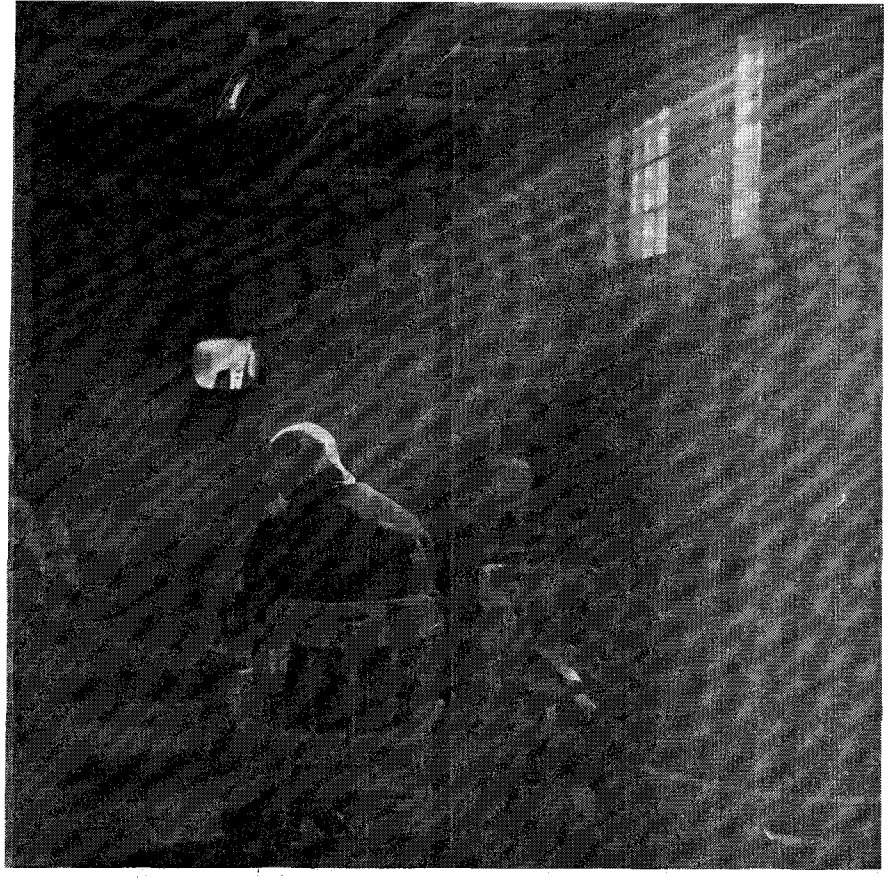
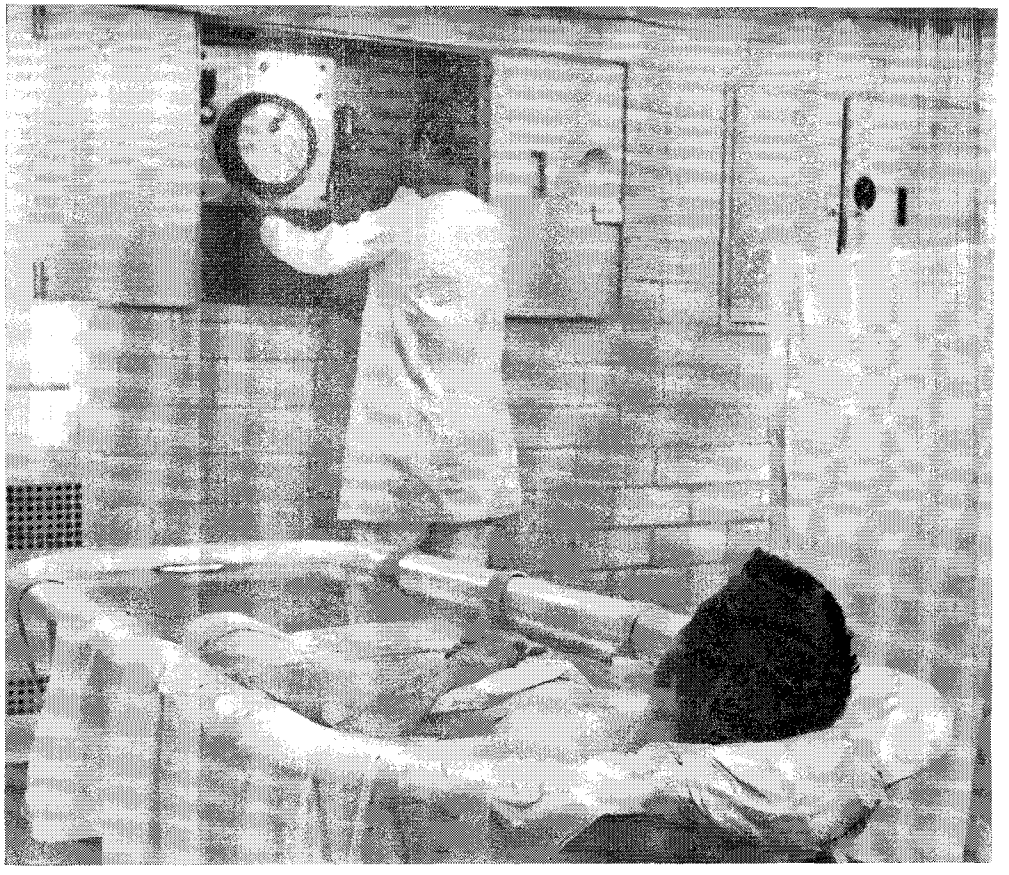


Dayroom for mental patients at the VA hospital, Perry Point, Md., where new ideas of treatment have restored "hopeless" schizophrenics to normality.



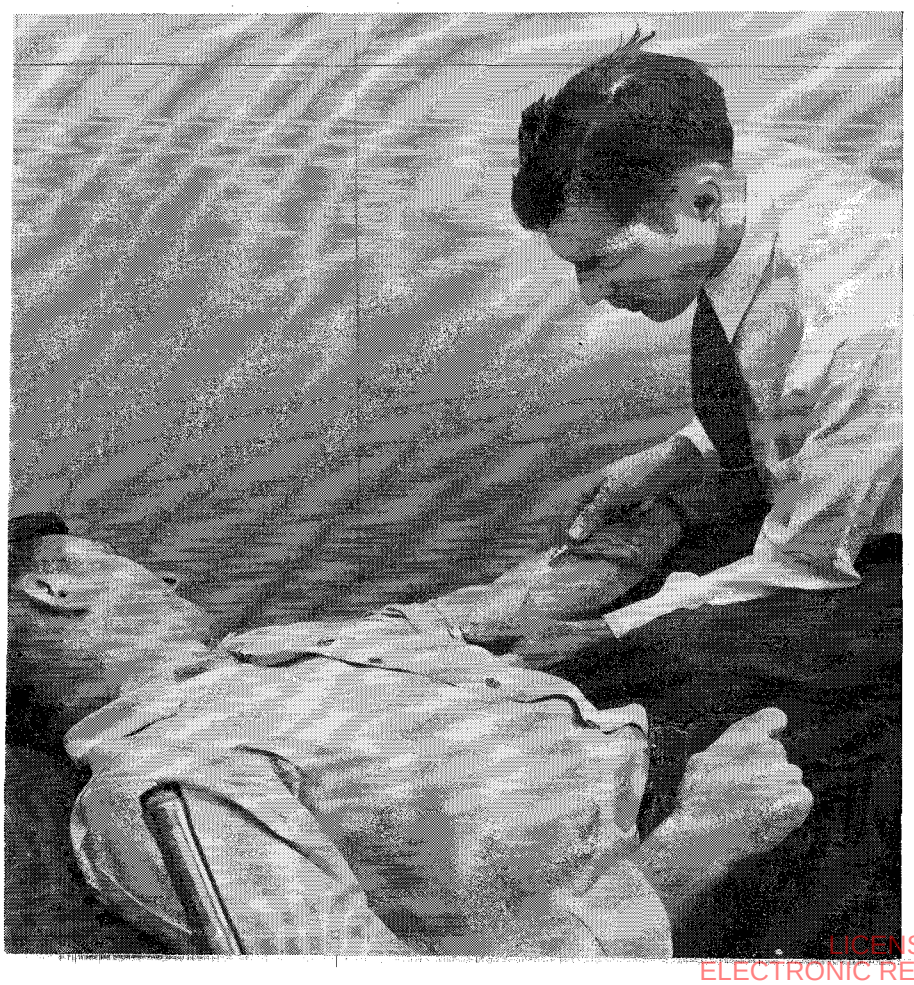
Warm baths often help reduce nervous tensions in the mentally ill. Doctors don't know the exact causes or cure of schizophrenia, but they have begun to solve many of its mysteries.

Help for the Living Dead

By Robert M. Yoder

Today, schizophrenia imprisons 250,000 Americans in mental hospitals. But through the use of an amazing drug, doctors may soon unlock some secrets in the world of the insane.

1 At the National Institute of Mental Health, Bethesda, Md., Dr. Charles Savage gives Wilmer Wedel, a volunteer, a shot of the new drug, LSD.



2 LSD produces a form of artificial schizophrenia, making it possible for a normal man or woman to explore the strange domain of the mentally ill, and return to tell what it's like.

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It came on so insidiously that not even John MacFarland's wife, though she is a registered nurse and trained to be observant, could see it begin. A few minor troubles in a happy, successful life—that was the start, with no hint of real danger.

"MacFarland" is a fictitious name, but "John MacFarland" is real, and the story of his destruction is entirely too true. In the essentials, furthermore, it is the story of a strange fate which befalls thousands. They include some of the brightest and most promising, often attacked in their teens, twenties or thirties.

Until the trouble began—as mysteriously as anything claimed for voodoo, but, unfortunately, not subject to the same skepticism—MacFarland's life proceeded along the most conventional, most comfortable lines. He was a standard stock-model professional man, who liked his work and liked his life. A standard five feet eight, strongly built, active. So standard in every respect, in fact, that you know a dozen like him. And you would bet 100 to 1 that what happened to MacFarland couldn't happen to them.

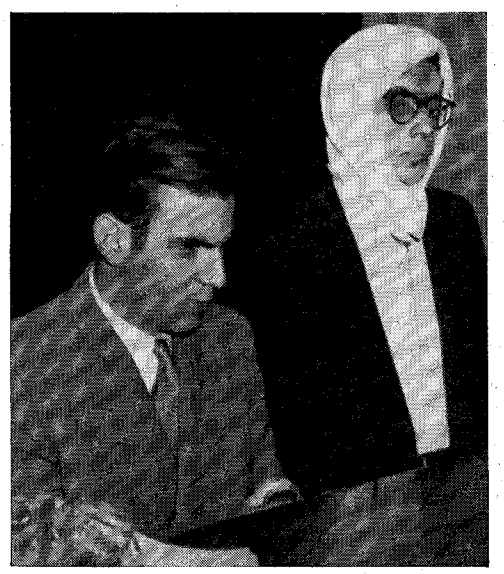
He came from sound stock, with nothing at all alarming in the family medical history. Two other children, normal as apples. As a child, MacFarland was healthy, good-natured and got along well with others. He "liked company," he was thought of as "happy-go-lucky." Not shy, overly sensitive or nervous. Not a boy to keep to himself.

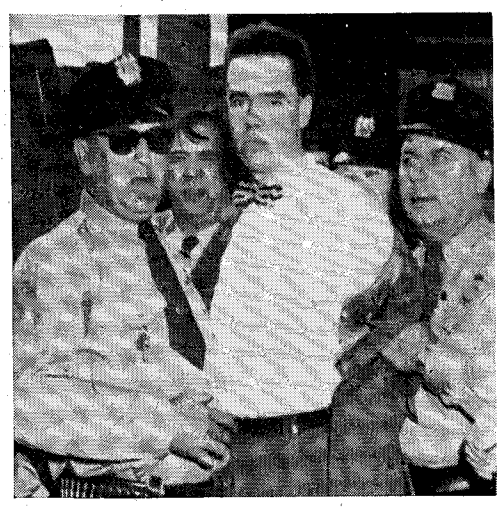
Nothing in the way of devastating illness, no deeply upsetting experiences—at least not in the common meaning. No family or personal tragedies, no sudden setbacks or gnawing frustrations.

The boy did well in school, went on to college, did well in engineering. He was military age when World War I came along. MacFarland enlisted as a private, served well, came out in good shape. He had worked as a mining engineer before the war; he went back to work with the same firm—for which, in all, he worked twenty-two years.

The first shadow—this is a doom of great dark subtlety—fell when MacFarland was in his late thirties. MacFarland began having short periods of nervousness. He was anxious without any ordinary reason, and the anxiety sometimes bordered on panic. You can imagine him shaking this off as suitable only for old women. That's all there was to it, and it didn't last. But the blight was on MacFarland, going about its destruction very gradually.

Mining engineers are on the move a good deal, living in shacks and trailers. MacFarland didn't marry until he was forty. He had a few happy months—good wife, good home, good job. He was doing fine in all departments.





Schizophrenic Harlow Fraden (above, right), with his friend, Dennis Wepman, poisoned his parents. Howard Unruh (right) was regarded as a model neighbor until he killed 13 in a shooting rampage. Fellow workers thought highly of Bayard Peakes (holding paper). He turned killer.

He got a little moody at times, but who doesn't? And a little irritable at work, given to finding fault. This wasn't like him. But an upset liver can do worse than that. Everything that happened seemed capable of the most innocent explanation.

The first sign that a major change was taking place came suddenly. After year on successful year with the same company, MacFarland quit his job. To quit in a fit of pique was out of character. He had a good name as an engineer, and got other jobs. But those he quit, too, or got fired. Says a doctor who was also his friend, "He couldn't follow orders. I think because he was depressed and distracted."

Nothing, so far, to show where the trouble lay. Then it became shockingly apparent. MacFarland was a Mason. He began to suspect that brother Masons were "against him." The Masons or somebody. A mysterious "they," the more sinister for being vague and unidentified. "They" were plotting. The plot took definite form. It was a plot to poison MacFarland. And now it was clear.

This sensible, competent man, this healthy, successful man, was going crazy. Going? He had arrived. In one year more, MacFarland wouldn't eat

(Continued on Page 64)

3 Wedel undergoes the Rorschach "ink blot" test: He describes what a series of random designs mean to him. He and Dr. Savage will discuss and interpret the conversation after LSD wears off.

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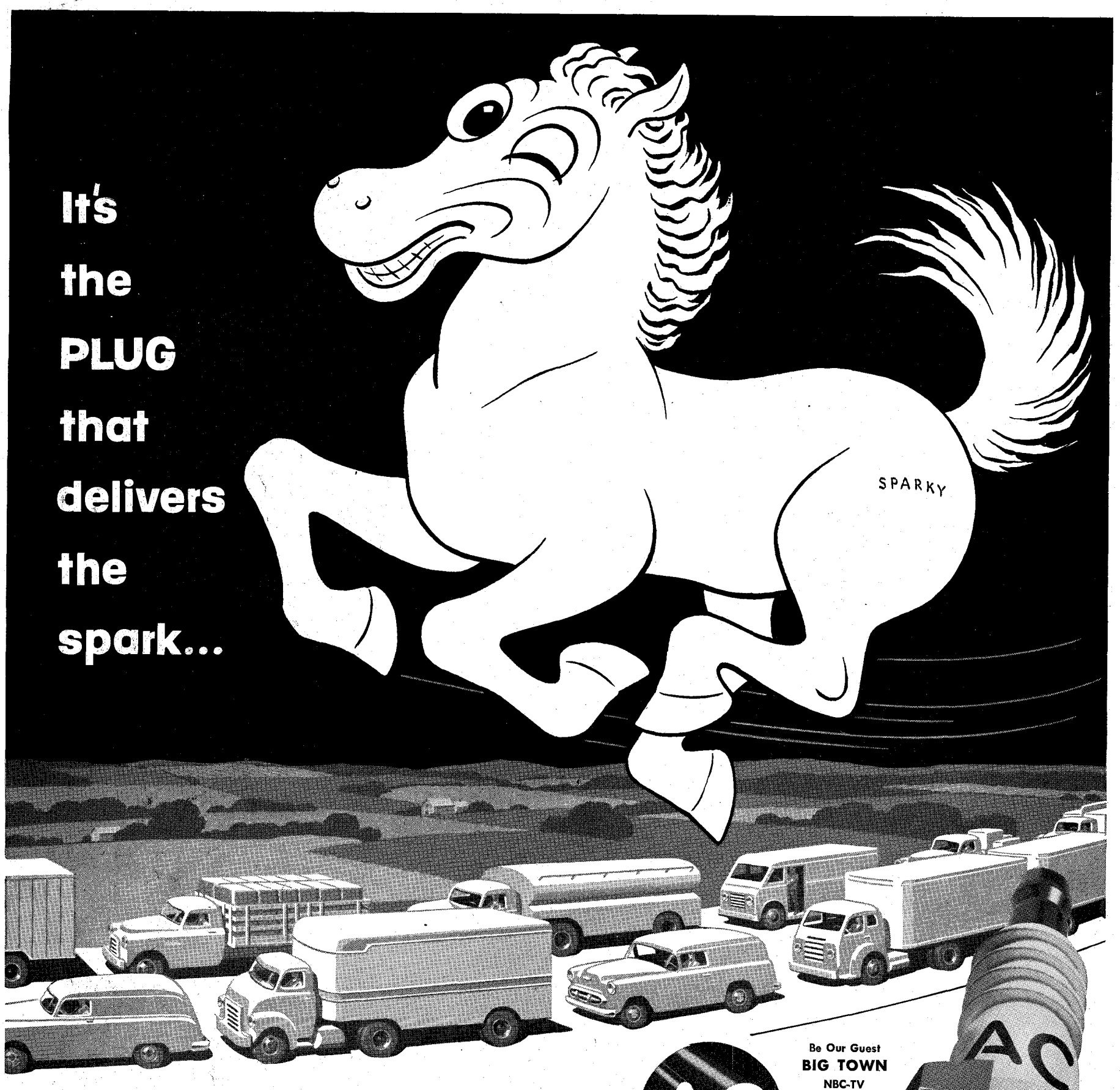

...that helps truckers deliver the goods!

It takes *millions* of trucks to haul the things we Americans want or need. It's a big job, a tough job, a job that the American trucking industry does exceedingly well! And, the power for all this begins with a spark plug.

Many bus and truck fleet records show that AC HOT TIP Spark Plugs *stay clean longer, give quicker starts, boost power!* That's because the exclusive AC recessed thin tip, pictured at the right, heats up fast to burn away carbon and oil deposits *before* they form.

Just as these trucking industry people enjoy the extra power and economy of AC HOT TIP Spark Plugs in their vehicles, you can enjoy those same benefits in your family car. Try a set of Lively AC Spark Plugs and see!

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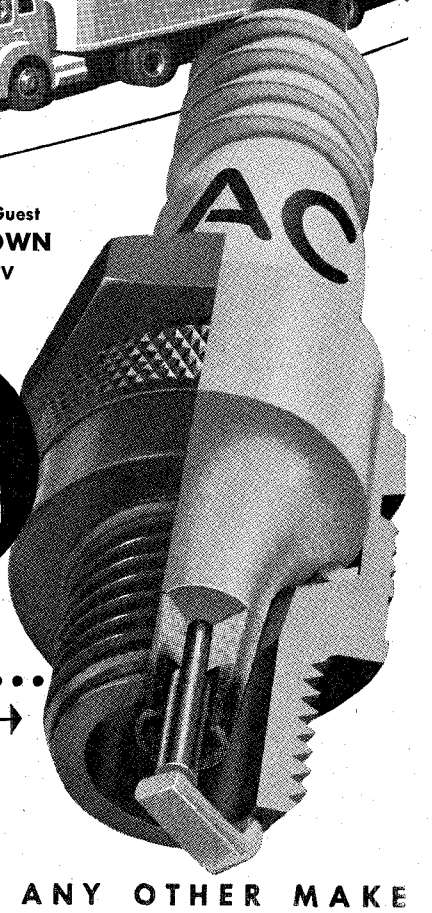
with the Exclusive
HOT TIP...



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Underworld U.S.A.

The scent of the stolen money was strong. It drew the police and the FBI—and a hired assassin with a machine gun.

By JOSEPH F. DINNEEN

The armored-truck robbery went off without a hitch. It took the three gunmen just four minutes to transfer the six packages of money to their stolen car. No clues were found

This was the "big heist" for Carlton (Fingers) Tolland. He, Jerry Pender and Spider Lonagan had a haul of more than three quarters of a million dollars to split. But all the serial numbers of all the money were known to the police. The thieves would have to let the money cool off before they could spend it. Spider and Jerry took honest jobs, and Fingers returned temporarily to his old specialty, picking pockets. The stolen money was locked in a chest in Jerry's house.

Fingers had set up the robbery. He had lifted an armored-truck driver's keys, had duplicates made and returned the originals. Police found the getaway car abandoned in front of a house belonging to syndicate boss Earl Connors. They then narrowed their list of suspects to those robbers who held grudges against Connors.

Fingers hated Connors, chiefly because Connors had forced him to marry Marjory Harrigan. Marjory had divorced Fingers, but he continued to lavish gifts on their daughter, Theresa. Fingers' second wife was a woman named Marian Marsh.

Fingers needed cash now, but he didn't know anyone who handled hot money. He was afraid to go to his lawyer, Peter Coughlin, for fear he would be cheated. And he had another, more serious, worry: He knew that the syndicate suspected him of the robbery, that its men would stop at nothing to grab the hidden loot.

CONCLUSION

Nine months after the robbery, Fingers cracked. The tail had been missing now for two months. Fingers insisted that it was now safe to pass the money. "Nobody's looking for it now," he said. "Bank tellers have forgotten all about it. I'll bet one of them wouldn't even look at a list if you handed in a C-note."

They tried to argue him out of it. They had been living blameless lives. "Give it another year," Jerry pleaded. "How do you know the FBI and the cops didn't lift the tails just so we'd make a mistake and try it?"

"Let me try it as an experiment," Fingers persuaded, "with my own dough. If I get caught, I'll take the rap. If I don't get caught, then you and Spider will know that it's safe and you can use your own money. Suppose I take three or four grand and leave the city. Suppose I go a hundred miles away and buy a pack of cigarettes in ten drugstores, shoving over a twenty-dollar bill each time and taking the change. I can pick up four hundred dollars in twenty passes, getting back money that can't be traced. That's better than I do in twenty passes in my own racket. If a single bill turns up anywhere, the newspapers will headline it. It will take attention away from this city, and they'll begin looking for the guys they think did it in the city where the bills turn up. That will prove to us that the dough isn't cold enough yet, and I'll lay off."

They were persuaded against their better judgments. Fingers left town with $2000 in serial-numbered money, traveled one hundred miles, passed it and returned with spendable money in exchange, but this was his money. He did not share it with them. "You can take your own dough and do what I'm doing," he told them. "It's up to you."

He continued the operation from day to day for two weeks, picking different cities and towns within a hundred-mile radius each time. Not a word appeared in any newspaper.

"You see!" he chortled to Spider and Jerry. "Nothing happens. They're not looking for this stuff. It's time to break it out." But they were still not sure.

"You may get away with it outside the city," Jerry said, "but let one of those bills show up in this city and I still think it will be curtains for us."

The bait was now working, but the fish was still unidentifiable to the FBI. Bills were first reported by banks in Haverford. Tellers and bankers were cautioned by the FBI to say nothing of it, and the information was withheld from newspapers. As further reports came in from other cities and towns, arcs and circles were being drawn upon a map. As the circles grew smaller and moved closer to the city, the base for operation was clear. FBI men were certain now

(Continued on Page 74)

Spider pulled away, and the man with the Tommy gun got him twice.

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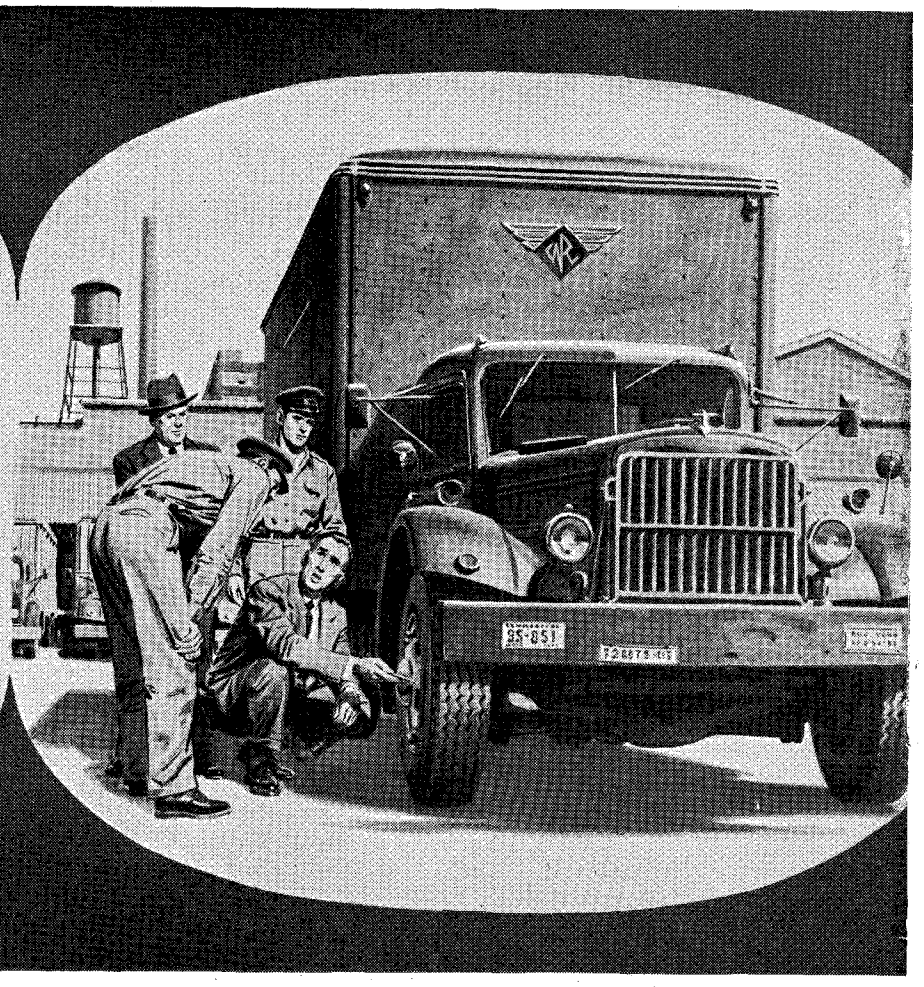
We tackled a triple and saved millions

Real-life story of how Goodyear Engineers controlled CORD FEVER and created fabulously durable 3-T CORD—greatest truck tire advance in 20 years!



The Long-Lived Highway Truck Tire
TRACTION HI-MILER
built with
3-T NYLON OR RAYON CORD

HERE'S A BUY!
3-T Rayon Cord
HI-MILER RIB
only $20.95 PLUS TAX
and your recappable tire for size 6.00-16—no more than truck owners pay for passenger car tires! Other sizes also attractively low-priced at most Goodyear dealers'. Prices subject to change.

3-T CORD
is now used in all Goodyear truck, passenger car, airplane, motorcycle and industrial tires—both conventional and tubeless—to give you extra safety, extra wear, extra value.

GOODYEAR TIRES

Look for this sign; there's a Goodyear dealer near you.

THE FIRST PROBLEM WAS—

WHY were so many truck tires suddenly losing mileage on the new high-speed highways?

We solved it by cutting up, X-raying and microscopically examining truck tires of all kinds, all makes, new and used. The answer was—"CORD FEVER!"

You see, *longest truck tire life* requires all cords in each tire to be equally strong, equally tensed—to work together with minimum friction.

Such perfect uniformity had been out of reach—but good truck tiremakers came close enough to meet prevailing operating conditions.

But times changed! New high-speed roads meant longer, faster, hotter runs. Imperfectly tensed or "loafer" cords fought well-tensed "worker" cords! Friction and FEVER mounted—little troubles grew BIG—and more and more highway tires lived shorter and shorter lives.

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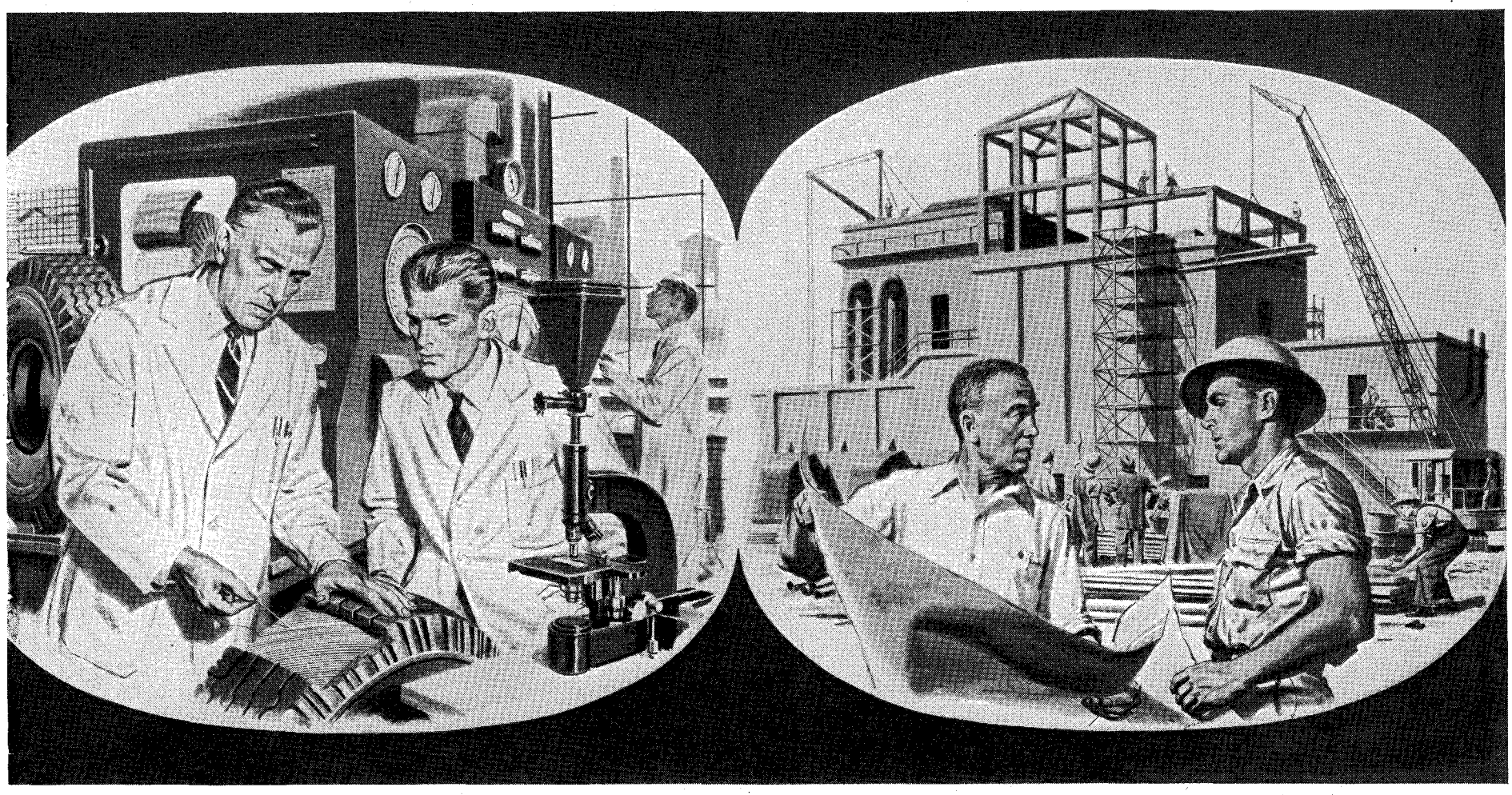
barreled tire problem for truckers!



THAT BROUGHT US FACE TO FACE WITH THE SECOND PROBLEM:

HOW could all cords in Goodyear truck tires be made EQUAL in strength and tension—and so end "CORD FEVER"?

That was a poser! We spent months, millions and Goodyear's world-wide resources seeking the answer. We found it after one of our engineers asked this simple question:

"Why can't we TEMPER Rayon and Nylon as steel is tempered? Then all cords should tense equally—and 'CORD FEVER' would be controlled!"

That started our labors all over again—because no exact method of tempering Rayon and Nylon cord fabric had yet been developed.

But we learned as we went along—patiently tried every practical combination of Tension, Temperature and Time—until SUDDENLY WE HAD IT!

Goodyear—and *only* Goodyear—had the precise 3-T combination that controlled ALL cords at their point of greatest strength and durability! "CORD FEVER" was controlled at last!

AND NOW THE THIRD AND FINAL PROBLEM:

HOW could we produce this marvelous, tire-saving 3-T Cord in the world's record quantities—the hundreds of thousands of yards needed EACH DAY to supply Goodyear tire users?

It meant designing and building giant, 6-story 3-T Processors costing millions—but considering what we had for truckers, it was well worth it! In 1954 the huge machines were running round the clock—and the world's first and only 3-T Cord tires began to hit the highways!

NOW SEE WHAT *TRUCKERS* SAY ABOUT GOODYEAR 3-T CORD TIRES

(After almost 2 years of *personal* experience)

Excess stretch, flex failure, ply separation—virtually eliminated!

Bruise breaks, heat blowouts—practically things of the past!

Up to 30% more mileage—many more recaps—because 3-T Cord bodies last longer!

Fewer road delays—lower tire-cost-per-mile!

AND ALL WITHOUT EXTRA COST!

It's true—Goodyear 3-T Cord truck tires cost you no more than others made with UNtempered Rayon or Nylon Cord. We suggest you contact your nearest Goodyear dealer now. Goodyear, Truck Tire Dept., Akron 16, Ohio.

Hi-Miler—T. M. The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

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GOODYEAR

We think you'll like
"THE GREATEST STORY EVER TOLD"
every Sunday—ABC Radio Network
THE GOODYEAR TELEVISION PLAYHOUSE
every other Sunday—NBC TV Network

MORE TONS ARE HAULED ON GOODYEAR TRUCK TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

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New Motorola® Calendar Clock Radio

Sings you to sleep at night

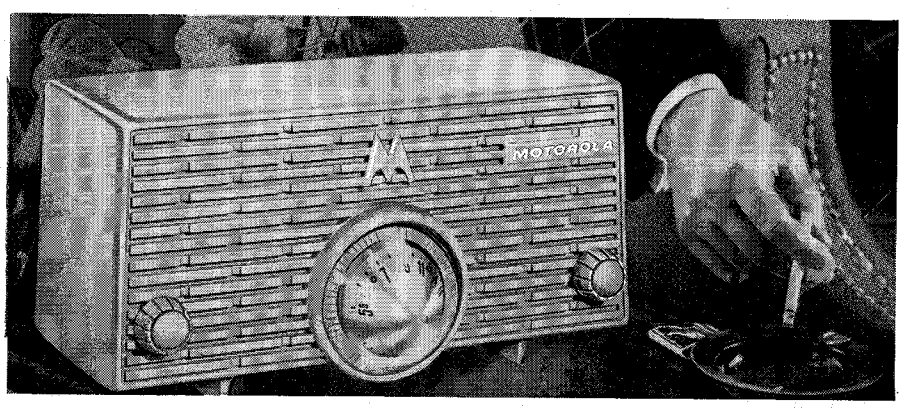
(THEN SHUTS ITSELF OFF)

Sings you awake in the morning

(AND HAS YOUR COFFEE WAITING)

Tells you the time, the day and the date—all for just $39.95*

Here's the new "Lazy Boy"® clock radio, the happy, pleasant way to start your day. Tells time, day, date. Controls most any appliance for you. Smart, shatter-resistant cabinet, in Mint Green or Antique White. Model 56CC. (Other clock radios from $24.95)



New Motorola Table Radio

Big radio sound—Small radio price!

Smooth, smart—with super-circle precision tuning, Golden Voice speaker, PLAcir® lifetime chassis. Turquoise, Mint Green, Antique White or Mahogany. Model 56H in Mahogany. $24.95*. (Other models from $14.95)

$24.95*

MOTOROLA

World's largest exclusive electronics manufacturer

Prices and specifications subject to change without notice. * Prices higher South and West

Red Carpet for Sergeant Reckless

(Continued from Page 23)

when he wrote, ". . . there was a fund-raising campaign in connection with the Iwo Jima Memorial. Many ideas were initiated to promote competition among units to see which could raise the most money. Suddenly Reckless was 'kidnaped' and held for considerable ransom. The news swept the division like wildfire. Needless to say, her ransom was quickly forthcoming and the fund oversubscribed."

A quick word of reassurance had to be passed that it was a fund-raising stunt as the marines were forming rescue teams to fan out into the Korean hills. Over $28,000 was raised.

Gradually rotation and reassignment stripped Reckless of her old friends. Pedersen, with three Purple Hearts, went home, and Latham followed soon after. Riley was transferred. Each, in turn, bade a sad farewell to her.

After returning to the United States and inactive duty, I wrote to Col. Victor (Brute) Krulak, staff secretary to the commandant, with the request that Reckless be brought to this country on a naval vessel. By return mail, Krulak promised he would take action.

The Navy was not unwilling, but indicated that the Marine Corps must present an official request for passage of one horse with feed and handler. This was the status of Reckless taking up residence in California when the Post article appeared and the landslide of queries struck.

By then, Reckless had an old friend in high places. When Ran Pate returned from Korea he had been promoted to lieutenant general, and had taken over the billet of assistant commandant and chief of staff of the corps. The general was told of the great number of people, marines as well as John Doe Americans, who were interested in seeing the little mare brought to this country.

Although Reckless' fate was in the hands of a firm and loyal friend, General Pate had to render an unhappy decision. He wrote:

"Government transportation could only be furnished if Reckless were owned by the Marine Corps. I cannot see how we could justify the expenditure of public funds to transport her to the United States. I regret that my decision regarding Reckless cannot be more favorable, but I assure you of the wholehearted support of the Marine Corps, to the extent possible, on all matters pertaining to her."

All hands agreed that the corps would be laying itself open to censure if some junketing congressman learned of Reckless' hitchhiking a free ride with the Navy. A call was put in to Ernest Gibson, of the Pacific Transport Lines.

Gibson was told, "We're trying to bring a horse home from Korea. She was with the marines over there."

"Is that the marine horse I read about in the Post? The one who carried ammunition?"

"That's the one. How much will it cost?"

"Let me talk to the boss."

Within a few minutes, Stan Coppel, executive vice-president of the shipping line, was on the telephone.

"My kids and I loved that story about Reckless and we'd like to help get her home. I'll tell you what we'll do; we'll bring her home free of charge if you'll furnish the stall and pay for the feed."

"Really?"

Coppel laughed, "Really!"

"When can you pick her up in Japan?"

"The Pacific Transport is arriving in Yokohama in three weeks. Can she make that?"

"We'll try. Make a reservation for her and I'll get word to Headquarters Marine Corps and to the division in Korea."

General Pate was notified and his reply was immediate and enthusiastic: "I can't tell you how delighted I am that Reckless is soon to be on her way home."

Maj. Gen. Robert E. Hogaboom, USMC, then commanding the marines in Korea, was informed that Reckless had space reserved aboard the Pacific Transport. He turned the matter over to the Recoilless Rifle Platoon that then had custody of Reckless; it would be up to them to decide, he said.

The platoon held a meeting and sent the following dispatch:

THE 75-MM RECOILLESS RIFLE PLATOON WILLING TO SHIP RECKLESS ONLY UNDER FOLLOWING CONDITIONS. (A) OWNERSHIP RESIDES WITH AND REMAINS WITH 75-MM. RECOILLESS RIFLE PLATOON ANTITANK COMPANY 5TH MARINES THIS DIVISION. (B) RECKLESS TO BE KEPT AT CAMP PENDLETON UNTIL SUCH TIME AS DIVISION RETURNS. (C) ANY FUNDS ACCRUING TO HER NAME TO BE USED FOR DEPENDENTS OF DECEASED MEMBERS RECOILLESS RIFLE PLATOON ANTITANK COMPANY 5TH MARINES. (D) PFC.

(Continued on Page 52)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"You'll be happy to hear we've located the trouble, Mr. Dawes."

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"WOW! 1-2-3 power"

Only new Sky Chief gasoline gives you all 3

1 PETROX. Sky Chief is the *only* gasoline with Petrox, Texaco's exclusive *petroleum-base* element that leaves no harmful deposits. It cuts power-wasting engine wear, by coating each part it touches with a fine, protective film. Result: added power you can feel . . . greater gasoline mileage you can clock . . . up to 60% longer engine life. Millions of miles of road tests prove it!

2 TOP OCTANE. Today's Sky Chief is the highest octane Sky Chief gasoline *ever!* There's a good reason: Texaco spent over 75 million dollars just in the past year to increase octanes. Next time, fill up with Sky Chief and cash in on power . . . the biggest, strongest, knock-free power you ever felt!

3 100% CLIMATE-CONTROLLED. Sky Chief *is the only* premium gasoline that is specially blended for altitude and climate wherever you fill 'er up in all 48 states. That means wherever you drive you'll always be sure of the best performance . . . if you always make sure to fill up at the Sky Chief pump.

THE TEXAS COMPANY

TEXACO

TEXACO DEALERS in all 48 states

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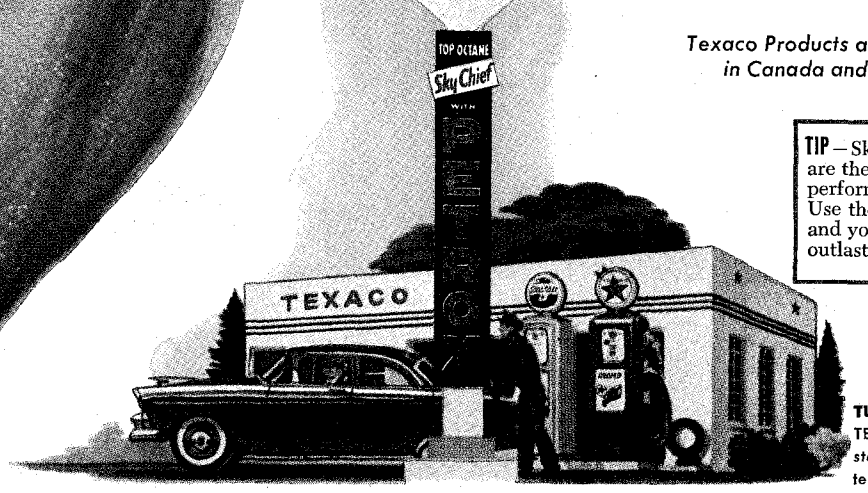

TIP – Sky Chief and Havoline are the tested, top-performance team. Use them together, and your engine can outlast your car.

TUNE IN . . .
TEXACO STAR THEATER
starring JIMMY DURANTE *on*
television, Saturday nights, NBC.

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ow! for the first time

ee the new Stor-Mor Freezer-Refrigerator at your dealer's

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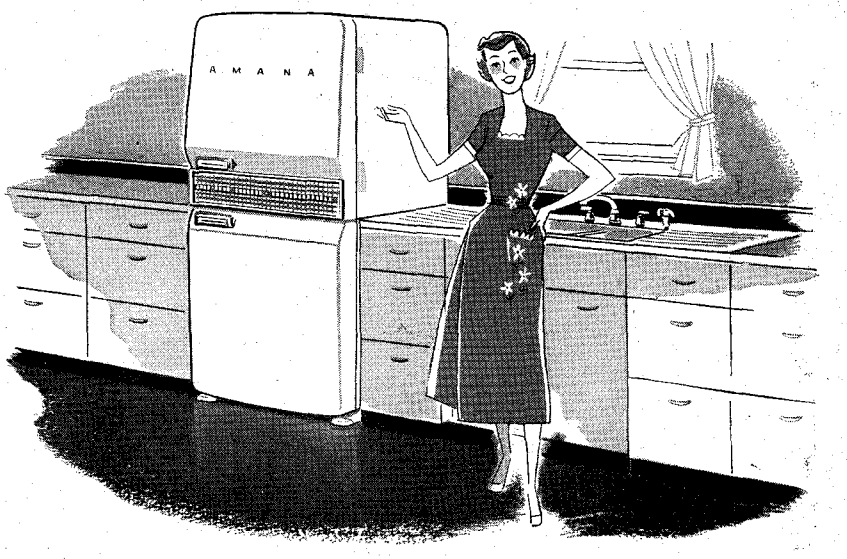
a genuine Amana® food freezer *plus* a full-capacity refrigerator

...combined to fit right in your kitchen!



1. Stor-Mor Freezer section holds 297 pounds of frozen foods alone!
2. Refrigerator section gives storage space equal to a conventional 12 cubic foot refrigerator!
3. Constant Automatic Temperature Control of both Freezer and Refrigerator.

Here's happy news from the greatest name in Food Freezers. News that will solve, at once, the problem of food freezing, storage, and refrigeration for thousands of American families.

Here, for the first time, is *genuine* Amana quality in a *practical*, roomy 8.5 cubic foot Stor-Mor Freezer, plus a full-size refrigerator—combined in the magnificent Amana Freezer-Refrigerator. A compact combination that surpasses, in beauty and convenience features, anything you have seen or will see for a long time to come.

Now thousands who have dreamed of owning an Amana quality freezer can do so without crowding their kitchens or sacrificing any refrigerator capacity whatsoever! For this latest Amana achievement fits the space now occupied by a conventional refrigerator in the kitchen of any average American home.

You'll see Amana know-how in every detail of this superb unit. Controlled temperature means no more frozen milk and foods in the refrigerator section . . . no more *half-frozen* foods in the freezer section! And of course, there's completely automatic defrosting and controlled humidity in the refrigerator. Note how the precision design makes use of every inch of space everywhere, including famous, exclusive Stor-Mor doors.

Note, too, the genuine Amana features in the generous freezer section. Each shelf features exclusive Amana-Matic freezing! You can actually quick-freeze seasonal bargains, weekly specials from your super market—fruits, vegetables, fish and game in season. Enjoy them later . . . in *any* season. You shop less frequently. You put an end to menu-monotony. And all this, mind you, using no more floor-space than an ordinary refrigerator!

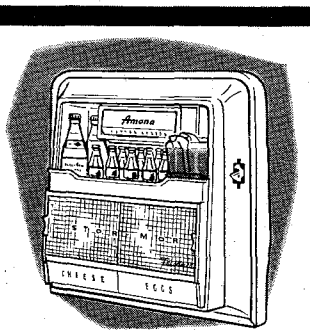
BIG SPACE BONUS! Meats, leftovers, ice cube trays, desserts, old-fashioned freezing compartments no longer occupy valuable refrigerator space. Food-packing tests by certified home economists prove that the new Amana combination gives you refrigerator storage space equal to that of a conventional 12-foot refrigerator. Plus—a generous 8.5 cubic feet of genuine freezer space!

FOR EVERY TYPE OF HOME! Any home or apartment with a kitchen needs this compact new-type Amana combination. Especially small and large apartments, city folk and suburbanites. It's the modern answer to your entire food problem. It brings true super market convenience to your kitchen.

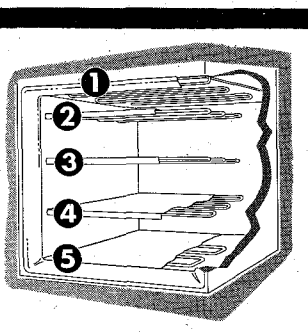
See your local Amana dealer now. Ask him about the Amana Easy Purchase Plan. Learn how the Amana Plan for Better Living applies to you and *your* family.

WATCH "YOU'LL NEVER GET RICH" STARRING PHIL SILVERS, ON CBS TELEVISION NETWORK EVERY TUESDAY NIGHT. CHECK YOUR PAPER FOR TIME AND STATION.

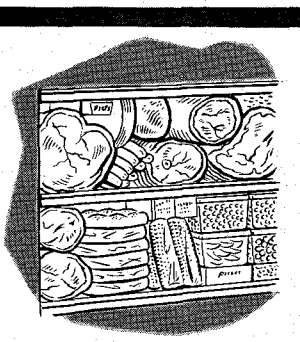
EXCLUSIVE POLARAMIC DIAL CONTROL protects precious foods always! Fully automatic cold maintains even 0° temperature in your freezer, yet permits no freezing in refrigerator ever. No frozen milk, rock-hard butter!



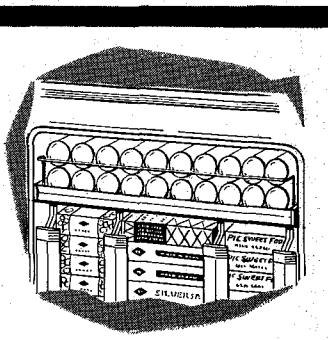
JUMBO-SIZED STOR-MOR DOOR! Food at your fingertips! Big bottle space! Butter-keeper, crisper drawers, cheese, egg sections. Exclusive 3-quart Beverage Pitcher pours from door, or can be removed for table use!



FIVE AMANA-MATIC FREEZING SURFACES! All shelves, *and* top and bottom of Amana freezer section are prime freezing surfaces. It's exclusive with Amana! All foods are stored on, or directly below, a solid freezing plate!



NO SPACE-WASTING BASKETS in sparkling new Amana combination! Reach in, take what you like without fuss or trouble. It's easier this way. Better too, for food is in constant contact with Amana-Matic freezing surfaces!



AUTOMATIC PACKAGE DISPENSERS! 20 cans of frozen fruit juice snuggle in Stor-Mor freezer door. Easily adjustable food racks fit all standard packages! *And*, both Amana doors open with easy-push handles!

Amana®

AMANA, WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF FOOD FREEZERS,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

America's Finest Food Confections

Perfect to serve anywhere, anytime . . . but especially good for Halloween Parties and when Goblins come calling for "Trick or Treat" goodies! Gay orange and black Halloween colors in the icings . . . each fluffy, golden Spudnut is completely *delicious — completely good, and* **everybody** loves 'em! See your nearby Spudnut dealer **now.**

Special Price Reductions On Large Spudnut Party Orders — but please order early. Thanks!

You can own your own Spudnut Shop. Valuable Franchises are still available in some cities across the nation. Write Franchise Division, Dept. G, Peltons Spudnuts, Inc., 1488 South State Street, Salt Lake City, Utah. Copyright 1955.

Spudnuts and Spudnut Varieties are made only by authorized Franchised Dealers and are sold in the genuine Spudnut Bag, Box or Package — at your door, in your favorite grocery store, and at your nearby Spudnut shop.

COAST TO COAST—ALASKA TO MEXICO

(Continued from Page 48)

MOORE MEMBER OF 75-MM. PLATOON SINCE MARCH 53 AND PRESENT HANDLER OF RECKLESS SHOULD ACCOMPANY HER TO STATES IF YOU CAN ARRANGE.

Eric Pedersen was now on duty at Camp Pendleton and I thought it necessary to contact him. Although he'd been reimbursed for the money he'd spent for Reckless' feed, he'd never got back the $250 he'd shelled out to buy her. Pedersen's reaction was solely in the interest of the little mare: "It doesn't matter who owns her. I'll transfer any claim I have to her for a dollar, but let's get her home."

All conditions of the message were agreed to and a ticket was purchased for Moore. Coppel apologized for not being able to give free passage to Reckless' traveling companion, but the terms of the mail-subsidy contract with the Government prevented his doing this.

Meanwhile, on the other side of the world, Reckless came to the attention of Elliott Macrae, president of the E. P. Dutton publishing firm, who was sailing to the United States after a European trip. One day while sitting under the dryer in the ship's beauty salon, Mrs. Macrae read of Reckless in the Post. She had her husband paged. When he arrived in the salon, she handed him the magazine. "Read this article. I think Reckless would make a wonderful book."

Macrae read and agreed and sent a radiogram to his New York office. Soon after, I arranged to write a book for Dutton about our sorrel friend. Within a week I received similar requests from three other publishing firms. A TV producer called with the proposal that a series of twenty-six shows be done on Reckless' life with the corps. This project was set aside, temporarily.

In the meantime, work was progressing on a screen play for John Wayne and his Batjac Productions. It was to be a documentary-type picture, called The Outpost, with the marine counterattack on Outpost Vegas as the dramatic climax. Wayne agreed that the valiant part played by Reckless would have to be shown.

Though all other characters in The Outpost are fictional, Reckless will play herself. Box-office star Wayne said, "She'll probably steal every scene she's in." Any marine who knows her will agree.

Inasmuch as Pacific Transport ships did not touch at Korean ports, it was necessary to get Reckless to Japan to meet her ship. At the direction of General Hogaboom, Col. James Berkeley, chief of staff of the division, contacted Col. Ed Montgomery, chief of staff of the 1st Marine Aircraft Wing, to find out if the wing could fly Reckless to Yokohama. The wing decided it would be good training for personnel in R4Q (Flying Boxcar) aircraft to meet the problem of transporting a horse. They had been asked to carry everything else—why not a horse?

HEADQUARTERS
1ST MARINE AIRCRAFT WING, FMF
C/O FLEET POST OFFICE, SAN FRANCISCO

16 October 1954

MEMORANDUM

From: Chief of Staff, 1st Marine Aircraft Wing
To: Chief of Staff, 1st Marine Division

Subj: Operation HORSE SHIFT

Ref: (a) CG, 1st Mar Div Memo of 12 Oct 54
(b) CG, 1st MAW disp 130745Z Oct 54
(c) Mar Corps GO No. 111

1. Your request contained in reference (a) has been approved as indicated by reference (b). Certain personnel, logistical and medical details related to subject operation may have been overlooked by members of your staff and are cited for your action:

a. Reference (a) failed to specify the sex of the passenger. It should be remembered that regulations require that female passengers in Naval aircraft must be suitably clothed in a trouser-type uniform. Male passengers must be in the uniform of the day (ribbons optional). All passengers must wear dog (?) tags and must be sober.

b. In-flight box lunches are not furnished for passengers by this command. Present rations (Army common) do not include food fit for a horse. Recommend advice be obtained from the Army's First Cavalry Division.

c. Although the responsibility for loading has been assumed by your headquarters, certain in-flight unloading problems must be anticipated. Responsibility for solution of these problems must naturally be assumed by you. A HORSE SHIFT Liaison Officer (hereafter referred to as DUNG-HO) is recommended, such officer to be equipped with necessary receptacles to receive and store in-flight off-loaded materials.

d. Medical regulations require that passengers returning to CONUS must be dewormed and de-malaria-ized prior to departure. Compliance is requested in subject case.

e. Passengers riding in R4Q aircraft are required to don parachute harnesses prior to flight. This promises to be a difficult task, but the ingenuity of your staff is being counted on to find a solution.

2. It is noted that paragraph 2 of reference (a) makes mention of precautions to insure safety of the animal in flight. While the sympathies of this command are solidly with Reckless, it must be remembered that the pilot will also be interested in maintaining the structural integrity of his aircraft. Therefore a horse adrift will be viewed with disfavor, and in case of unforeseen events, he (or she) must be warned to stand clear of the pilots' compartment.

3. It is recommended that the officer assigned duties as DUNG-HO should be an even-tempered, methodical, well-manured Marine with previous service west of the Pecos.

/s/ E. A. Montgomery,
Colonel, U.S. Marine Corps,
Chief of Staff

With great good humor between the division and the wing, plans were completed to airlift Reckless to Japan. A rotation ceremony was planned and the occasion of the football game between the 1st Marine and the 7th Army Division was chosen as a proper time.

Between halves of the game, Reckless was paraded with the Drum and Bugle Corps. Her farewell citation, read by the division adjutant, said in part:

Disregard for her own safety and conduct under fire were an inspiration to the troops and in keeping with the highest traditions of the Naval Service. Reckless' attention and devotion to duty make her well qualified for promotion to the rank of sergeant. Her absolute dependability while on missions under fire contributed materially to the success of many battles.

Rotation to the United States is her due and in a few days she will be on her way to Camp Pendleton, home of the 1st Marine Division. Good luck, Sergeant Reckless and bon voyage.

The Marine football team, which had dedicated the game to her, won it 23–7.

Reckless was on her way. From the manner in which she took her flight to Japan, it was apparent she would never rival the renowned Greek horse, Pegasus. She was happy to be on the ground again and to board ship with her handler, Pfc. William Moore. Knee-deep in Japanese clover, she sailed for San Francisco.

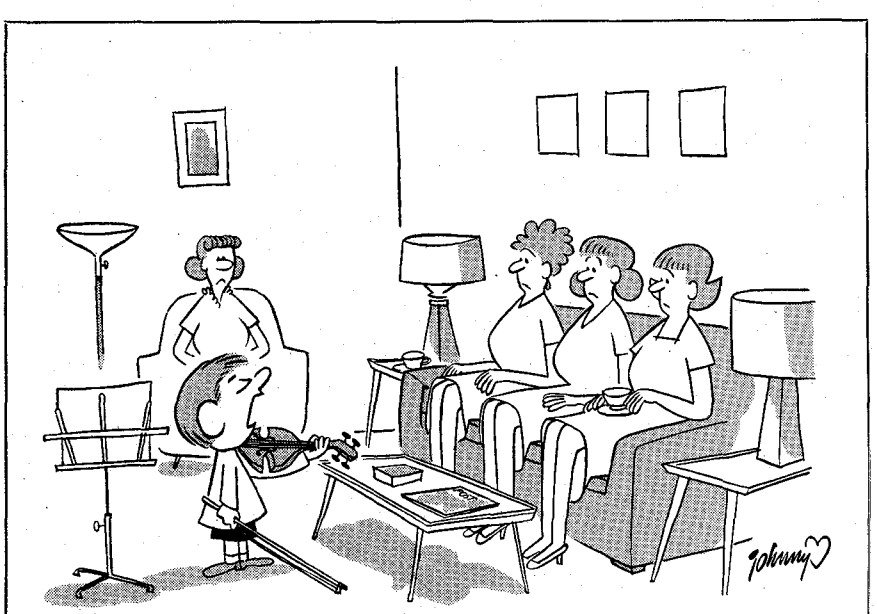
After reading the Post article, newspaper columnist Bob Considine wrote about Reckless' homecoming in one of his syndicated columns and featured the story on his Sunday-night radio show.

Gov. Goodwin Knight, in a proclamation welcoming Reckless to California, said, "I am proud California has been chosen as home for this heroic animal."

Ed Sullivan, newspaper columnist and master of ceremonies of the Toast of the Town TV show, sent a telegram saying that he'd written about Reckless in his November seventh column, as part of his annual observance of the Marine Corps anniversary. He also wanted Reckless to appear on his November seventh TV show and was prepared to pay her transportation to New York and an extra thousand dollars to be used for the fund for marine families.

On the way home, though, Reckless nearly came to grief. The S.S. Pacific Transport was caught in a boiling typhoon. The ship was forced to slow down, but even at reduced speed it was buffeted about. As huge waves swept the vessel, Reckless was washed from her stall. When the crew rushed to her rescue they found her asprawl on the deck with her forefeet braced against the bulwark. Thoroughly soaked and frightened, Reckless was returned to her stall, where bales of hay were stacked about her to prevent a second such accident.

Capt. Kenneth Shannon, master of the vessel, reported by radio-telephone that his passenger (Continued on Page 55)



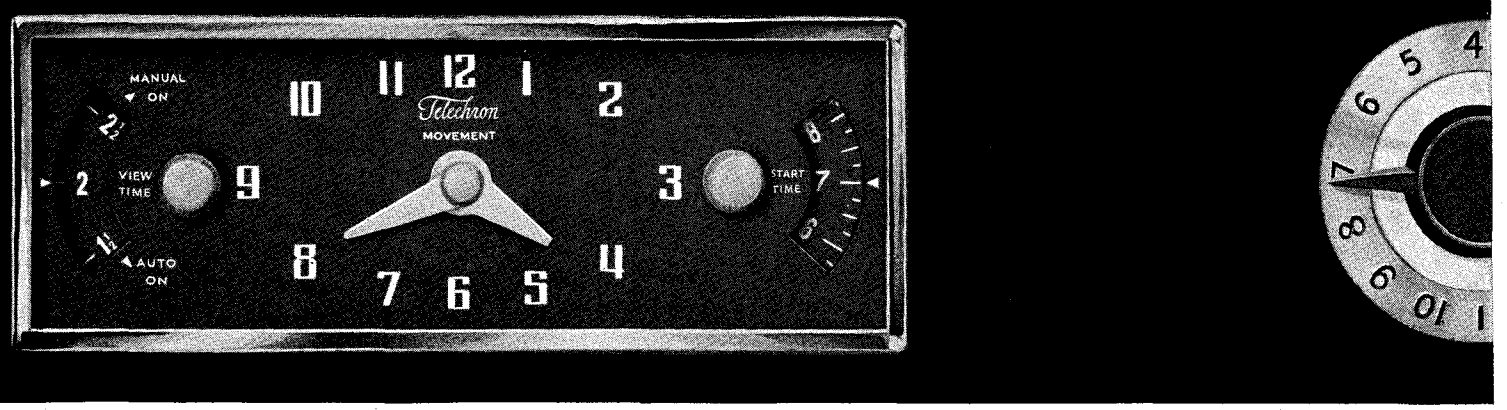
"The next number is for Red and Skinny from all the girls at the Greasy Spoon; to 'Bashful' from 'Blondie'; and for Keith Wilson from 'one who cares.'"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Now you'll never miss your favorite programs—see the

TV sets with an Electric Memory

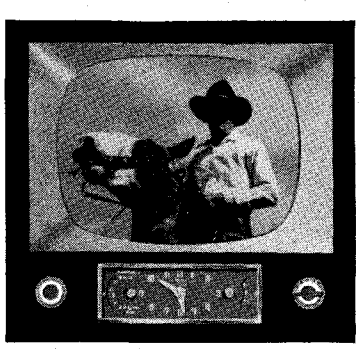


Telechron Electric Memory Timers

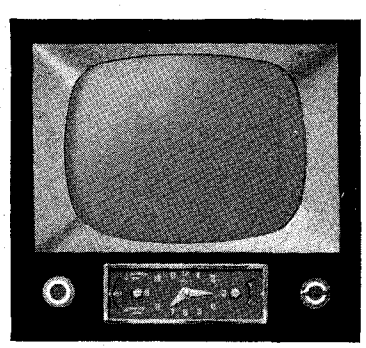
Automatically Turn TV On and Off

EQUIPPED WITH Telechron TIMER

Remembers to Turn Set On for You. Simply pick your program and set the timer control. The Electric Memory automatically remembers to turn on the TV set at the right time.



Turns Set Off for Children. The Electric Memory makes it easy to regulate children's TV viewing time. You set the control and it turns off the set at the time selected.



Built-in TV Clock. Accurate to the minute. Gives you the right time whether your TV set is on or off. It's the electric brain that governs the TV set automatically.

TELECHRON TIMERS, CLOCK AND TIMER DEPARTMENT, GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY, ASHLAND, MASS.

TELECHRON timers make life easy... *automatically*

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Said Little Miss Muffet on top of her tuffet,
"Away with these curds and whey!
Jell-O's mighty nutritious, and far more delicious-
Why, I could eat Jell-O all day!"

COPR. 1955, GENERAL FOODS CORP.

JELL-O
BRAND
GELATIN DESSERT
SEVEN DELICIOUS FLAVORS

JELL-O IS A REGISTERED TRADE-MARK
OF GENERAL FOODS CORPORATION

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
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(Continued from Page 52) was unhappy with shipboard life and had not eaten for several days. To those who knew her, this was the most alarming piece of news yet received. Shannon also reported that his ship would not dock until late in the evening on the ninth. Although she would miss her appointment with Sullivan, great plans were made for her welcome to California. Pedersen telephoned that he would arrive from Camp Pendleton with Sgt. Elmer Lively. It was Lively's gun which had been engaged in the heaviest firing during the Vegas battle and most of Reckless' trips had been to his shooting positions. Sgt. Joe Latham telephoned from his duty station at Camp Lejeune, North Carolina, that he would make every effort to be on hand. Pfc. Monroe Coleman, who had cared for Reckless during her early months with the marines, was now out of the corps and living in Utah, but he wrote that he would drive the 900 miles across country to meet his friend.

Belatedly we learned there were certain governmental agencies interested in her entry into the United States. I had come to think of Reckless as another marine. Naturally, she had no passport. What marine did? All she had were her citations affirming her gallant and honorable service in the corps and a red-and-gold blanket with ribbons and sergeant's stripes.

A part-time job is one a girl works at while trying to get married.

CY N. PEACE

Gibson, of the Pacific Transport Lines, advised me to call Clarence Ogden, of the United States Bureau of Customs. By now I was assuming that everyone had read of Reckless. When Ogden came on the line there was no preliminary explanation.

"Mr. Ogden, I'm bringing Sergeant Reckless home from Korea ——"

Ogden laughed. "I know all about her. Say, did she really do all those things you wrote about in the Post?"

"Even more; much more."

"I sure want to see her when she arrives. What can I do for you?"

"Help me get her into the country."

"That'll be easy as far as we're concerned. You could bring her in on the orders that brought you home from Korea. You could list her as personal baggage. Or, it might be simpler to declare her value as being under fifty dollars and pay a duty of three dollars and seventy-five cents. Jim O'Neil will be in charge at the pier. Let him decide. Whatever it is, it'll be easy."

"Thanks a lot. Anybody else I should call?"

"The Department of Agriculture vet will have to examine her. You better call them."

This governmental agency proved to be of a different bureaucratic mold. They, too, had read of Reckless, but were unimpressed. A blood sample would have to be drawn and sent to Washington, D.C., for testing to determine if she had glanders or dourine. Reckless would have to remain aboard ship until the laboratory tests had been reported upon. This might take three or four days.

There were no laboratories in California certified to run these simple tests, but if we agreed to pay the airmail charges, we might get an answer back in forty-eight hours.

This development posed a grave problem. With Reckless remaining on board ship, she would hamper cargo operations, and if the delay were more than three days, the scheduled sailing of the Pacific Transport would have to be postponed. In addition to this, she had been invited by Major General Ames to be guest of honor at the Marine Corps birthday dinner at the Marines' Memorial Club. If she couldn't attend, there would be 400 disappointed people, not to mention a little sorrel mare who was fed up with shipboard life. An appeal was wired to Washington.

Pedersen and Lively arrived from Camp Pendleton with a horse trailer loaded down with alfalfa, grain and blankets. Coleman drove in from Utah and joined the group, and all of us began sweating out the telegram from Washington.

The answer finally arrived:

HORSE MAY PROCEED MARINE BASE CAMP PENDLETON PENDING BLOOD TESTS. IF TESTS PROVE POSITIVE EITHER GLANDERS OR DOURINE ANIMAL MUST BE RETURNED TO JAPAN OR DESTROYED.

We decided that no matter what time the ship docked, we would take Reckless to Golden Gate Park for a run. Really to impress upon her that she was in the land of milk and honey, we would introduce her to ice cream.

When the telegram was discussed with the local agency of the Department of Agriculture it was apparent they did not approve. They ruled that Reckless could not leave the ship until her feet had been examined. If this examination was made after five P.M., overtime and mileage for two staff members would have to be paid. Such charges would amount to thirty dollars or more. At those prices, we decided that Reckless would have to stay aboard ship until morning.

With Pedersen, Lively and Coleman on the scene, we gathered over drinks to make final plans for greeting our seasick friend. Pedersen's wife, Kay, telephoned that she was flying in from the South the following morning. The one sad note in the entire proceedings was a wire from Joe Latham—he would be unable to attend.

Every newspaper and wire service in the San Francisco area had indicated they would have representatives on the pier to interview and take pictures of the "Marine War Horse," as Reckless was being called. A nine A.M. press conference was set for the next day.

With this last detail settled, we relaxed to enjoy an evening of reminiscence. Once again the telephone rang. It was the overseas operator with a call from Captain Shannon, master of the S.S. Pacific Transport. A sudden hush settled over the group.

"If you're planning a parade or anything for Reckless," he said, "I thought you ought to know that she's just eaten her blanket, right down to the ribbons. There's nothing but shreds left."

"How is she, other than that?"

"She's O.K. It's the first thing she's eaten since the typhoon, so I'd say she's all right."

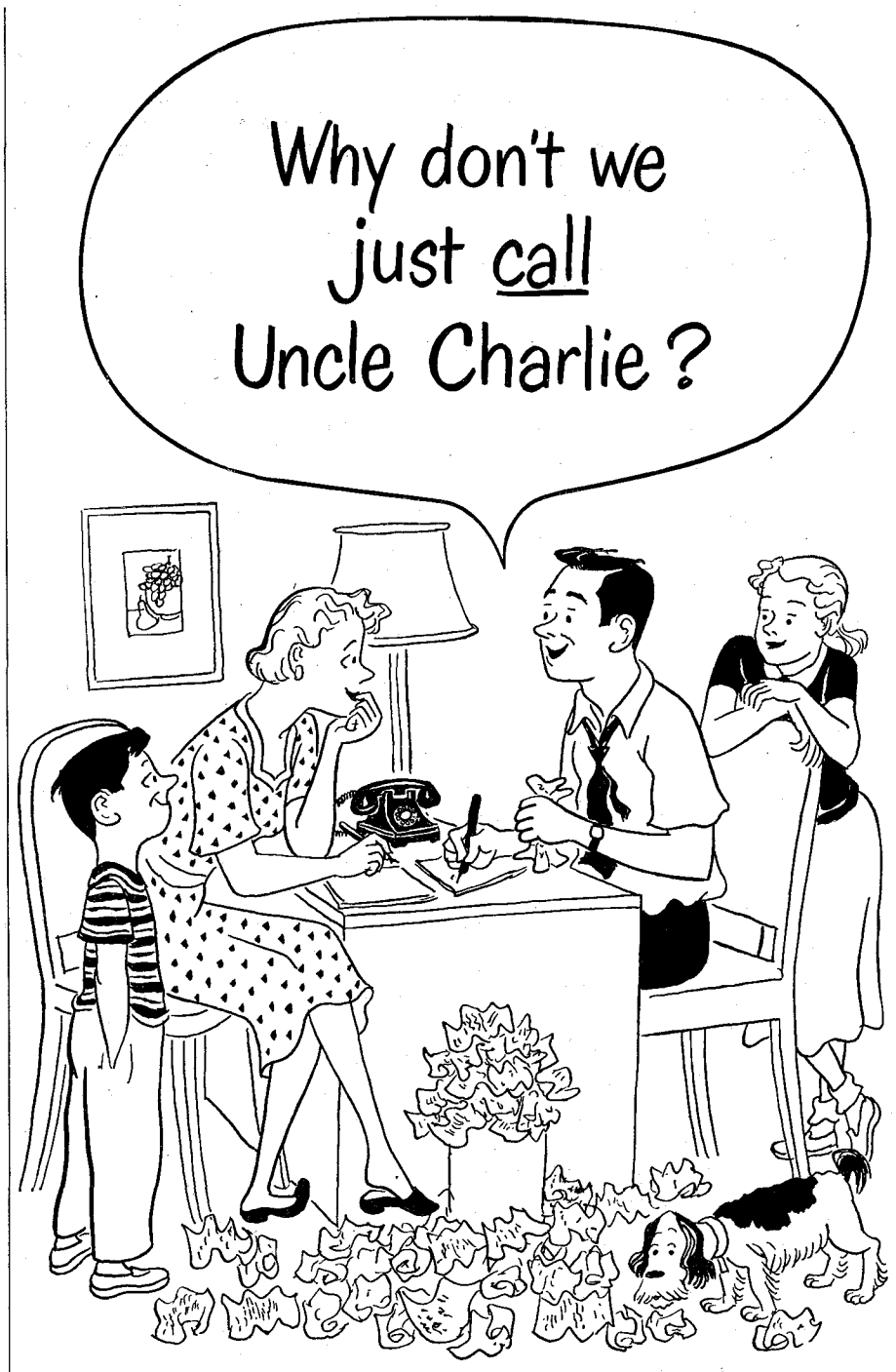
The connection was broken and I repeated the message to the apprehensive marines.

Lively moaned. "That blanket cost us sixty-two American dollars in Seoul."

"We'll have to work fast to get another before she arrives," I said. . . . "Eric, when you drive out in the morning to meet Kay, you'll pass the Olsen Nolte saddle shop. See if they have a red and gold blanket. In the meantime, Jane Green will scout up an outfit to cut out the lettering and sew it on. . . . Lively, you get a pair of sergeant's chevrons, and I'll get the ribbons. We'll have to move fast because all of you are scheduled for TV programs in the afternoon."

Early the next morning, Pedersen and Lively were at the Olsen Nolte shop, where they met Creed Haberlin, the manager. Quickly he found a blanket the right color and size. To this he added a fine leather halter, hoof pick and currycomb and brush.

Haberlin would accept no pay, and told Pedersen, "It's a present. If I went home tonight and told my kids I'd charged you



Yes, indeed, why not call him by Long Distance?

There's nothing like the warmth of your voice to tell him how you are, what you've been doing, what your plans are. You'll enjoy hearing his voice, too—and what he has to say.

Not only that, but every member of the family can talk to him. It's almost as if you were face to face.

Maybe you don't have an Uncle Charlie. But there's someone, somewhere, who'd like to hear your voice. Why not call right now? It's easy. It's quick. And the cost is small.

LONG DISTANCE RATES ARE LOW

Here are some examples:

Cleveland to Pittsburgh	45c
Birmingham to St. Louis	85c
Chicago to Buffalo	95c
Milwaukee to New York	$1.20
San Francisco to Washington, D.C.	$2.00

These are the Station-to-Station rates for the first three minutes, after 6 o'clock every night and all day Sunday. They do not include the 10% federal excise tax.

Call by Number. It's Twice as Fast.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Rex wants in, and does mom know it!
Paw marks on the door sure show it!
Never mind, Rex, you didn't mean it.
A Du Pont Sponge'll quickly clean it.

So handy for cleaning . . .

LONG-WEARING

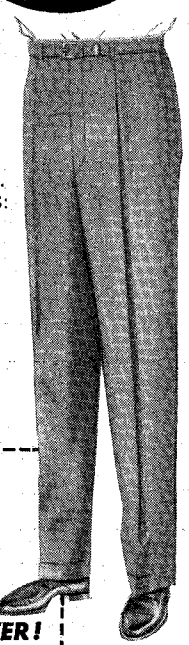
DU PONT SPONGES

Better Things for Better Living . . . through Chemistry

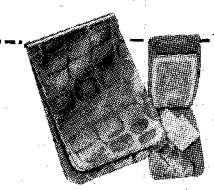
with Saxon ALL-WOOL FLANNELS

about $9.95

FREE Handsome "Criss-Cross" Elastic Belt



They're all-wool and a yard long on value! The flannel is soft and luxurious. The styling is smart and masculine. IN 9 FABULOUS FALL COLORS: NEW CHAR-TONES, FROSTY SHADES. AND SAXON'S FAMOUS STYLING: DELUXE SAXONAIRE WAISTBAND, NON-ROLL TOPS, QUARTER TOP POCKETS, etc. You'll agree that they look so costly, yet cost so little!



SENSATIONAL OFFER!
GENUINE ALLIGATOR MONEY CLIP $3.95 VALUE ONLY $1 (federal tax included) WITH PURCHASE OF PAIR OF SAXON SLACKS. LOOK FOR THE COUPON ON YOUR SAXON TAG.
"America's Number 1 Buy in Slacks"

Saxon

for anything for Reckless, they'd chase me out of the house."

Wherever we turned that day we met friends of Reckless. Arthur McLorg, of the Emerson Manufacturing Company, halted production on flags and banners to turn his staff loose on cutting out and blocking the letters: SGT. RECKLESS 1st MAR DIV. Tilly Maniero worked overtime to complete the job, while Pasquale, the military outfitters, turned out two bars of ribbons in record time. The fact that each bar had to be eighteen inches long by an inch and a half in width caused them only momentary consternation.

Pedersen, Lively and Coleman kept their television dates and picked up the blanket and ribbons. While they ate a hurried dinner, Kay Pedersen sewed on the chevrons and affixed the ribbons. Gibson then telephoned to say the ship was pulling in to the dock.

It is claimed that horses have no memory and quickly forget past associations. Obviously these so-called authorities do not know Reckless. She recognized us immediately and gave voice to her joy at seeing us again. It had been eighteen months since she had seen Pedersen, but she strained against the stall gate to lean her head into his hand. The same greeting was extended to all of us.

The next morning we boarded the Pacific Transport early to prepare Reckless for the press. A thorough rubdown and brushing brought the color to her coat, and shampoo whitened her stockings and blaze. When the Department of Agriculture veterinarian declared it was not his job to draw the blood sample, Lt. Arthur Newell, of the 6th Army, was contacted. He volunteered readily to do the job.

Newell placed his barracks cap on a fender and slapped Reckless' neck briskly to numb it. He inserted the needle, and the blood began to flow into the bottle. While this was going on, Reckless saw the Army cap. But for Lively's prompt action, Newell would have lost it; as it was, it was slightly mangled.

The Government officials arrived, accepted the blood sample and departed. Reckless was free to meet the press and leave the ship.

By now, the after well deck of the ship was jammed with reporters and photographers. One veteran newsman remarked, "Reckless has more newspaper people down to meet her than Vice President Nixon had when he came to town last week."

Reckless spent an hour posing for the still and moving-picture cameramen and it was evident that she enjoyed the fuss being made over her. Then she stepped into the stall to be winched over the side and onto the dock.

It was fitting that Pedersen should ride over the side with her and lead her onto American soil. General Ames had arranged a reception in the theater of the Marines' Memorial Club. Newsreel and TV cameramen went wild when Reckless nonchalantly walked on stage and was greeted by a half hundred marines and joined them in a drink. One cameraman was fearful the soft drink might look like liquor on the TV screen, so Reckless obliged by drinking a glass of milk.

When the party broke up, the lights on the theater stage were lowered and Reckless was left alone to rest. She promptly lay down and went to sleep.

Just as there had been some who doubted her courage to withstand the rocketing roar of battle, there were others who doubted she would get into an elevator and ride ten floors to the banquet hall that evening. The skeptics just didn't know Reckless. When the time came, she stepped into the elevator, scrunched around to fit into the narrow space and rode the thing as nonchalantly as an elevator operator.

With Pedersen and Lively as escorts, she trooped into the dining room to the thunderous applause of 400 marines and their ladies. While being introduced, she spied a two-foot-high anniversary cake and before Pedersen or Lively could restrain her, she was up to her nostrils in it. She sighed gustily. This was the best food she had had since the peanut-butter sandwiches in Korea. When the cake was gone, Mrs. Veda Ames, wife of Maj. Gen. Evans O. Ames, USMC, leaned far over the table and served Reckless ice cream from her hand.

During the speeches Reckless browsed among the rose and carnation table decorations. By the time the last speaker was through, so were the flowers.

Shortly before midnight, Reckless went to the eleventh-floor ballroom, where the official cake-cutting ceremony was to take place. It is traditional at such functions to present the first slice to the most honored marine present. Presiding were Gen. LeRoy Hunt, USMC, the guest speaker, and Maj. Gen. Henry Linscott, USMC. Reckless received the first piece of cake.

The next afternoon I invited Reckless to the Bohemian Club, where she became the first female to enter the Cartoon Room of this staid establishment. With eyes aglow and ears pricking, she marched in with Pedersen and Lively. It came as somewhat of a surprise to the older members to see a horse striding across the picturesque room, shouldering up to the bar and drinking soft drink from a glass. Later she mingled freely with the several hundred members present and enjoyed every minute of her visit.

Pedersen and Lively and Reckless headed south that evening for Camp Pendleton, where they were met by Maj. Gen. John T. Selden, USMC, commanding general of the base.

General Selden wrote, "I was at the main entrance to meet Reckless. She is every bit as beautiful and well trained as I had been told. . . . It was with pride that I welcomed her to Camp Pendleton.

"After she met the guard, we drove to the Ranch House, where she met Mrs. Selden. It was a case of love at first sight for both. We had Reckless make her mark in the guest book. . . . If it hadn't been for Lieutenant Pedersen, she would have eaten the pen.

"And as for her future, I can assure that there are twenty-five thousand marines on this base who are determined she will want for nothing, ever. When the 1st Marine Division returns from Korea that number will be doubled. Need I say more?"

With each passing day Reckless receives bids for public appearances. A Wild West show wanted to feature her; a TV producer wanted to build a series around her, and a stock-feed company asked for an endorsement. The marines tried out the stuff on her, but she declined it after a nibble.

Sergeant Lively came to the correct conclusion, "She'll never go for that kind of chow unless they mix a lot of cake or peanut butter with it."

Regulations governing public appearances were drawn up and approved by General Pate. Reckless would be available, free of charge, to assist any recognized charity such as the Red Cross or Navy Relief and, in particular, any effort which would benefit the Korean people. Appearances for commercial enterprises will be carefully screened and any money earned will be turned over to the 1st Marine Division Association fund devoted to the care and education of children of marines killed in Korea.

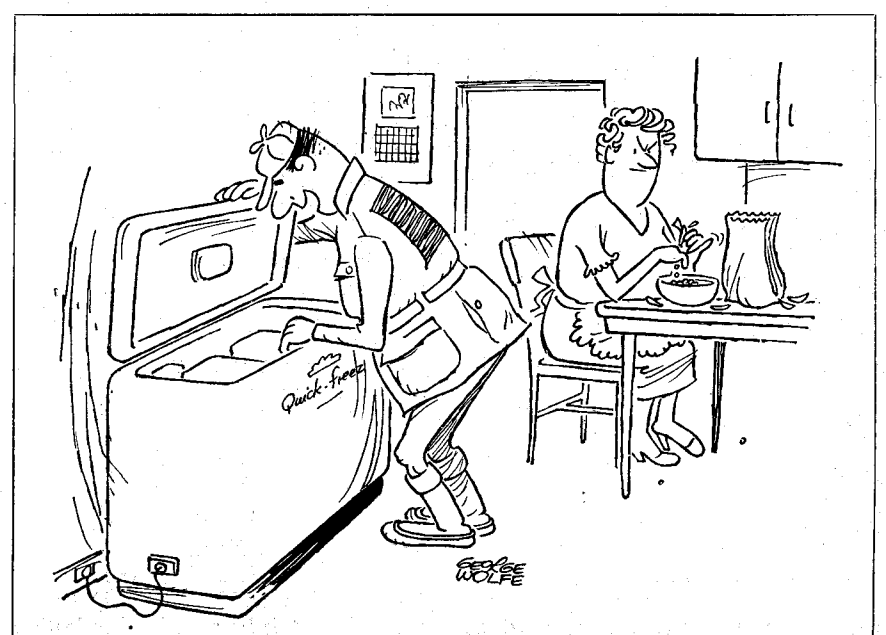
It was decided that the handling of Reckless in the various fields of screen and television was beyond the sphere of the 1st Marine Division. Her affairs will be handled by Maj. Gen. Edward W. Snedeker, USMC, president of the association, and a committee headed by Col. Lew Walt, who commanded the 5th Marine Regiment when Reckless walked the "glory road" at Vegas. Pedersen has waived any claim he might have and Reckless will be made an honorary life member of the association while she will live on Pedersen's ranch at Vista, California, a few miles from Camp Pendleton.

Recent offers for appearances on TV have been declined with the view that she will be able to keep her date with Marine Ed Sullivan and his Toast of the Town program, on the coming November anniversary of the Marine Corps.

With the October publication of the Dutton book, Reckless, Pride of the Marines, the future for the Korean race pony looks rosy and the streets will be paved with cake. Thirty-six months after joining the corps and eighteen after appearing in the Post, Reckless is "home." Never again will she be asked to carry 75-mm. ammunition into the caldron of enemy fire unless it is in a Hollywood battle scene, where, of course, she will have star billing and salary.

A plaque has been proposed for her quarters:

HOME IS THE WARRIOR. LET MARINES WHO PASS THIS WAY TAKE NOTICE OF HONORS WON AND THE ESTEEM IN WHICH SHE IS HELD BY THOSE WHO WERE WITH HER WHEN THE BATTLE WAS IN DOUBT. REMEMBER, MARINE, HERE IS AN UNUSUAL MARINE. MAY WE HAVE A HALF MILLION AS TRUE. THE END



"Two more possum, kid—and you've got your fur coat!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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because men are different

Old Spice gives you six different ways to shave—*and* the same matchless quality distinguishes them all

Old Spice
FOR MEN

Devotees of speed finish
SMOOTH SHAVE in the pres
Quickest quality lather kno

Brush-men go for that warm
whipped up in the hearty
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BRUSHLESS or LATHER C
you've the nation. Each .50

Or soap-and-brush fans to
traveler—OLD SPICE S
handy plastic holder, .75

Electric shavers find a ne
SPICE ELECTRIC SHAVE —
no matter the machine you

But *all* men are the same
when it comes to enjoying
that good-to-be-alive feeling
with brisk, crisp OLD SPICE
AFTER SHAVE LOTION
1.00 and 1.75 plus tax

Add Spice to

SHULT
New York

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Big Business is Stage-Struck

(Continued from Page 19)

One of Industrial Theater's main functions is to introduce a company's new line to its dealers in an impressive manner. This is called "glorifying the product." A good example of glorifying occurred last July, when 1800 Lincoln automobile dealers and their wives gathered in Detroit's Masonic Temple for the company's national sales convention. To open the show, Bud and Cece Robinson, an athletic dance team, wearing exaggerated get-ups of the 1920's dashed into the center of an immense stage and began to sing: "Charleston, Charleston! Oh, won't you Charleston, Charleston with me!"

They flung themselves into the dizzying gyrations of that dance relic of the Roaring '20's. At the number's climax, a dancing chorus of men and women charged from the wings, looking like refugees from the pages of College Humor. They leaped about in Jazz Age fashion while the band played Yes, Sir, That's My Baby, and other period pieces.

There followed an hour's musical revue with a Broadway cast. The revue included big numbers from such Broadway shows as Fanny, Ankles Aweigh, Girl Friend and Can-Can. There was a barn dance, a style show and some songs about Lincoln cars.

MCA Corporation, which is the Industrial Theater production branch of Music Corporation of America, world's largest booking agency, had spent over four months conceiving, writing and producing the show. It was calculated to build the audience into a state of pleasurable anticipation for its first view of the 1956 Lincolns and a new superluxury creation, the $10,000 Continental.

Henry Ford II and several other officials of the company had a few words to say during the morning, but the big attraction for dealers was their first view of next year's meal tickets and the show that introduced them.

The Lincoln affair was the first really big production of the current season of Industrial Theater. A week earlier, Motorola, Inc., had employed a somewhat smaller Broadway troupe to introduce its 1956 line to dealers meeting in Chicago. A few days later, Sylvania Electrical Products, Inc., at a dealer meeting also in Chicago, hired another New York show package for the same purpose.

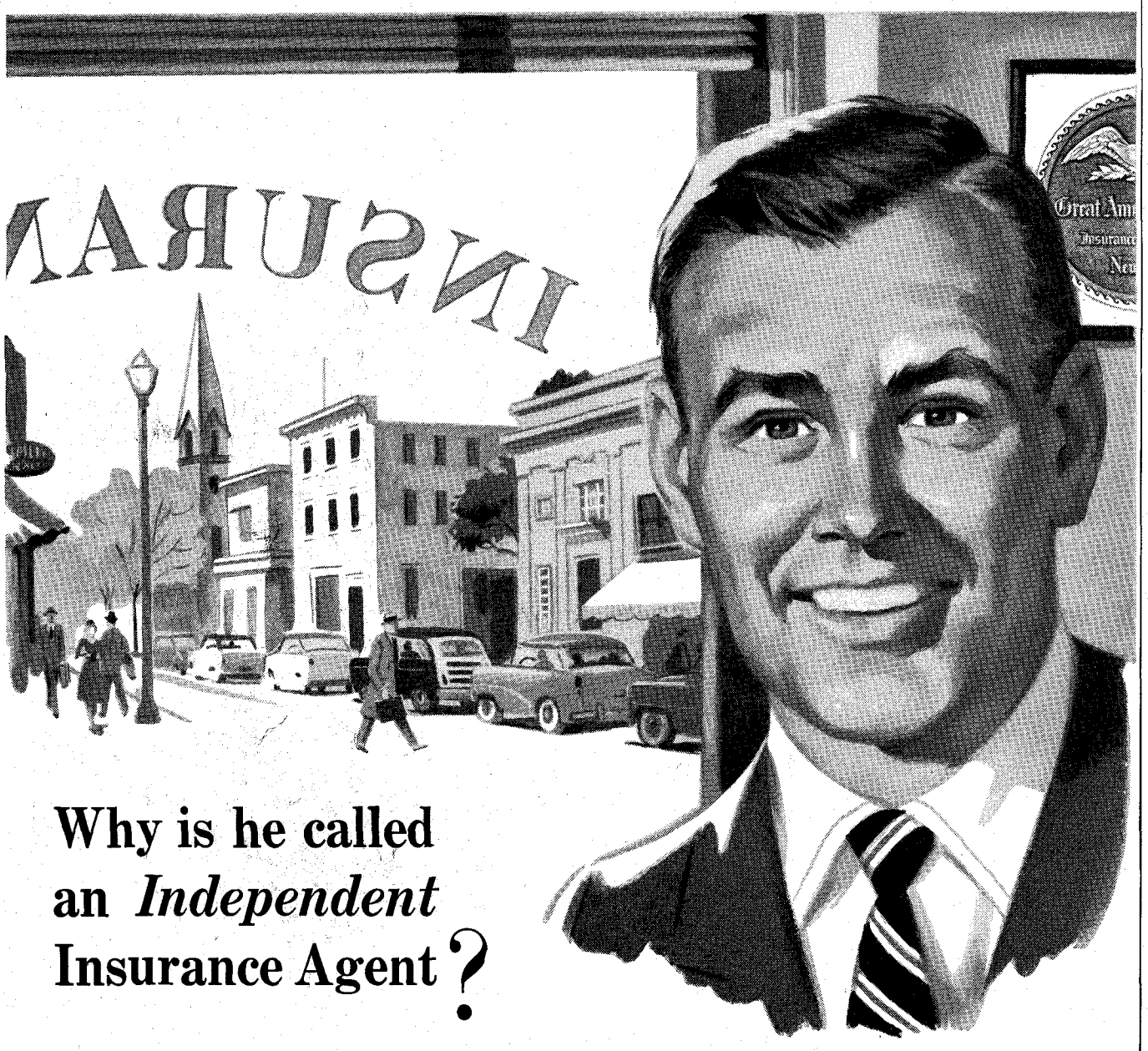
Meanwhile, the Dodge Division of Chrysler was ready to send out four troupes to entertain dealers at outdoor spectacles in nineteen fairgrounds throughout the country. And in New York the Oldsmobile Division of General Motors had rented the ornate Ziegfeld Theater. D. P. Brother & Co., advertising agents, were rehearsing a cast of thirty-five in an hour-and-a-half-length musical comedy to introduce the 1956 Olds models. About 5000 Eastern dealers and their salesmen attended five performances of the revue in New York last month. Then the whole show was sent on tour aboard a special train made up of three Pullmans, a dining car, a lounge car and six baggage cars loaded with twenty sets of scenery, props, lighting equipment and costumes.

In years gone by, some firms tried to spark up their sales meetings with skits, songs and stage effects performed by amateur talent recruited from their own employees. Most of them have now abandoned amateur shows, which were corny and sometimes disastrous. There was the time when amateur stage carpenters built turntables to display Fords. When a new model came rolling forth in front of several thousand dealers, the turntable promptly collapsed. The car crashed through the stage and wound up somewhere in the basement.

Ivan L. Wiles, general manager of Buick, reports that his division started employing professionals for its dealer shows after several humiliating experiences at the hands of amateurs. "They were always putting me in the center of a stage with a wand in my hand," Wiles recalls. "I was to wave this wand and clouds of colored smoke were supposed to rise from the floor. When the smoke cleared, next year's model was supposed to materialize. But something mechanical would fail and neither smoke nor car appeared on schedule.

"One year I was to break a papier-mâché champagne bottle on the bow of a plywood ship that was supposed to slide down its ways to the front of the stage. Its bow would open, and out would roll the new car. I hit the ship a whack with the bottle, but it didn't move. The bow wouldn't open even when we tried to force it. We never got that car out during the show. Everybody in the audience was disappointed and embarrassed, and we decided after that to get professionals and do this thing right.

"We have used touring professional shows to introduce our new models for three years now," Wiles went on. "Attendance has doubled in that time. We now entertain ten thousand to twelve thousand dealers and sales managers each year. It costs about a hundred and fifty dollars per guest, but regular sales meetings without the show would cost at least a hundred and twenty a head. Our average dealer sold four hundred thousand dollars' worth of cars last



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year. We figure we can afford to give the boys a show each year if it helps to keep morale that high."

William Millard, a vice-president of the Kudner Agency, of New York, producer of the Buick show and the annual General Motors Motorama, was explaining recently why industrial shows are needed:

"We decided on the showmanship idea for General Motors Truck and Coach Division for the first time in the winter of 1953," he said. "It was to be a meeting in Detroit of GMT's field organization, its sales and service force, distributors and some retailers. These men had been through the same old pitch at almost all their sales meets—the old booster talk, you know: 'Well, boys, we've got the greatest product in the world this time. Here is where we separate the men from the boys in selling. Let's get in there and hit the old ball.' The men were sick of that stuff, so a lot of them would drink and play poker the night before; then doze through the meeting next day.

"We couldn't get across sales, service and policy matters to a crowd of men who were bored," Millard went on. "So we decided to use color, lights and emotion to make our points. We got a fast-stepping chorus of pretty girls, rigged them out in fetching costumes and hired Frank Caulder, vocal coach of Rodgers and Hammerstein shows, to teach them some songs.

"The main points that GMT management wanted to make were incorporated into six skits. The actors were Mary Beth Hughes, of television and the movies; Vinton Hayworth, of TV; Joe Macauley, an old Ziegfeld hand; Cliff Norton, television and night-club comic, and Joyce Randolph, who plays Trixie in the Jackie Gleason sketch, The Honeymooners."

There had to be some speeches, of course, but the agency edited these for brevity and punch. Officials were coached on how to walk on stage in time with the orchestra's music. As the speaker took his stand at the podium, half a dozen girls in brief costumes blew fanfares on long silver trumpets.

The men attending the GMT convention were prepared for none of this. They filed into the auditorium the first morning, and half the crowd slid down into their seats for naps. Then all of a sudden came a great crashing of music, a flashing of lights and a wave of girls poured onto the stage.

"The boys were utterly astounded," Millard says. "You never saw a bunch of men sit up and take notice so fast in your life."

Show people are enthusiastic about Industrial Theater. An average industrial show on tour will provide ten weeks of work that pays dancers and singers $200 a week, including rehearsal time, plus seventy to a hundred dollars a week for subsistence while on the road, plus a free Pullman roomette and free meals on the train. A dancer or a singer in a Broadway show gets around $150 a week after the show opens, only sixty dollars a week during rehearsals, and no pay for subsistence on the road.

Principals in an industrial show lasting a month make twice what they would in that time in a legitimate show. The higher wage scale is set because industrial-show engagements are shorter than Broadway shows figure to run, although considerably longer than Broadway flops.

Frank Coletti has stage-managed thirty-six Broadway productions; his last was Gentlemen Prefer Blondes, and when that closed in 1952, he quit Broadway. Coletti has since been stage manager for eighteen industrial shows, including Motorama, Servel, Buick, Plymouth, Packard, Lincoln-Mercury and a fur fashion show for the rabbit industry.

"On Broadway," he said recently, "you rehearse four weeks; then try out four weeks on the road. Then you come to New York. You open on a Thursday. The critics are nasty, and you are out of business on Friday. With an industrial show, actors know the show won't close ahead of schedule except for an act of God. They know they will get their money on time. And they also know that they will not have to perform in a tent."

Barry O'Daniels, an old-time showman who is now producer-director of the live-show department of Wilding Productions, believes the luxury and good treatment actors receive may be more important to them than the pay check.

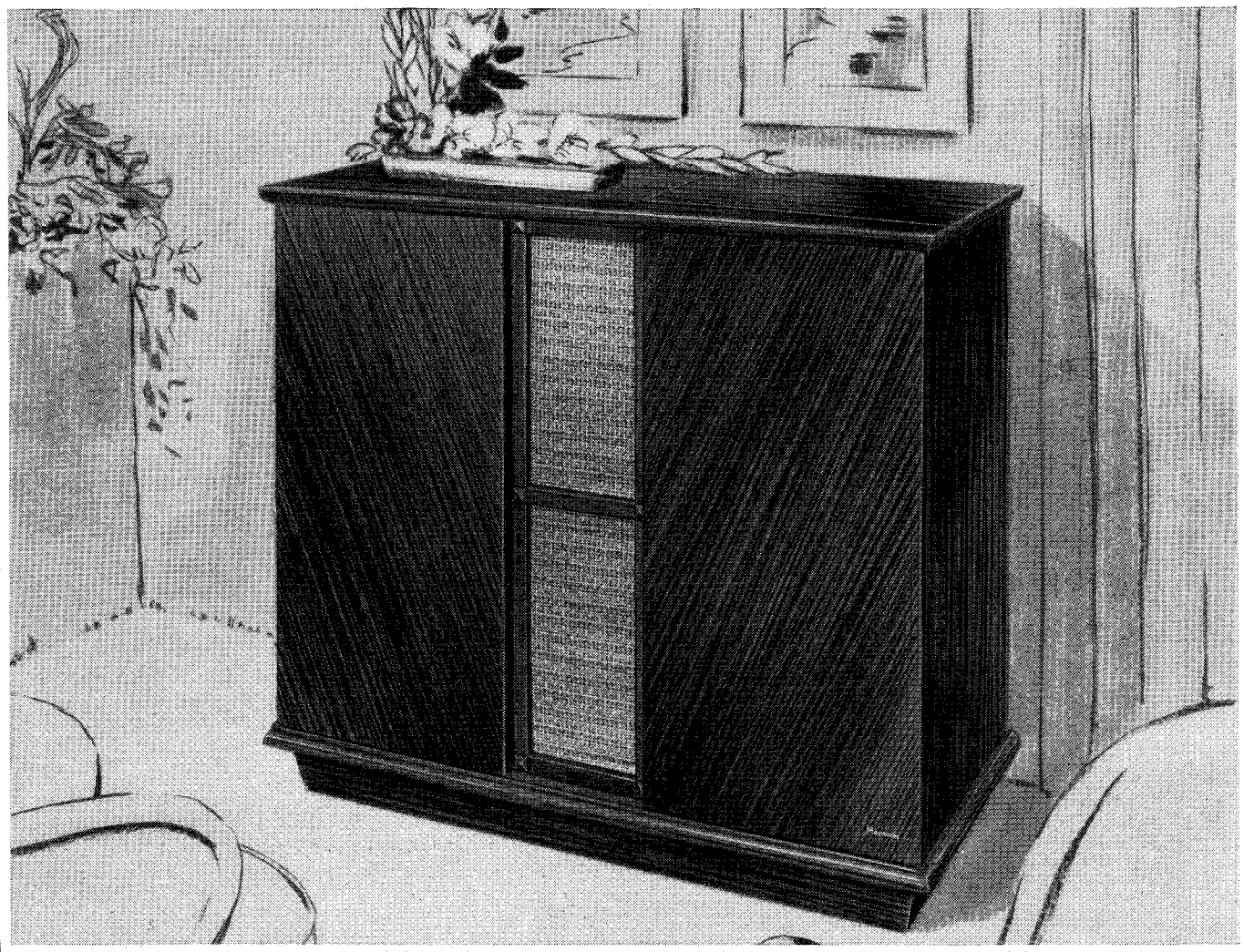
"When an actor travels with a legitimate show he does nine shows a week," O'Daniels said. "With an industrial show he may do two. A touring actor often has to live in second-rate hotels and eat cheaply. And he gets lonely. But with an industrial show these actors have the finest rooms and food. Parties are given in their honor. Big company executives enjoy the aura of show business and treat the actors with respect. A bit player with an industrial show is treated for a few weeks like a prima donna."

Hundreds of actors are clamoring for parts in Industrial Theater. The big shortage is in script writers who can integrate dramatics, (Continued on Page 61)

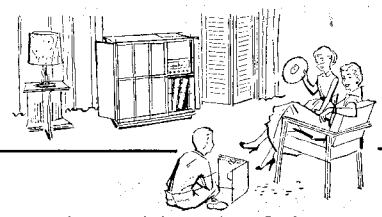
Some women know their husbands' stories upside down and backward, and tell them just that way.

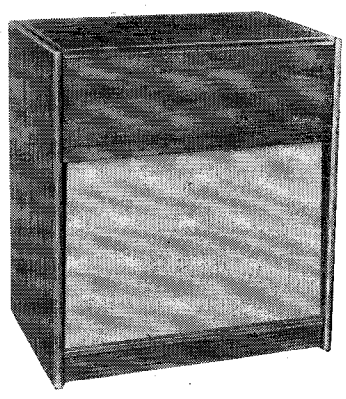
CAROLINE CLARK

Superb high fidelity performance
... fine furniture styled cabinets



"THE BERKSHIRE." Superb AM-FM Radio-Phonograph. Super-sensitive tuner. 3 speed intermix precision changer with Pianissimo pickup and diamond stylus; 4 speakers—12″ and 15″ bass speakers and 2 high frequency horns. Has 20-watt high fidelity amplifier. Genuine Mahogany, Blond, Ebony and Cherry, $595.00.





New horizons of music are enjoyed by every member of your family when you own a Magnavox! This magnificent "Berkshire" brings you superior tone quality and balanced response unmatched in instruments costing $1500 or more. This masterpiece of cabinet craftsmanship will complement the good decor of the finest homes.

The "Magnasonic 210", illustrated left, is the greatest value—full console performance at a table model price! Two speakers—12″ and 5″ coaxial mounted; 10-watt high fidelity amplifier. 3 speed intermix precision record changer. Oak, Cherry. In Mahogany $149.50. With AM-FM radio $198.50.

Magnavox instruments cost no more than ordinary phonographs. These greater values are possible because Magnavox sells direct to dealers. This saving is passed on to you by way of more features and greater values. Have a demonstration of the magnificent Magnavox at your Magnavox dealer's. His name is listed under "Magnavox" in the Television section of your classified phone book.

The magnificent **Magnavox**

high fidelity television • radio-phonographs

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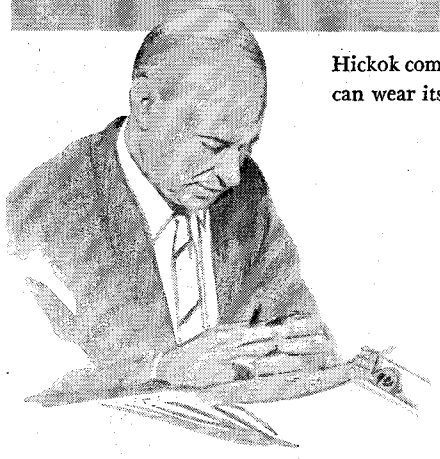
Identical Twins

imported from Italy at $86.

reproduced by Hickok for $2.50



Hickok commissioned Piero Spoggi of Italy to hand-make one of the Olympic Oval Initialled Belt Buckles above. The price of his import was $86.00. You can wear its hand-skilled Hickok Twin for only $2.50*. The supple, saddle-leather belt, a 1" black, top-grain cowhide Sierra, is $2.50. The set, $5.00*.

Piero Spoggi of Italy is one of Europe's foremost jewelry designers. From him Hickok purchased reproduction rights to the beautiful Olympic Oval initial belt buckle shown above. Then match-mated his $86 hand-made original in the same rich enamel and soft silver finish for $2.50. So fine, so clean, so adaptable is this Olympic Oval design that we have made it available on Cuff Links, Tie Bar (with exclusive Hickok Crocodile Grip), Bola® Tie, Wallet and Suspenders.

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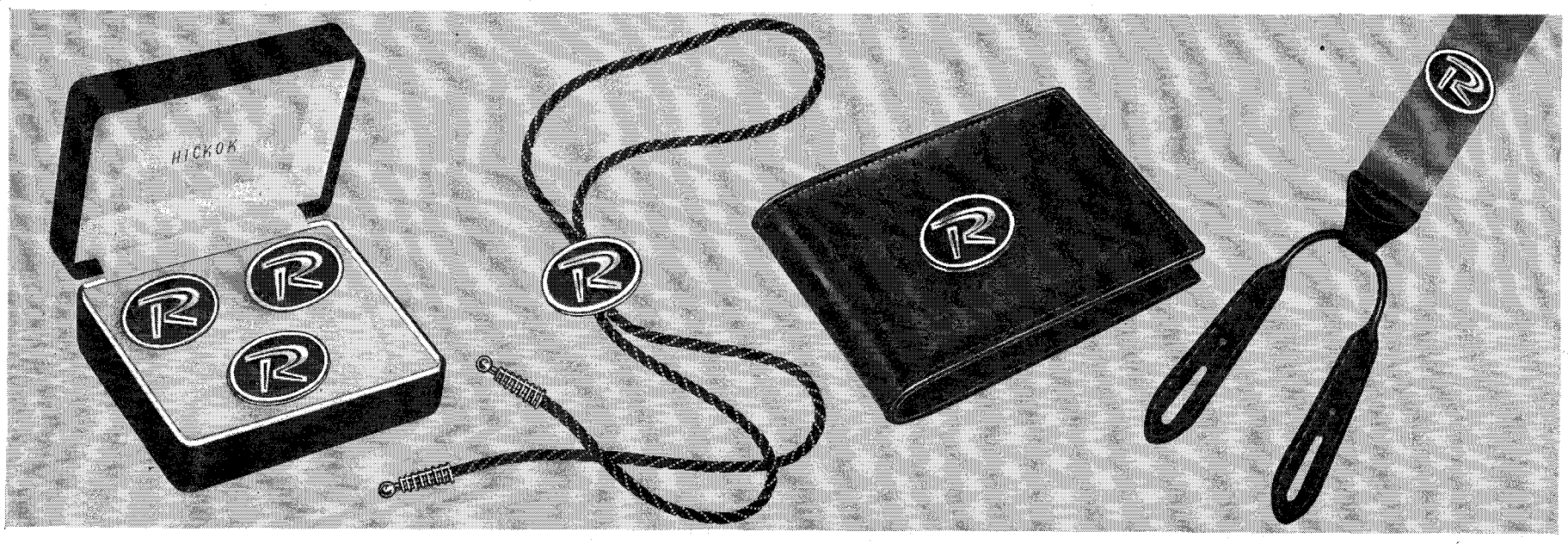

OLYMPIC OVAL INITIAL JEWELRY: Cuff Links, $2.50*. Tie Bar, $2.50*. The set, $5.00*. OLYMPIC OVAL INITIAL BOLA TIE: Silver flecked cord, $1.50. OLYMPIC OVAL INITIAL WALLET: Black, top-grain Cowhide, $5.00. OLYMPIC OVAL INITIAL SUSPENDERS, choice of colors, $2.50.

*Plus Fed. Tax

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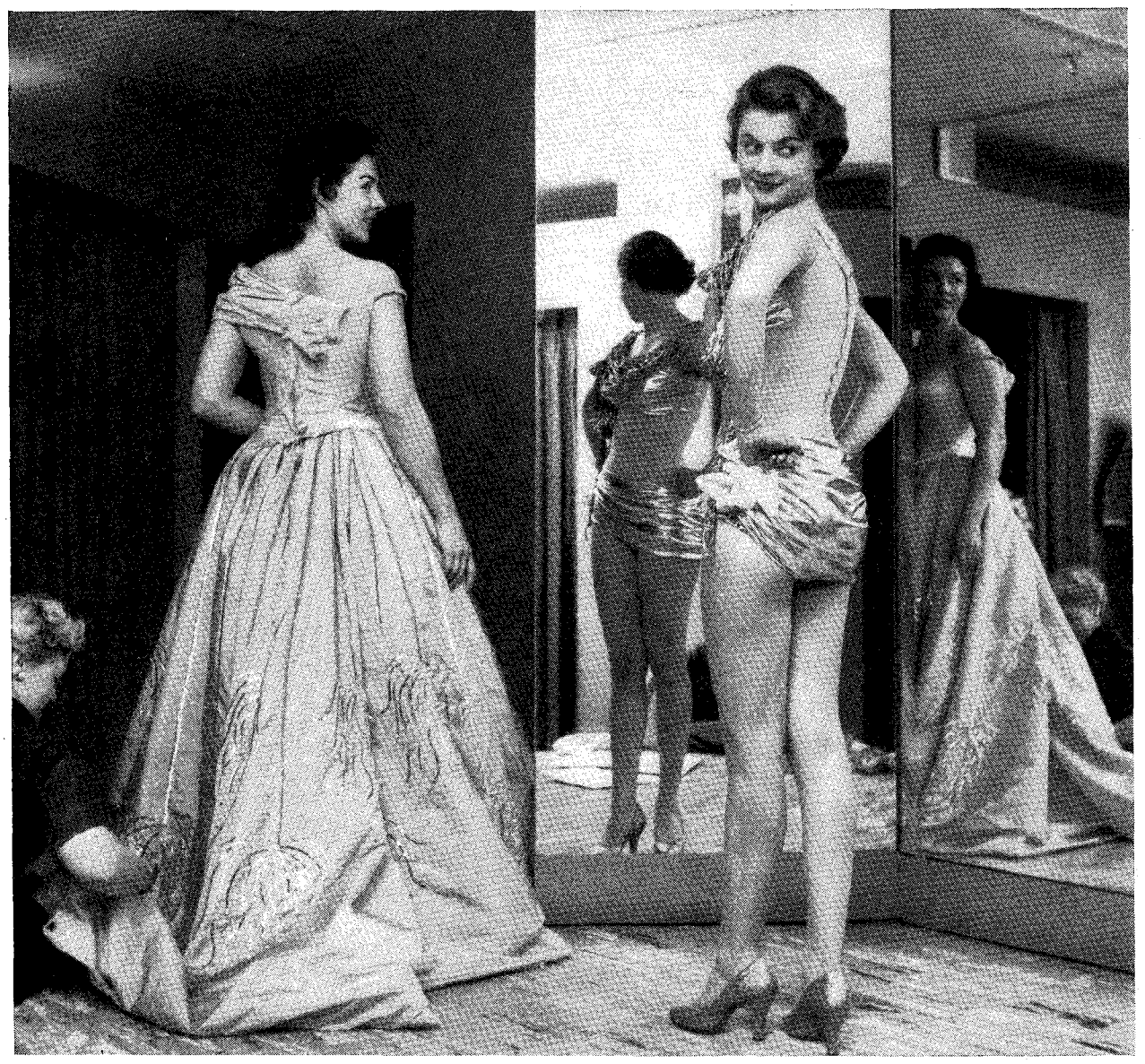


Backstage at Motorama, annual General Motors extravaganza, Grace Derian and Sandy Christopher try out their costumes.

(Continued from Page 59) salesmanship, humor and a knowledge of the product without burlesquing the product or ridiculing the salesman.

"Skits must be as subtle as possible," says Warren Murray, who has been writing them for fifteen years. "If the factory wants to bawl out its salesmen in a skit, it can't be straightforward. This makes the salesmen angry. A good dodge is to first rib the factory. This puts dealers and salesmen in a jovial mood because they have beefs about the factory. A skit cannot deal directly with the subject at hand. It should be analogous."

An example of what he is talking about was a skit that Dramaturgy, Inc., staged several years ago for Cadillac. The company wanted to convince its dealers that new cars should be delivered to purchasers in tip-top condition, spanking clean and shining.

The scene of the skit was a de-luxe restaurant. As the curtain rises, the restaurant manager walks past an empty table, reads its reserved sign and recognizes the name of the local Cadillac dealer. He flies into a rage. He notes that champagne and expensive flowers have been ordered, and concludes that the dealer is dining with some woman who is not his wife.

The manager tells the head waiter that the champagne is to be served uniced, that the oysters are to be brought unopened, and that the flowers must be wilted. He sends for a soiled jacket, and announces that he will wait on the table. He instructs the orchestra leader to play the Wedding March, ending on a sour note when the dealer enters with his girl friend.

It develops that the dealer is bringing his wife to dine on their wedding anniversary. They are pleased when the orchestra plays the Wedding March; the sour-note ending puzzles them. Then come the wilted flowers, the unopened oysters and the warm champagne. The dealer's anger mounts as the manager masquerading as waiter provides terrible service.

At one point the dealer asks the waiter for the time. He replies, "I don't know. Our clocks won't work." This brought a great laugh from the audience. There had been some complaints about the performance of Cadillac clocks that year. This was the dig at the factory that is wanted in industrial plays.

The restaurant owner tells the dealer he should not object to poor service, considering the condition in which his agency delivers cars to buyers. He had bought a car from the dealer's agency a few days before and it had arrived with grease on the steering wheel and sand on the floor. The windows were streaked; there was a scar on the body, and nobody troubled to explain to him the workings of the automatic gear shift.

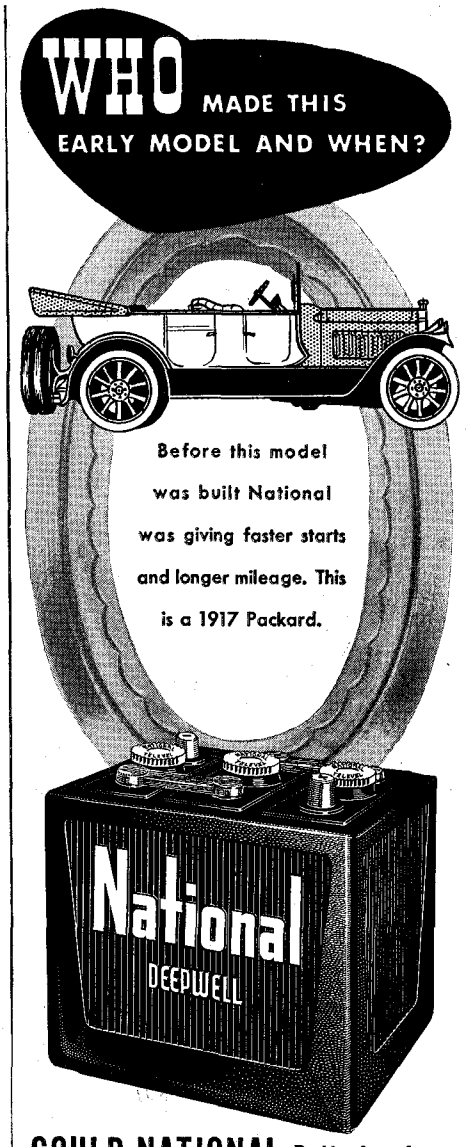
The dealer bowed his head, thoroughly chastened. And that is what is known as being subtle in the Industrial Theater.

The first man to enter this field of business entertainment was Jamison Handy, head of the Jam Handy Organization. A sixty-nine-year-old extrovert with dancing blue eyes, he twice represented the United States in Olympic swimming competition and is the inventor of the American crawl swimming stroke. His father, Moses P. Handy, promoted the World's Columbian Exposition in Chicago in 1893. Jam spent three years studying this "display of public enlightenment," he says, as a substitute for going to school. He claims the fair, and later his stint as a theatrical reviewer for the Chicago Tribune, taught him that exposition is the road to understanding.

Handy and another writer, Herbert Kaufman, became partners in a firm that offered "inspirational services to advertisers." Their first clients were International Harvester and National Cash Register. Handy says the latter was the first company to hold national sales meetings. He believes he laid the foundations for industrial shows in 1913 when he "glorified the product" by displaying cash registers at a convention against elaborate scenic backgrounds.

In 1928 Handy hired his first professional actors to help his amateurs in a show for Frigidaire. He began staging Gilbert and Sullivan-type operettas for Coca Cola during the 1930's. His first all-professional cast of actors was in a show for Chevrolet in 1936. He has staged the Chevrolet show every year since, and its development illustrates the advance of Industrial Theater. His first Chevvy show was crudely copied from Ziegfeld, George White and George M. Cohan, and was done entirely by amateurs. Last year Handy staged for Chevrolet a quarter-of-a-million-dollar show. The cast of sixty included principals who had played key roles in such Broadway successes as The King and I, Carousel, Oklahoma!, The Golden Apple and Wonderful Town.

About the time Handy was starting with Chevrolet, a scenery and stage-lighting manufacturer of Cleveland, Laurence A. Higgins, got a job building displays for several large firms. He was quickly convinced that big opportunities lay in adapting theatrical technique to commercial and industrial displays. Higgins' first job was for General Electric, for whom he built eight portable stages equipped with mechanically operated charts. These were taken from city to city for sales meetings. The next year General Electric, with Higgins' help, added to its meetings a skit that used two amateur actors.


WHO MADE THIS EARLY MODEL AND WHEN?
Before this model was built National was giving faster starts and longer mileage. This is a 1917 Packard.
National
DEEPWELL

GOULD-NATIONAL Batteries, Inc.
SAINT PAUL 1, MINNESOTA

It's at your dealer's now . . . this marvelous pipe with the tiny Carburetor hole. It draws cooling air right up into the tobacco . . . smokes so cool and mild even *cigarette* smokers enjoy it. The bowl stays drier, too . . . no "wet heel."

Yello-Bole's famous honey-lined bowl eliminates break-in. The instant you light up, fragrant honey begins caking the bowl. Choose your Carburetor from many popular styles. Other Yello-Bole Pipes, $1.50 to $2.50. All are imported briar.

For free booklet, write Dept. 11 Yello-Bole, N. Y. 22

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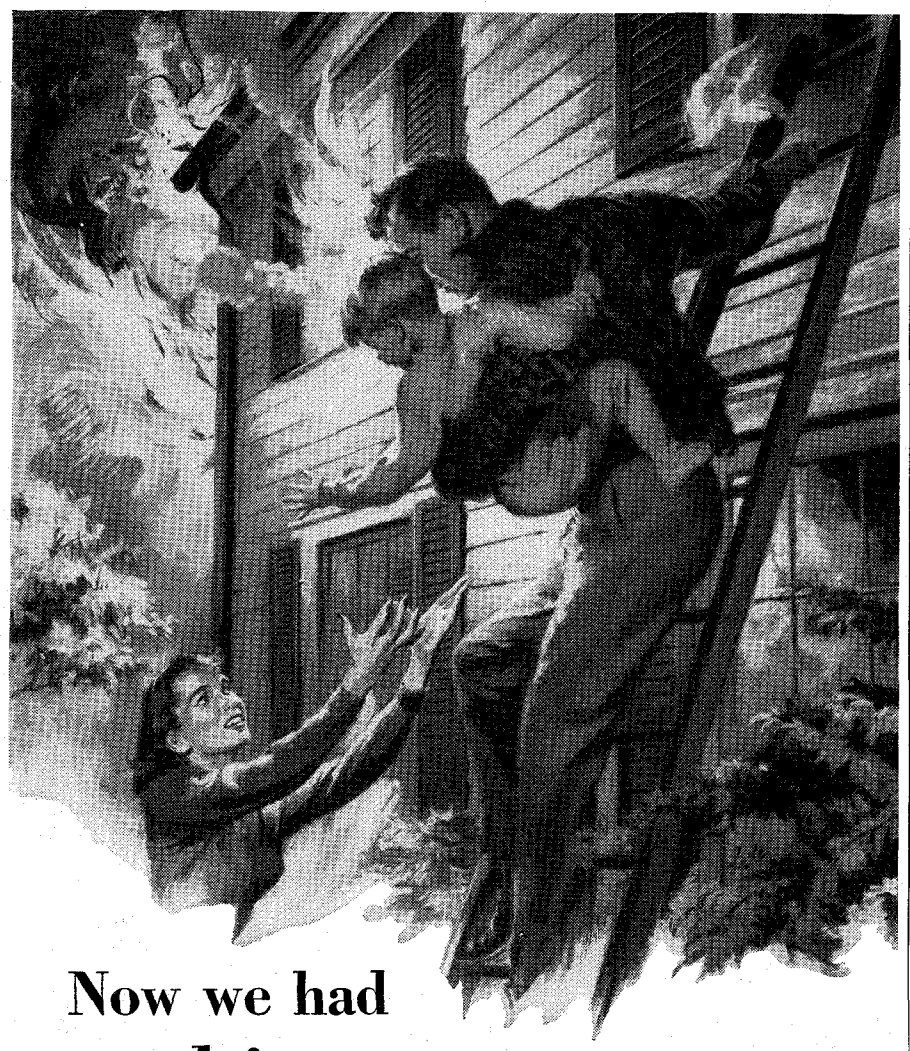

Now we had nothing more to worry about!

With my family safe, I knew my Hartford Agent would take care of the rest

(Based on Company File #C5242)

We were watching television. Jimmy, our youngster, was asleep upstairs.

My wife, Kathy, smelled the smoke before I did. We both ran for the stairs. Found the upper hall ablaze from end to end!

While Kathy called the firemen, I raced to the garage. Grabbed my big ladder. Flopped it against the house and scrambled up . . .

Jimmy was under his bed. Scared stiff, poor kid. Carrying him down wasn't easy. But we made it. That's what really counted. *We were all safe.*

Safe in another way, too, I remembered. Safe because my Hartford Agent had reviewed my insurance only a month ago! He'd seen that everything was in order. House insured for its present value . . . furniture and other belongings properly protected. *No matter what happened now, we had nothing to worry about.*

And it worked out just as I had expected. When my Hartford Agent learned of our trouble, he came right over. Took down the details. Filled out the reports. Sped my claim along as only a man who knows how, can. Thanks to his expert help, we soon had Hartford's payment for our loss!

Look upon *your* Hartford Agent as your friend and adviser.

There are many ways in which he can help you protect yourself—now—against loss. And many services that he's *always* glad to give.

Why not let him start at once? Have your Hartford Fire Insurance Company Agent review *your* policies this week! Or ask your insurance broker to obtain Hartford policies for you at renewal time.

Year in and year out you'll do well with the

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Citizens Insurance Company of New Jersey . . . *Hartford 15, Connecticut*
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Twin City Fire Insurance Company . . . *Minneapolis 2, Minnesota*

The G. E. show continued to grow until, in 1933, Higgins built twelve carloads of scenery for a two-day convention of distributors in Cleveland. The sets included a butcher shop complete with walk-in refrigerator and real sides of beef. Refrigerators and other large appliances were wafted through the air or made to spring magically from the floor during ballets.

Company heads decided the show should tour the country and be seen by dealers and salesmen everywhere. The tour started from the West Coast in a silver-leafed train that contained cars transformed into electric kitchens and laundry rooms for public display. Besides the regular show's cast, G. E. hired for public appearances the cast of a recent movie, Forty-Second Street; also the then-popular movie star, Laura La Plante; the late Tom Mix and his horse, Tony; Leo Carrillo, and the Wampas Baby Stars. This was one of the first of the touring Industrials.

Wilding Picture Productions, Inc., third of the prewar industrial-show producers, was organized in Detroit and Chicago by the late Norman Wilding, a photographer. His firm and Jam Handy are now the world's largest producers of industrial motion pictures. Wilding began staging live industrial shows in the late 1930's, largely as a favor to some of its industrial-motion-picture clients. Since the close of the Korean war, Wilding and several other firms have been in full competition with Jam Handy and Dramaturgy in live industrial shows.

Two big shows in 1953 helped to stimulate wide interest in Industrial Theater. One was staged by Max Richard, an old-time New York booking agent. It glorified Servel refrigerators with two big show troupes that toured for several weeks. The other show was produced by Dramaturgy for Westinghouse with four troupes of fifty people each, traveling on special trains with sets for fifteen scenes and a carload of new appliances. Billboard and Variety reviewed both shows, and so Broadway officially came to recognize this new branch of show business.

General Motors has entered a new phase of Industrial Theater with its Motorama show, which has the public as its audience instead of dealers. Produced by the Kudner Agency, Motorama has gathered such momentum in three years that it is now about as well known as the circus. Last year's show required 100 large trucks to haul sets, costumes, props and thirty-seven display cars.

The show lasted from early February until May and was seen by an estimated 6,000,000 people in New York, Miami, Los Angeles, San Francisco and Boston. Victor Young, widely known composer for the movies, conducted a thirty-piece orchestra. The leading singers were David Atkinson and Priscilla Gillette, principals respectively in such shows as Pink Tights and Brigadoon. Featured was Layne Dayde, prima ballerina of the Paris Opera, who was making her American debut on Motorama. The chorus was directed by Richard and Edith Barstow, who have done a number of musical-motion-picture and Broadway productions.

Motorama plays to packed audiences everywhere. Its wildest day is the opening at The Waldorf, when admission is by ticket only to a select group of twenty or thirty thousand persons. The Waldorf ballroom and adjoining dining rooms are crammed with a surging mob anxious to see the new cars and the free show. Last year two drunks got mixed in with the singing chorus. They joined in, producing horrible discord. It was the first time Mlle. Dayde, the ballerina, had ever appeared in an American show, and she stared, wide-eyed.

"I had expected there would be some advertising and that it would be a large event," she said through an interpreter. "But I had not expected anything as overpowering as this. But the pay is excellent, and it is nice to be seen by so many enthusiastic people."

Her attitude is shared by many old-time actors who have turned to Industrial Theater. Consider Barry O'Daniels. His last job in the legitimate theater was director from 1946 to 1951 of the Detroit Light Opera Company, which made $250,000 profit in five years. Then came 1951, the first big year of television. The Light Opera Company lost $80,000. It folded, and O'Daniels took refuge in Industrial Theater.

"I have been in 650 legitimate shows either as producer or as an actor or director," O'Daniels said recently. "But you can't put theater notices in the bank. Sometimes I get homesick for Broadway and the lights and the theatrical traditions. Then there comes in the mail my bank statement, and I know I will get a nice bonus on this job at the end of the year. And I look at my little daughter, and I say, 'You know, you're going to get to go to college after all. Daddy isn't speculating any more.'"

THE END

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Good morning, Alice."

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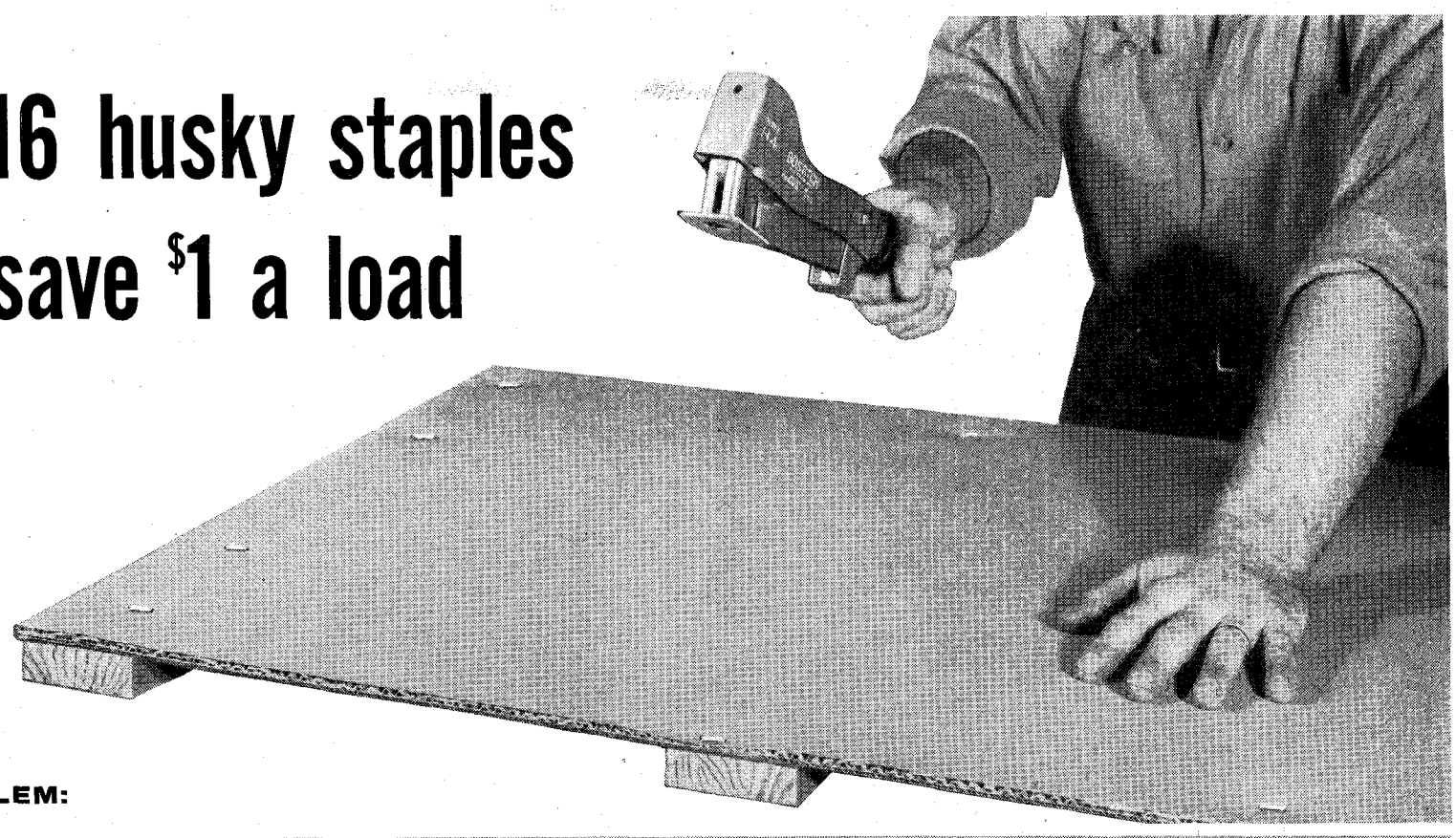
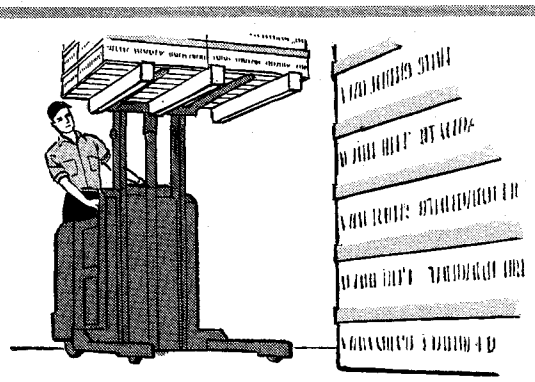
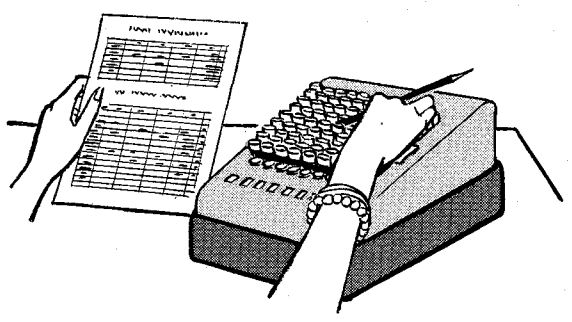
How 16 husky staples help save $1 a load



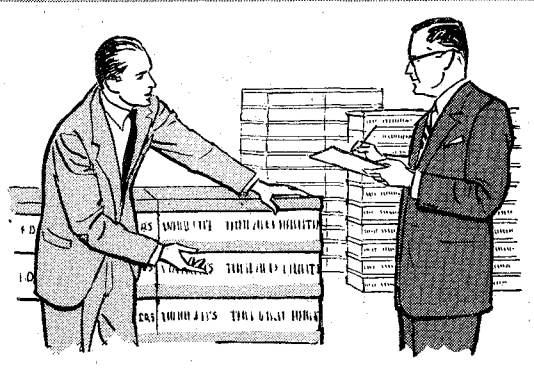
THE PROBLEM:



In a paper mill, heavy printing stock was loaded on mill pallets and moved by lift truck. These wooden platforms were so costly for customers that often cartons had to be loaded by hand.

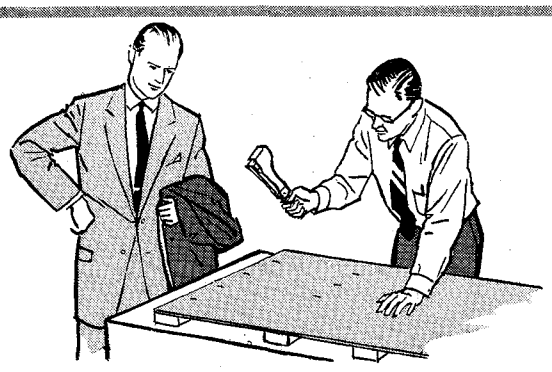


But not all customers used lift equipment. Many objected to paying extra for "useless pallets." Orders from these customers meant special handling, added expense.

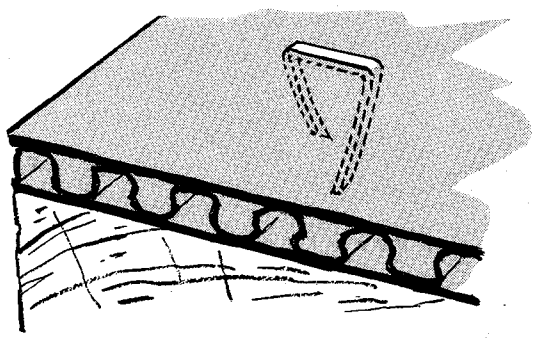


The problem: find a way to keep handling costs down on all orders. Could stapling be the answer? Bostitch had helped cut costs on other jobs in the mill—why not this one too?

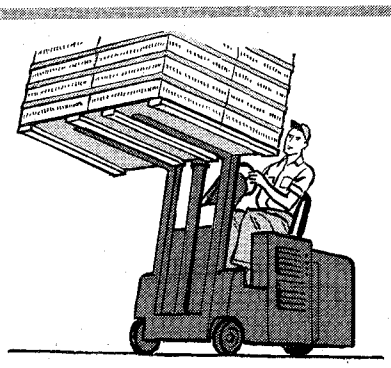
THE SOLUTION:



A Bostitch Economy Man and the mill's engineers worked out the answer—a "give-away" pallet: corrugated board quickly stapled to scrap lumber with a Bostitch H4 Hammer.



Four wood strips raise the load just enough for lift truck chisel forks to slip under. Sixteen ¾" heavy-duty Bostitch staples secure the strips. The boxed load supports itself between forks.



Entire pallet costs less than 40c. Customers get pallets free, save handling when unloading. The mill saves pallet storage space and hundreds of dollars in handling, billing and salvage costs.

How much can you save by switching to Bostitch?

Your Bostitch Economy Man will work out answers for you without cost. He's one of 375 trained fastening specialists working out of 123 cities in the U. S. and Canada. There are over 800 kinds of Bostitch staplers in his line of cost cutters for business and industry. Look up "Bostitch" in your telephone directory. Or mail the coupon at the right.

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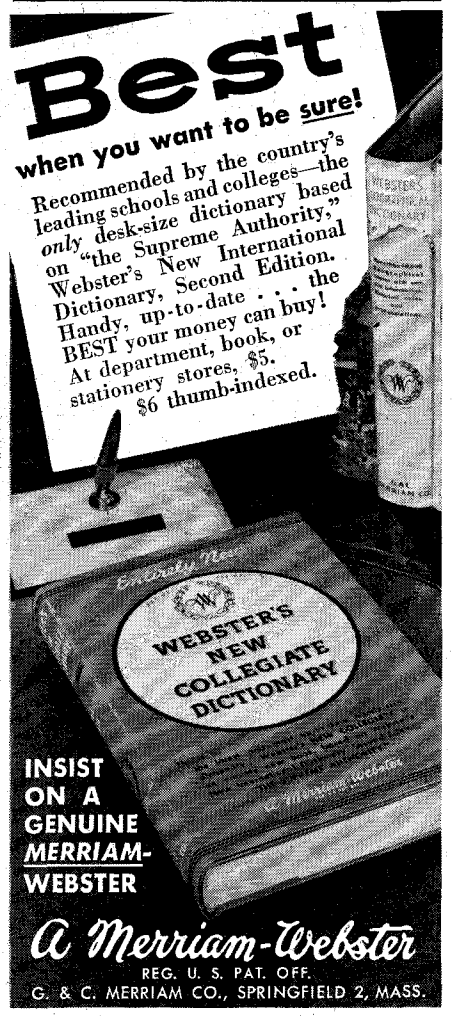

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Help for the Living Dead

(Continued from Page 43)

unless others tasted and tested. By the end of that year, he believed the plot to be even more subtle, the danger worse. Poison was being introduced into his clothing, he suspected, as well as his food.

There is nothing sensational about MacFarland's story. He didn't threaten the President, didn't run amuck. His is the quiet story of a good man reduced in six years to ruins. In olden times they would have said he was possessed or bewitched, and he might as well have been.

Having served honorably in the Army, MacFarland was entitled to care in one of the Veterans' Administration's neuropsychiatric hospitals. By now his fears wouldn't let him eat at all; he had to be tube-fed. A year of tests showed the expected: there was absolutely nothing wrong with him, organically. "The living dead," these patients have been called; stranger still, they are the healthy dead.

At last he decided to eat. Now this remained of MacFarland, the mining engineer: a desolate, terrified man, wandering aimlessly about the ward, talking to himself for hours—intelligent words, but strung into sentences making no sense except to MacFarland and his private devils.

He heard voices, screaming at him, mocking him. In stormy periods MacFarland attacked other patients, broke furniture. At that, he was in better shape than many. Others stood in corners as rigid as statues, still others refused to say a word, had to be dressed and changed like babies.

MacFarland was given all the usual kinds of treatment. Nothing worked. Instead of getting better, he deteriorated. In time he had to be moved to what this hospital calls the "acute ward." In others, it is known as the "back ward"—the ward for chronics who aren't going to get better. The phrase is synonymous with "hopeless."

Five years, ten. MacFarland's forties, when he would have been at his professional best. His fifties, when he might well have been a key figure in his company. Years totally lost, worse than lost.

To do this to a healthy, smart and able man took a subtle affliction with a long and generally misunderstood name—schizophrenia.

The most common of the mental diseases, this is the one which fills the mental hospitals and keeps them filled, with long-term or permanent inmates. Not one person in fifty would mention schizophrenia if asked to list our worst health problems, yet it is a giant. Dr. George E. Stevenson, medical director of the National Association for Mental Health, gives it its due:

"No mountain towers over other mountains," he says, "as schizophrenia towers over the better-known ailments. Just under half of all people sick enough to require long-term hospitalization suffer from mental illness, and half of those suffer from schizophrenia. This amounts to saying that one person in four, of all those in hospitals on any given day is a victim of this psychosis. That is a terrible record nothing else can match."

If heart trouble is the Great Killer schizophrenia is the Great Wrecker. "Its peculiar ability," says Doctor Stevenson, "is to wreck the lives of the able-bodied. Cancer, as a rule, strikes late in life. Schizophrenia likes its victims young, and often robs them of twenty or thirty years which would have been the most productive. More than a third of the schizophrenics in state hospitals have been there fifteen years or longer. Many spend their whole adult lives there."

How many victims schizophrenia claims is a thing on which there are as yet no good figures. Patients in hospitals represent only a portion even of the known cases. Other thousands are getting treatment outside, still others have been released as "improved, but not cured," and psychiatrists see many border-line cases who slip over from time to time.

To all these must be added the unknown victims, in early and often invisible stages—schizophrenia's great ready reserve. So it is agreed that patients in hospitals represent only the front row of the picture. Yet at any moment, schizophrenia holds 250,000 men and women prisoner in hospitals.

It is a powerful destroyer, and as mysterious as it is powerful. It can reduce victims to abysmal apathy, so that they seem to be living in a stupor, can send them into frenzies of excitement, can impel them to murder in what seems the coldest of cold blood. Yet it is as insubstantial as a cloud.

The trouble is thought to originate in some frustration or fright of infancy, a babyhood experience extremely hard to identify later on. The disease doesn't manifest itself until much later, usually in the teens, twenties or thirties. Just why it flowers then, nobody can yet say. Nor why it happens to Jones, but not to Smith; why one twin brother succumbs and the other escapes. It was long regarded as the madness of the bright; newer evidence suggests schizophrenia will accept victims of any I.Q. and any amount of education.

At worst, it amounts to a collapse of the whole personality. The victim turns outside in, so to speak, losing all contact with other people and with his environment. For twenty-one years the Scottish-rite Masons of the Northern Jurisdiction have sponsored the biggest research effort, in conjunction with the National Association for Mental Health. The single fact most clearly established is that the job is enormously complicated. Dr. William Malamud, of Boston, research director, concludes that "the study of schizophrenia involves the study of all phases of human life."

A great deal is known about it, and yet the affliction escapes complete understanding. The shrewdest research commonly ends in hard-won disappointment. Trying to find out how schizophrenics differ, physiologically, from normal men and women, researchers time after time get this answer: "They don't." The cause remains "obscure," "not clearly defined." And while there are successful therapies, there is still nothing like a standard treatment reliable in all cases.

Add those facts and the total is "situation hopeless." But John MacFarland's situation looked hopeless too. And that story has taken a surprising turn. After twenty-one years as a hopeless case, apparently doomed to end his days in a hospital, MacFarland has recovered. A few months ago he was released as fully cured. Going immediately into a waiting job, he is living a full and normal life again, to his own great delight and that of a wife who stuck by him all that time.

MacFarland figured in an experiment which broke one of schizophrenia's favorite holds, and a brutal one. That experiment is one of several developments which allow hope that the grim story of schizophrenia may itself be taking a turn, as MacFarland's did. The reasons are appropriately curious.

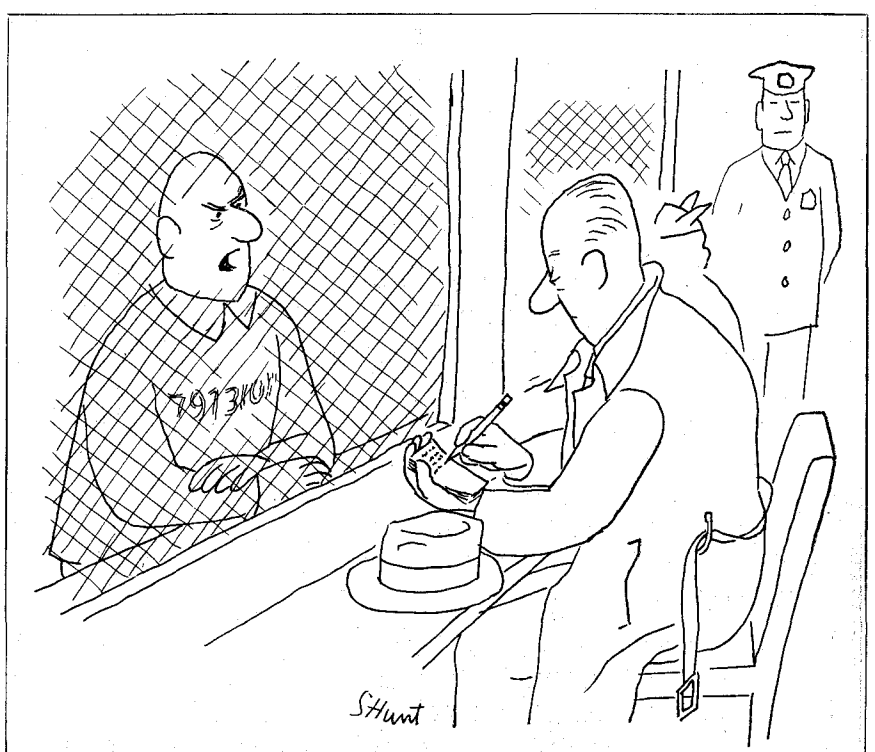
A fine new therapeutic agent has been discovered—money. A simple treatment—largely kindness and encouragement—has been used with striking success. And chiefly because a Swiss chemist got drunk, unwittingly, there are hot new leads in research. Leads so good, in fact, as to let one brilliant investigator say "the answers may not be long in coming."

The chemist is Dr. A. Hofmann. In 1943, his company was experimenting with an innocent-looking drug, colorless, odorless, no more impressive than water. It is made from a fungus which grows on wet grass or grain; it is a derivative of an alkaloid found in ergot. There seemed a chance it might be useful against migraine headache.

One day the chemist found himself getting strangely intoxicated. Later, seeking a cause, he took a bit of the drug—lysergic acid diethylamide, now called LSD. He got the same weird effect. Five years later it was revealed in a scientific publication that this effect had been weird indeed. Hofmann had undergone an experience very much like schizophrenia.

So much like it, indeed, that by taking minute amounts of LSD, experimenters are now able to explore the terrible country of the insane on a round-trip ticket which gets them back to normal in a few hours. It is not an

(Continued on Page 66)



"You may say that I am definitely not a candidate for public office at this time."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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$21.50 (chrome)
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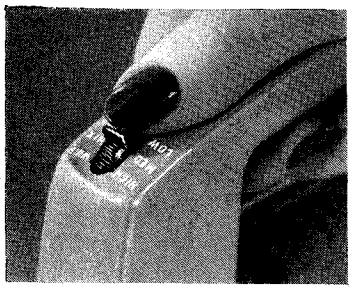
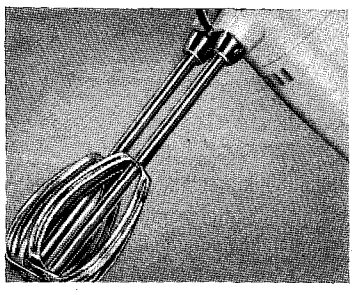
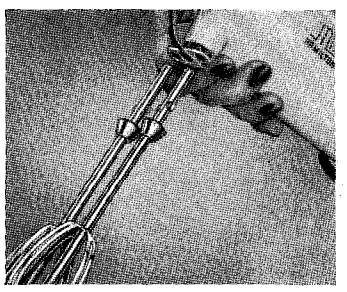


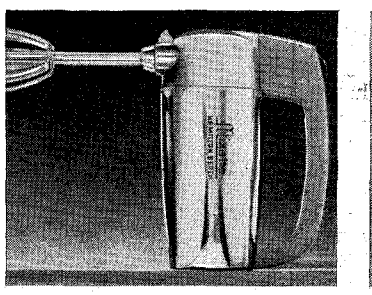
New Thumb-Dial Switch
Controls 3 speeds. The hand that holds Mixette sets the speed.



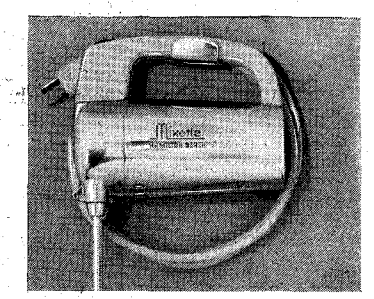
New Deep Beaters
Reach bottom in *any* bowl; in-sure quick, complete blending.



New Beater Ejector
Positive ejector pushes beaters out for easy cleaning.



Stands on End
Flat base holds Mixette steady for easy draining.



Handy Wall Bracket
Holds Mixette when not in use. A great space-saver!

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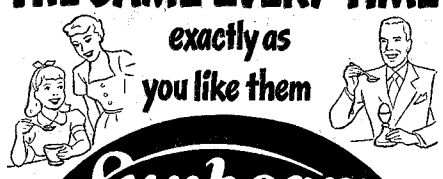
exactly as you like them



Sunbeam AUTOMATIC EGG COOKER

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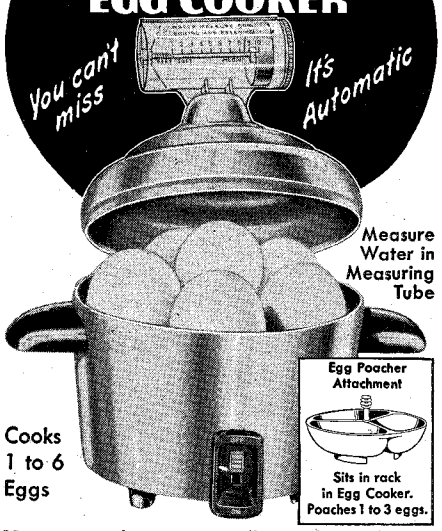

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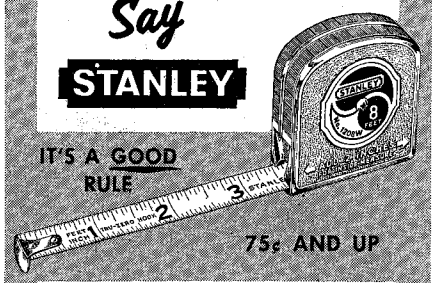

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STANLEY

JOLLY TIME POP CORN EVERY KERNEL POPS OR YOUR MONEY BACK!

(Continued from Page 64)

excursion you would want to take, but several hundred men and women have taken it, in the interests of science. For it provides an understanding of schizophrenia never before attainable.

There are a number of drugs which will produce psychotic behavior in normal men and women. Nothing before LSD ever produced such a clear duplication of schizophrenia. The experimenters report experiences exactly like those related by recovered schizophrenics, and their behavior is schizophrenic.

The terrible plight of schizophrenics is that reality deserts them. Familiar faces and places look wrong, and can't be made to look right again. As a suffocating man fights for breath, the schizophrenic fights for a glimpse of things as he knows they really are. Said one recovered patient, "Everything was exact, smooth, artificial, tense. . . . I recognized nothing."

Schizophrenics also lose the basic feeling of existence, the feeling that we are real. "My body was away from me, like a stranger's," a patient may recall. LSD produces both the "depersonalization," or "loss of one's self," and the engulfing strangeness. "The whole world took on a poisonous look," one experimenter reported.

Normal men and women, "stressed" with LSD, may go wary and silent, as patients do. When they do talk, however, it is very much like the talk of schizophrenics. By recording their conversation, and interpreting it when the drug wears off, the researchers gain an insight into the language of patients.

Dr. Charles Savage, of the National Institute of Mental Health, is impressed by the curious fact that metaphors and figures of speech seem literally true, under LSD. We commonly say, "I was so excited I thought I'd bust." Those who take LSD sometimes are terrified for fear they will literally burst. We say about moments of panic, "I lost my head." LSD experimenters sometimes get the horrible feeling that they have lost their heads. After a humiliating blunder, we say, "I felt about twenty inches tall." LSD experimenters sometimes feel literally reduced to inches.

One victim of schizophrenia, recovered after years of terrible lethargy and equally terrible agitation, gave this account: "I did not believe I was ill. It was rather a country where reigned an implacable light—a mineral, lunar country, cold as the wastes of the North Pole." Psychiatrists have heard a great deal about that country, about the furniture that comes alive, the voices that mock and babble. But schizophrenia is a private hell, and must be seen firsthand, apparently, for real comprehension. That firsthand look is what the experimenters are getting with LSD.

But the promise of LSD goes much further. What makes researchers think they have found something highly important is a curious circumstance. While seeming to create schizophrenia in the normal, LSD has far less effect, or none at all, on some schizophrenics.

Which, of course, raises exciting questions. Why doesn't it hit them? What in their blood or tissues explains this immunity? And might explain schizophrenia?

It is clearly a hot trail. In the National Institute and elsewhere, it is being followed keenly. Finding out just what LSD does in the brain or body will take a lot of clever work. The experimental dose could be put on the head of a pin. Quantities in blood or tissue must consequently be infinitesimal. Until very recently, they could not have been traced. Now, by happy coincidence, new ultrasensitive techniques are at hand. The great result, of course, would be a discovery that there is a definite biochemical basis for schizophrenia, as there is for diabetes. If there is, then it might be countered, as diabetes is countered with insulin.

To find that a drug, vitamin or hormone will combat this destroyer would be a discovery beyond price, in terms of human salvage. The value in dollars and cents would also be very great. Taking care of the mentally ill costs about a billion dollars a year. Lost earnings make this seem trivial. Schizophrenia, called "the costliest of all diseases," accounts for the greater share of this great drain on the economy.

But hopes of this sort, perhaps not so bright, have been dashed before. So the canniest investigators keep their fingers crossed, though admitting that LSD brightens their days. Things are ripe for a good break. "We can always hope for a lucky accident," says one leading researcher, "such as happened in diabetes. We discovered insulin long before we fully understood diabetes, and the same thing can happen in schizophrenia."

Whether or not it leads to a magic drug, LSD is bound to supply important answers. Says one experimenter, "Clues may be found as to what kind of individuals are likely to develop schizophrenia, and what makes them susceptible. It will also be important to find out if all normal individuals react the same. If they do, it will suggest that we all have a capacity for schizophrenia. Working with the drug would make you think this is the case."

Anyone who thinks he is sitting on top of the world should remember that it wobbles a little.

G. H. PATT

In LSD you have hope from something new. A California experiment provides hope from something old. In the state hospital at Stockton, Drs. Freeman H. Adams, E. P. Galioni and Albert S. Amada matched 400 men patients into pairs, as much alike as possible in age, intelligence and education. One of each pair went into an experimental group, his twin into the controls. The 200 experimentals were marched out to cottages on the hospital farm. They were a pitiful and disgusting sight. Only half could attend to their own appearance and hygiene. Many were unbuttoned, unkempt, withdrawn. One devoted his life to drawing pictures on the windows with saliva.

For the next eighteen months, the controls, back in the main hospital, got the customary hospital care. So did the experimentals, except that treatment was intensified all down the line. Better clothes and food, including a snack at bedtime. More occupational therapy, more music, more discussion groups. And far more attention, from a bigger staff.

"Total push," the program is called, and it had striking results. Three times as many patients were improved to the point of release as is achieved by the usual handling. And this was a clear-cut setback for the Great Wrecker. For these were "hopeless" cases, one and all. Average stay in the hospital, ten years; some had been there thirty or forty. Ninety-five per cent were schizophrenics.

"It has been established," the final report could proclaim, "that there are no 'hopeless' mental patients where no organic damage exists." Absolutely nothing new was involved, except the expenditure of more money—$5.38 a day as against $2.25 for the controls—and more encouragement.

What they proved at Stockton was that schizophrenia can be made to surrender some of the victims on which it has the strongest grip. There is another development of the same general sort—success in an area where it has seemed nothing could be done. John MacFarland, the engineer whose disintegration we witnessed, had a role in this.

The goal of treatment is to restore a man or woman to a useful and productive life. In thousands of cases, treatment falls just short of this goal. The patient clears up and might shortly be released, but what would he do? He has forgotten the routine of working, he is rusty, he can give no references. He feels useless and unwanted. The outer world doesn't beckon, it threatens. He needs confidence, he needs a means of support. At this point, so close to success, the whole job of rehabilitation breaks down. In some ways it is the cruelest blow mental illness delivers. And it keeps the hospitals overloaded with permanent inmates.

In the Veterans' Administration hospital at Perry Point, Maryland, they attacked this, head on. A "member-employee" plan was instituted. Patients approaching the point of discharge were hired by the hospital itself for regular jobs ordinarily filled from the outside. A considerable variety of work was available, including plumbing, carpentry, work in the electric shop, tin and sheet-metal work, jobs in the laundry, garage or warehouse, work on the grounds, in laboratories, in the office.

The member employees moved into separate quarters and managed their personal affairs with a minimum of supervision. As they worked, their confidence revived and their ability returned, until they could put in a standard eight-hour day, five days a week. It was real work, and for pay. Money turns out to be a wonderful therapeutic agent, one nobody thought to try before. "A very strong stimulus," they say at Perry Point, "which motivates patients in a way many therapies cannot."

John MacFarland, our mining engineer, was "leveling off" as this program got under way. His plight was particularly pointed. He was behind the times by twenty-one years, in his own profession. He was now in his early sixties. So, while he took one of the member-employee jobs, in the engineering end of the gardening and landscaping work, he expected little to come of it. But working bucked him up immensely. In four months he was a well man, laying plans for a job outside. He could do well, he thought, as road man for an engineering company. He saw an ad; he applied. The hospital could show records of his working performance, and the records spoke well for him. He got the job, bade the hospital good-by, and is flourishing.

What helped MacFarland may help hundreds and there are hundreds to be helped, approximately half of the VA's patients being mental patients.

At Perry Point as at Stockton, the greater proportion of the patients were schizophrenics, and success was achieved at points where schizophrenia had seemed impregnable. The success in both cases is spreading. Point 1 of a ten-point program adopted at the first National Governors' Conference on Mental Health last year was a call for more personnel and for intensive treatment such as was tried at Stockton. Recent months have brought many new ideas in treatment. There are new drugs of the greatest promise; there is a new form of shock involving flashing lights; there is a way of stimulating the brain through tiny electrodes. Should all of them prove disappointing, the fact will remain that basic problems have been attacked at Stockton and Perry Point and forced to give ground. Which is notable success, for, as Doctor Stevenson, of the National Association for Mental Health, observes, "This is no skirmish; this is one of the major medical battles of our times."

Schizophrenia can upset all common conceptions by leaving its victims remarkably intact. To

(Continued on Page 71)

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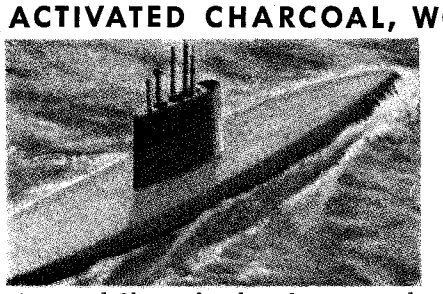

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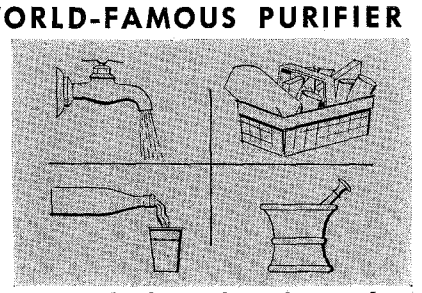

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WOMEN demand...

You'll like the ease and simplicity of new *Top Front Tuning* that ends reaching and bending . . . keeps cabinet tops free for flowers, lamps, or books. You'll like the way Admiral's new Inclined Dial is slanted upward to make the *lighted* channel numbers easy to read. And you'll appreciate how easily Admiral's *Lazy Susan* swivel-base models turn with a light touch of your hand for perfect viewing anywhere in the room.

You'll love Admiral's fine furniture styling—slim, trim cabinets, equally suitable for large or small rooms. Tasteful traditional or contemporary designs, always "in style" . . . 17", 21", 24" or 27" screen sizes. *The one perfect set for your home is here!*

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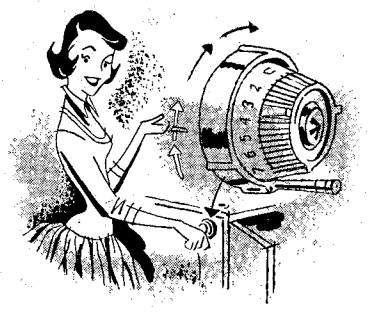

New UHF Spin Tuning—(optional) world's fastest, easiest—tunes from Channel 14 to 82 in just 3½ seconds!

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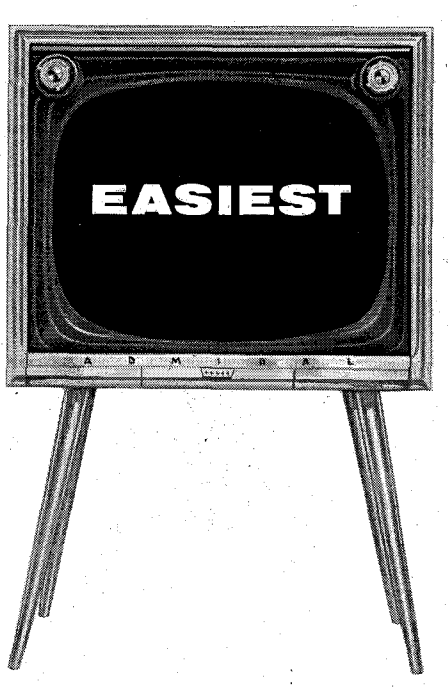
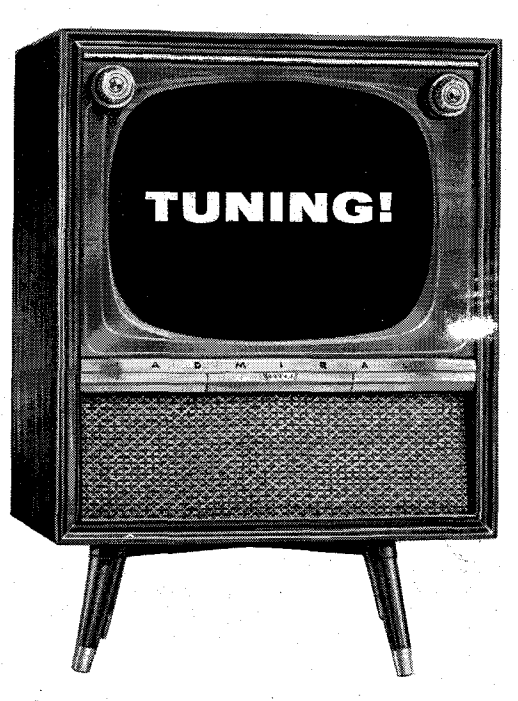
Sensational 4-speed phonograph combination with 21" television—The Vancouver. Super Cascode Power Plant, lighted Top Front Tuning, aluminized picture tube, tinted Optic Filter, Long Distance Radio . . . blonde or mahogany; brass legs.

On TV and Radio—Bishop Fulton J. Sheen, "Life Is Worth Livin

21" TV—The Brentwood. Top Front Tuning with new easy-to-see inclined dial . . . aluminized picture tube and tinted Optic Filter. Smart decorator-styled stand, $14.95 value *free* while limited quantities last! Also mahogany-grained or blonde oak finishes. Ebony finish (shown) *including* stand, only $169.95.*



21" TV—The Belvedere. Super Cascode Power Plant, lighted Top Front Tuning, aluminized picture tube and tinted Optic Filter. Cabinet furnished with ultra-smart tapered golden metal legs. Rich mahogany or blonde oak finishes. Also with 24" screen, mahogany or blonde oak finishes.



21" TV—The Montego. It swivels! Turns at a finger's touch on new ball-bearing Lazy Susan base for easy viewing from any angle. Lighted Top Front Tuning, Super Cascode Power Plant, aluminized picture tube and tinted Optic Filter. Mahogany or blonde oak finishes or maple. Also with 24" screen.

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21" TV—The Mediterranean. With lighted Top Front Tuning, new Super Cascode Power Plant, aluminized picture tube and tinted Optic Filter. Full-fidelity sound system with 6" x 9" Alnico Speaker—all '56 features. Blonde oak or mahogany finishes. 27" screen size also available in similar cabinet.

21" TV—The Montreal. New Super Cascode Power Plant, Top Front Tuning, aluminized picture tube and tinted Optic Filter. Stunning decorator cabinet on graceful golden-tipped legs. In rich bronze mahogany finish, traditional mahogany finish (illustrated), or modern blonde oak finish.

24" TV—The Sweden. With all '56 features, including aluminized picture tube and tinted Optic Filter—plus exclusive Periscope Dial that shows lighted magnified channel numbers through cabinet top! Twin 6" x 9" Speakers. Blonde oak or mahogany. Also with 21" screen, mahogany or blonde oak.

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48 million people depend on this famous low-cost protection!

Nationwide, the only organization for prepayment of hospital care officially approved by the American Hospital Association.

More than one-fourth of the people in America are protected by Blue Cross today! No other organization in the field comes near to serving so many. What is behind this overwhelming preference for Blue Cross? A closer look at its unique service will tell you.

Never "sold", Blue Cross protection comes only to those who "join". Most often, people join through a group—usually with fellow employees—to become members of the Blue Cross "Plan" in their area. Each one pays in a small amount regularly. Even for an entire family, dues average only pennies a day! When hospital care is needed, Blue Cross helps pay the bill.

Official approval by the American Hospital Association sets Blue Cross apart from others. Blue Cross also has a special "partnership" with the hospitals.

This brings special advantages to Blue Cross members. Benefits are received mainly in the form of *hospital care actually needed*, rather than just dollar allowances. To get care, a member simply presents his Blue Cross card at the hospital. Blue Cross pays the hospital direct. There are not even claims to be filed. Service such as this makes people glad they have Blue Cross!

Broad protection at low cost. All money paid in to Blue Cross by members, except for modest operating expenses, is set aside to pay for hospital care. Also, Blue Cross sets dues and benefits *locally* to fit local needs and conditions, assuring fullest value to those who belong. And Blue Cross extends to members this important privilege—they may continue their protection when they change jobs or retire.

$763,000,000 in hospital care went to Blue Cross members last year alone! That sum represents savings and income which—thanks to Blue Cross—people did not have to pay out when unexpected illness struck.

Most people join Blue Cross by enrolling in groups where they work. Ask *your* employer. Or contact the Blue Cross Plan listed in your phone book. Rural families in many states may join through farm organizations. *Blue Cross Commission, Dept. 304, 425 North Michigan, Chicago 11, Illinois.*

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25TH ANNIVERSARY YEAR

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(Continued from Page 66) laymen this is bound to seem the strangest aspect of a strange possession.

Bewildered relatives often say, "But he never acted crazy or talked crazy." A man who is "not right" is expected to show it by erratic actions and erratic talk. In schizophrenia, at least at the start, there may be nothing like that at all. "Mentally," as the word is commonly used, the victim may be in excellent shape. Schizophrenics often carry on competently in jobs or at school for months and even years while actively psychotic. This doesn't seem enigmatic to the psychiatrists. The trouble, they explain, is one of the whole personality, not the intellect alone. A light case of schizophrenia didn't keep a patient orderly in Chicago State Hospital from functioning efficiently as a bookie, placing bets for employees and patients. When police caught up with him he was $2000 to the good.

Appearance and general conduct may be completely normal, even when the victim is wildly psychotic. Howard Unruh, of Camden, New Jersey, until the savage outbreak in which he killed thirteen men, women and children, was noted in the neighborhood for decorum. There was outwardly nothing of the madman about young Harlow Fraden, of New York, who murdered his parents so elegantly with cyanide in champagne cocktails. And no one who saw him at work or on the street spotted anything untoward about an Air Force veteran named Bayard Peakes until Peakes emptied an automatic into a secretary in the offices of the American Physical Society. "We thought the world of him," said his boss in a packing plant. "He did the work of four men." But the stable-appearing Peakes was so far gone he believed himself a misunderstood genius, and carried a list of Columbia University scientists marked for murder.

Devastating as schizophrenia can be, many victims recover rather quickly. These days from 56 to 59 per cent are out of state hospitals in a year. The trouble is, recovery is almost as much of a riddle as the precipitating circumstances. Some of the stormiest patients respond nicely to shock treatment. Patients so badly disorganized that they scream if you smile at them are brought out of it by psychotherapy, in which the psychiatrist talks the patient out of his fears.

But other patients, not visibly different, respond to nothing. And to make it additionally baffling, a "hopeless" back-ward patient may suddenly make an apparently spontaneous recovery after ten or twenty years in which no treatment had the slightest effect.

So the thing is a puzzle from every approach—hard to spot at the onset, hard to trace to an origin, hard to treat, even hard to define. Schizophrenia is a terrible country with no fixed borders. "Disease" doesn't fit it. The more sophisticated psychiatrists will say "It's a way of life—something that is always there, perhaps in all of us."

For all this, the keenest investigators are confident the great mystery can be cracked, with enough scientific work. That has been stepped up vastly since a new powerhouse of research went into operation—the National Institute of Mental Health, in the cluster of Government medical-research institutions at Bethesda, Maryland.

The important research carried on in the institute itself is only a part of the total effort. Last year found some 250 skilled investigators at work under the institute's auspices on 176 research projects ranging from studies of individual nerves to a study of psychotic murderers. Institute-sponsored work was under way in laboratories, clinics and no fewer than fifty-five colleges and universities. Since 1948 the institute has made research grants totaling $6,742,002. In the field of mental health there never has been a campaign even approaching this major push, and for the first time the attacking force has heavy artillery.

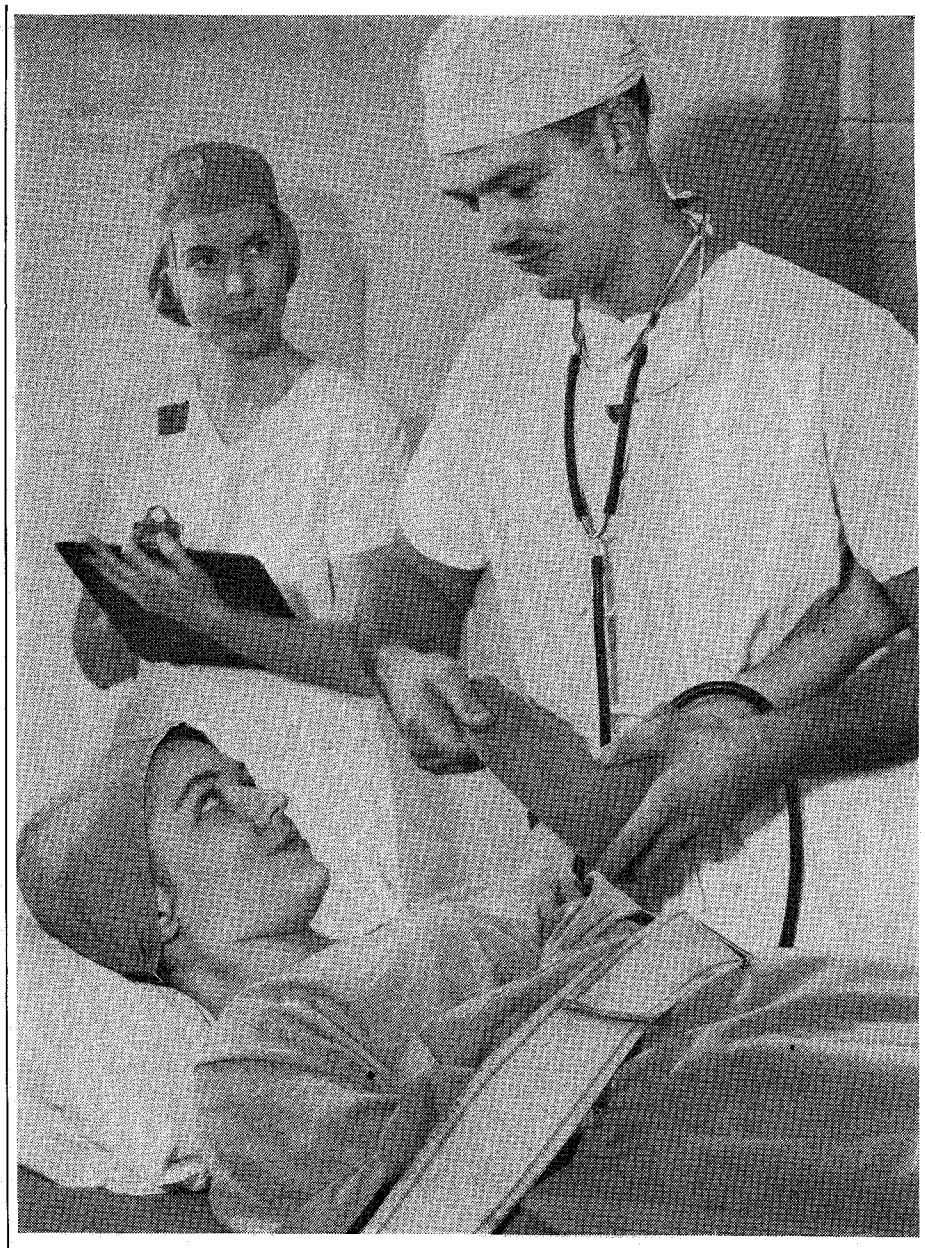
There is an oversupply of articles proclaiming new hope for one malady or another. This is followed in due course by word that the new magic isn't working as well as predicted. It would be no service to say that schizophrenia is about to surrender. A mystery as profound as that of personality itself doesn't give up easily.

On the other hand, no honest account can fail to report a new spirit among the men whose specialty this is. There seems general agreement that the outlook for schizophrenia's tormented thousands and their relatives is brighter than in years. Solid progress is being made, and it seems justified to hope for a major break.

For years, says Dr. Robert Felix, director of the National Institute, researchers have been frustrated by "many imponderables and unanswered questions." But right now there is "an upsurge of research activity on many fronts." Caution would never allow Doctor Felix to say that the great puzzle is being solved. He does permit himself, these days, to believe that the pieces are being found—"the individual bits of information which, put together properly, will bring the answers we need." They are answers of very great consequence. THE END

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Why can't he just drink his spinach juice and leave quietly?"



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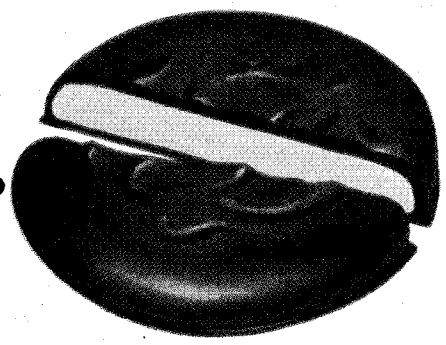

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Underworld U.S.A.

(Continued from Page 45)

that it would be only a matter of time before serial-numbered bills would show up within the city itself.

Fingers became more and more confident. "I'm going to take a hundred grand of my dough out of the tin" (a name they had given the steel-sheathed chest). "Marian would like a nice house in the suburbs. I'm not going for a place on the river front like Earl. Give me a nice house in the country, with a big sloping lawn, flowers, a two-car garage, and all modern inside. Marian wants that too. I think I'll trade in my car for a new model and get Marian a convertible, and another one for Tess. Then I'm going to hop off for Tijuana and Las Vegas. I'm going to have some fun—it's about time."

"If you're grabbed in this city for passing that stuff, it'll be your tough luck," he was warned by Jerry. "You know that, don't you?"

"Sure, I know it. I won't be grabbed." Fingers was sure.

He took the money, bought the house, the two cars, got Marian an ermine coat, outfitted Theresa, gave her $600 in spending money, and told her that when that ran out, there was more where it came from. Fingers was living high. A month after he had spent the money, newspapers had not reported it in circulation. He felt safe.

Marian furnished the house tastefully. Theresa approved of it enthusiastically when she came home. Fingers enjoyed the place for a month, and then one day he walked into their bedroom to feel the first shock of fear of apprehension. Marian was properly indignant, glaring through the open-slatted Venetian blinds at the house next door.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"There's always a bum in every neighborhood!" she said angrily. "Every time I've come into this room in the past couple of days, there's been a peeping Tom at the window over there in the house next door, looking into this room with field glasses."

Fingers wetted his lips with his tongue. "You're sure of that?" he asked.

"Of course, I'm sure." Her eyes were blazing. "Take a look for yourself." He walked to the window in time to see the figure disappear.

He did not say so to Marian, but he felt sure that the man next door was not that kind of peeping Tom. He had seen him and talked to him. He was a well-paid and busy executive in a department store. He would not be likely to be at home on a weekday. The probability was, as Fingers reasoned it quickly, that his neighbor's co-operation had been enlisted by the FBI. The house and all of its occupants were now under surveillance. Within a couple of hours he was sure of it. The tail was back.

He had roughly $6000 hidden under a stack of handkerchiefs in the dresser drawer of the bedroom. He was afraid to take it with him and just as fearful of leaving it behind. He left it there. That night he was picked up by a city-police detective working in co-operation with the FBI. He was taken to headquarters and booked on suspicion of complicity in the Townsend armored-car robbery. The next morning he was turned over to Federal authorities for arraignment. Probable cause was found. He was held in $50,000 double surety, which meant that there was not a chance that he would be released on bail. He was now a bad risk for bondsmen and the only money he had to put up was serial-numbered.

A Federal grand jury was sitting. Throughout the day a procession of witnesses went before them—a real-estate man, an automobile agent, one of his salesmen and a bookkeeper; bank tellers and clerks, the department-store executive next door, a cigar clerk in a neighborhood shop; the manager and a saleslady in a fur shop; a saleswoman in a specialty shop near the college Theresa attended, and finally an FBI agent. The grand jury wasted no time. Carlton Tolland was indicted and charged with participation in the Townsend armored-truck robbery.

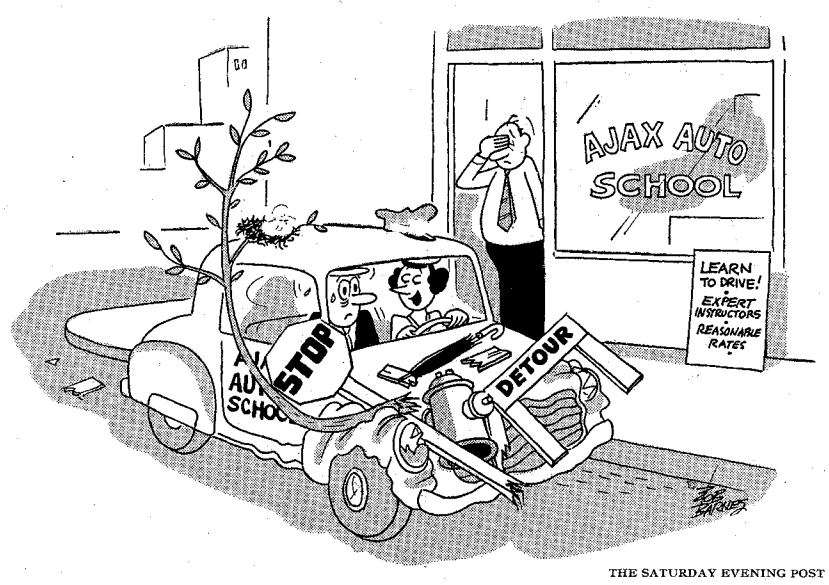
He sent out a hurry call for Peter Coughlin, who met him in the counsel chamber at the Federal building. The lawyer looked down at Fingers with cold and unenthusiastic eyes.

"What kind of a sucker are you, Fingers?" he asked. "You ought to have sense enough to know that you haven't got the brains—and neither has Spider or Jerry—to handle a deal of this size. Why didn't you come to me when you got into it? What do you think I can do for you now? You're cooked!"

Fingers pleaded with him to take the case, but Peter was not interested. "What have I got to fight with?" he asked. "I can't get an acquittal. I can't get you off with a short sentence. You'll get fifteen to twenty years, no matter how I look at it. You'll be sixty-seven or seventy before you get out. It would take a lot of dough to fight this one."

"Name the figure," Fingers said. "I'll pay it."

Peter took the case. As part payment of his fee, Fingers deeded to him the $30,000 house he had (Continued on Page 79)



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"How'd I do?"

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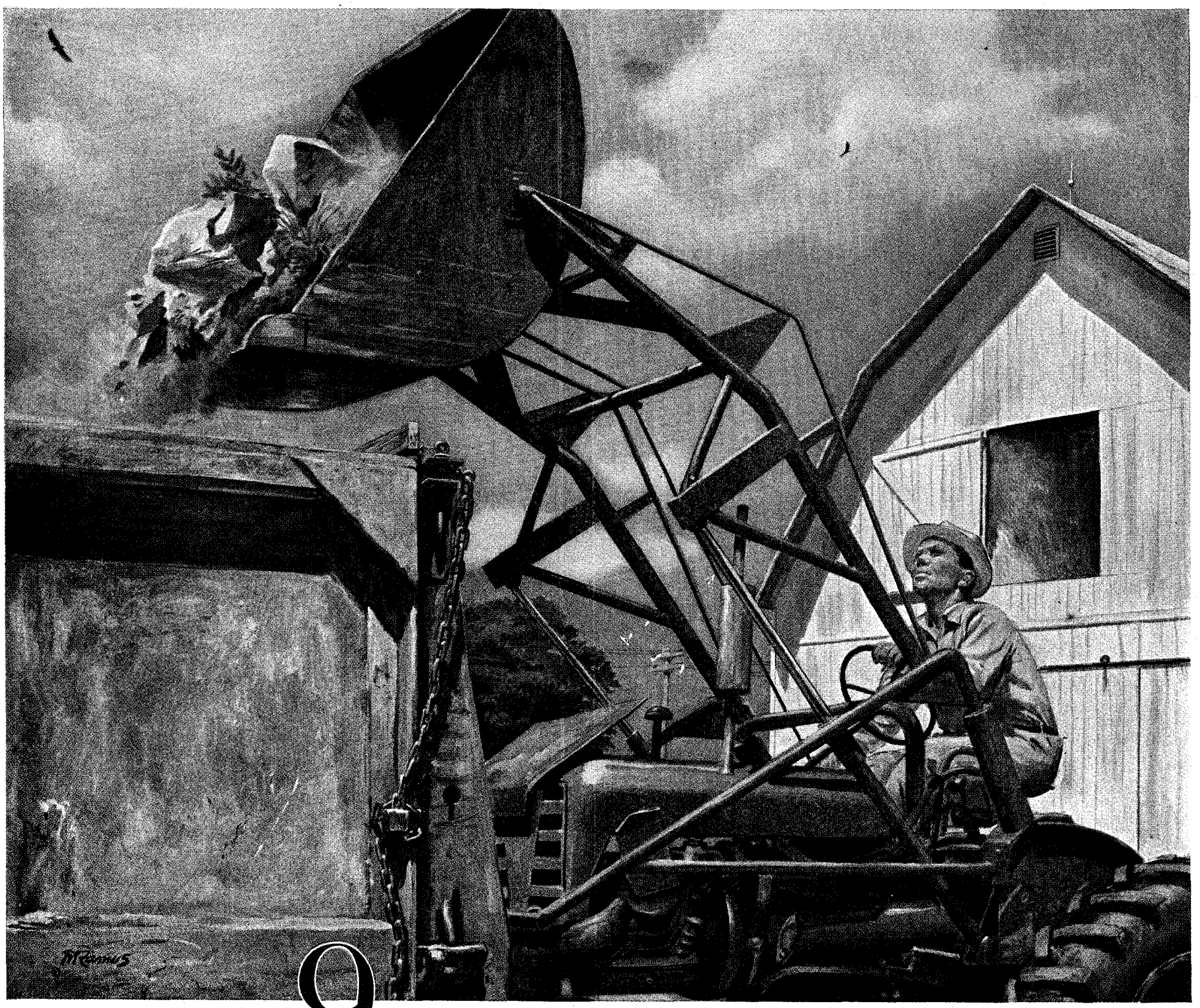

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In addition, X-100 Motor Oil Premium stops the major cause of engine wear—*Acid Action*.

Next time let your Shell Dealer drain and refill your crankcase with new X-100 Motor Oil Premium. It's the best investment you can make for your car's engine.

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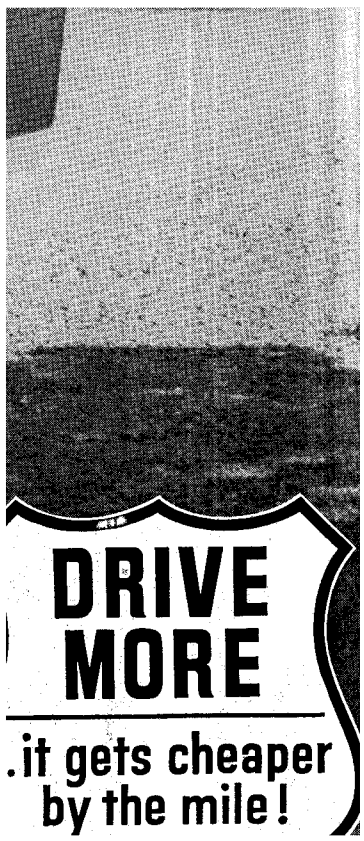

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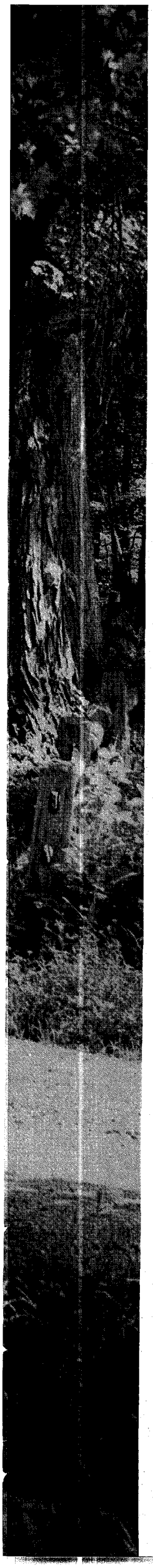

BACKROAD BEAUTY. A motorist is amply rewarded when he sets his car's course down an inviting backroad. These lightly traveled byways offer relaxing driving—views of rustic scenes—fascinating glimpses into rural American life. Whether shaded by pines or palms, the backroads of America are a real treat.

Every mile you drive costs less *than the one before*

How motorists can enjoy "bargain miles" while exploring backroad America.

There are 1,514,000 miles of so-called "second-class" roads in the U.S. But they're first-class when it comes to driving pleasure.

Every day, motorists discover the many benefits these fine backroads offer. They reveal one beautiful view after another. Trees in colorful glory arch overhead. And the leisurely pace you can set lets you really enjoy rural America.

Every mile you drive will cost less than the one before, too. The reason is simple. Certain costs of running your car (depreciation, license fees, insurance) are *fixed* expenses. They don't change whether you drive a little or a lot.

The main extra cost for extra mileage is for gasoline and oil. However, U. S. oil companies have held down their prices—despite the high taxes on gasoline and oil—to give you one of today's biggest bargains.

The chart below, compiled from American Automobile Association figures, shows how to get more out of your car investment. It points out that the family driving 15,000 miles a year pays *52% less* per mile than the family driving 5,000 miles.

YEARLY DRIVING COSTS FOR AVERAGE FAMILY
(HUSBAND, WIFE & ONE CHILD)

For **5,000** *miles**		*For* **15,000** *miles**
$477.36	*Depreciation*	$477.36
104.46	*Insurance*	104.46
16.83	*License fees*	16.83
114.50	*Gasoline and Oil*	343.50
37.00	*Maintenance*	111.00
25.50	*Tires*	76.50
$775.65	TOTAL FAMILY COST	$1,129.65

5.2¢... *Cost per mile for each member of family*... **2.5¢**

Plan delightful drives down interesting backroads just for the *fun* of it. And remember, when you drive more . . . it gets cheaper by the mile!

*SOURCE: AAA

ETHYL CORPORATION New York 17, N. Y.

DRIVE MORE . . . DRIVE SAFELY

TO GRANDMA'S HOUSE. There's a special kind of smile that lights grandparents' faces when they see "their" children come to visit. Trips to relatives and friends are wonderful ways to spend a day . . . to get more enjoyment from your car.

GOOD SPORT. Choice shooting spots in remote areas are easy to reach by car. Your car lets you roam where you please, when you please—helps make sure that Dad and the boys come home with a full gamebag, a full day's fun in the outdoors.

LOADED FOR FUN. There's hardly a limit to the number of things you can take in a car to make a trip more enjoyable. There's plenty of room for luggage galore, clothes that are handy for any occasion, even an outboard motor for a day at the lake.

FRIEND INDEED. No matter what road she's traveling, a woman driver will find friendly motoring help at a service station. This is just one way the independent businessmen who run the nation's 200,000 service stations make driving more pleasant.

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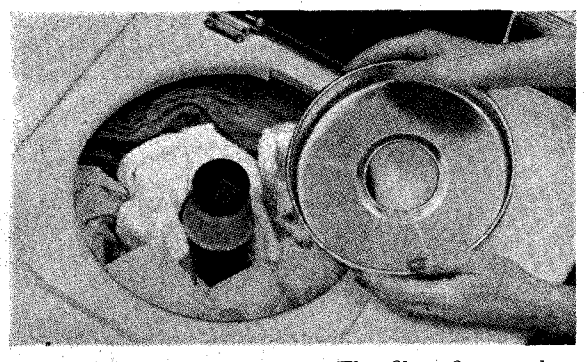
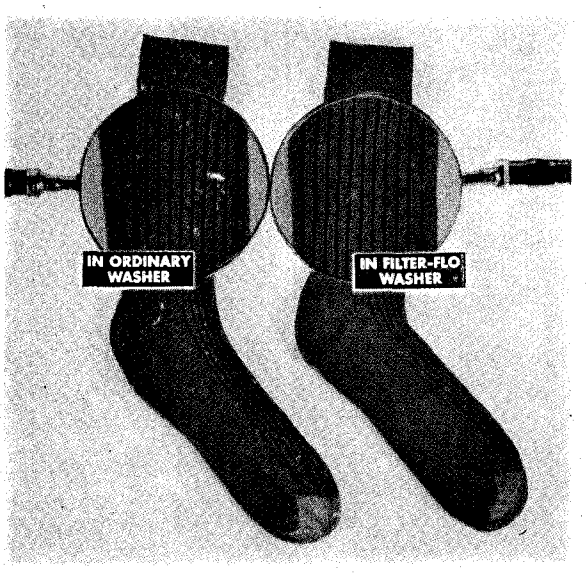
NEW 1956 G-E FILTER-FLO WASHER GIVES YOU CLEANER, BRIGHTER CLOTHES...NO LINT FUZZ!

Amazing Filter-Flo Washing cleans and re-cleans the water as you wash

Look for Filter-Flo System—today's most talked-about improvement in automatics. Only G.E. has it! Full tub of wash water is filtered five times during a wash cycle without wasting water or detergent. Above, you see lint and loose threads being removed as circulating water flows through the filter.



Slips out for easy cleaning. The filter fits on the Activator top, also holds detergent, dispensing it evenly dissolved through the wash. After clothes are placed in washer, slip the filter into place. After wash is over, slip it out to empty.



After 11 washings in an ordinary washer, socks at left were flecked with lint fuzz. After 11 washings the G-E Filter-Flo way, an identical pair (right) showed almost no lint. Washing in water that's cleaned and re-cleaned, leaves clothes sparkling.

Color-styled . . . General Electric Automatic Washers about $2.90* weekly. Choose from 5 Mix-or-Match colors: petal pink (shown), canary yellow, turquoise green, cadet blue, woodtone brown. Also white. Models with famous G-E Activator® Washing Action for every budget, from less than $200 with your old washer. Today's best buy. Also see the new G-E Dryer with Automatic Clothes Conditioning . . . at your G-E dealer's.

Removes lint, sand and soap scum automatically! Never again need you put up with linty wash water that leaves fuzz on clothes . . . or soap scum that dulls colors.

The marvelous new General Electric Filter-Flo Washer circulates and filters the water at the rate of six gallons every minute to make sure clothes wash white and bright.

As the washbasket continuously overflows, sand settles out the bottom. Soap scum floats away. Lint is trapped in the filter which lets only cleansed, sudsy water flow back into the washbasket.

Big capacity, too. This G-E gives you over 50% more clothes capacity than many automatics. Water Saver Control lets you save water on small loads. General Electric Company, Appliance Park, Louisville 1, Kentucky.

**After small down payment. See your dealer for his prices and terms.*

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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(Continued from Page 74) bought and, although Peter never revealed the full amount of the fee, evidence indicated that he also got $50,000 in cash. Such payments to counsel always raise questions that never can be satisfactorily answered. Can counsel ethically accept a house bought with stolen money as part of his fee? Can he accept serial-numbered stolen money as part of his fee? A case can be argued that he is justified. A case can be argued that he is not. To determine it, somebody must raise the issue, but nobody ever does.

Both Coughlin and Fingers got a curious break in their favor. When Fingers was brought to trial in Federal court, the FBI, through the United States attorney, presented an ironclad, unbreakable case. It was perfect down to the last detail—a sum of $6000 found in a dresser drawer in a room in the house owned by Tolland. What could not be foreseen was that a Federal judge who had been a celebrated teacher, a doctor of laws, a professor at a leading Ivy university before his appointment; and a brilliant young product of a smaller day-and-night law school, unclassical and plebeian by comparison, would clash in an Age versus Youth contest that would overshadow the United States versus Carlton Tolland.

The judge was old, about to retire. Someday a plaque, painting or marble slab might commemorate his life record and accomplishments. He was fair and just according to his lights, but a stickler for form. He had not only taught it but he had had long experience. He knew all about practice and procedure. He was in the position of the author of the textbook. The prosecutor was young, a boy wonder in state courts, where he had, at times, been spectacularly successful; but he was even better known in headlines as a rising young politician, likely to go places. He had been at home in state courts but he was still comparatively new at a Federal bar. He had given up a good practice to accept the appointment. He knew what the prestige of having been an assistant United States attorney would mean to his career.

From the very first day, the jurors were confused. The judge began by correcting and instructing the young prosecutor after what he termed his first mistake. The young prosecutor was disconcerted, did not take it in very good grace and argued his point. It was a bad beginning. As an ex-teacher the judge may have been sincere in trying to help a young lawyer; and the young lawyer, no doubt, had reason to feel that he was being belittled by a judge who had had no practical experience as a trial lawyer and had merely stepped from a university law chair to the Federal bench. The young lawyer would not take it and, from there on, the judge made it a point to call each departure from tradition or approved procedure to his attention.

The judge scolded and reproved him, cited mistakes and lectured him on the history and reasons for the precepts he had abridged. The prosecutor tried to dramatize testimony and evidence in the headline manner of state courts, but the judge would have no part of it. The state of mind of the jurors throughout the trial was perhaps best expressed by a reporter at the press table speaking for himself, absent-minded and aloud: "Sometimes I don't know whether I'm covering a trial or going to law school."

Peter Coughlin played right into the judge's hands, providing unexpected openings for him. The judge never missed one. After a long procession of witnesses had tied Fingers up with serial-numbered bills, the climax came when the United States attorney introduced $6000 in such bills found in Finger's room.

"Isn't it a bit late for that, your honor?" Coughlin suggested.

"Why didn't you introduce that earlier? Why didn't you lay groundwork for it? What kind of a way is that to conduct a prosecution?" the judge barked.

The last and final point in a succession of them made by the prosecuting attorney was now blunted. The jury listened to a charge that was more of an arraignment of the assistant United States attorney for what the jurist considered to be faults and flaws in his presentation than a discourse on the weight that must be given evidence. The jury took the case and retired. They were out for only twenty minutes.

While the jurors were filing into the box, Peter Coughlin turned to a reporter beside him and said, "Guilty! I'll bet."

"Three to one says not guilty, if you want a bet," the reporter said.

"How do you figure it?" Coughlin asked.

... ...

Late October

By Sara King Carleton

The scent of rotted apples,
day-steeped in sun,
Leads us on and on up the
rutted road, where
Maple leaves fall languidly,
one by one,
Shifting and drifting in the
quiet air.
The dog sniffs along the faded
asters, the sedge,
Along the stiffened goldenrod
at the wood's edge.

It will be good to remember
leaves and orchard musk
On the shining hard pavement
of the city street in the
winter dusk.

It will be good to remember
the moist barnyard,
And the cow bells' haunting
sound,
And the dancing light of the
lantern, homeward bound.

... ...

"After listening to all of the bickering between teacher and pupil, it seems to me the jury will be more inclined to discipline the assistant United States attorney for not paying close attention to teacher. They've been thinking about law when they should be finding on facts, and you can't blame them. Certainly I don't. Besides," he went on, "I know this court. A guilty verdict takes hours, usually because of a holdout. A not-guilty verdict is a quick one. The reverse is true only in a capital case."

To the consternation of the FBI, the United States attorney, spectators and millions of readers who had followed the testimony in the newspapers—and to the complete chagrin and dismay of both the assistant United States attorney and the judge, the jury brought back a verdict of not guilty.

"Unbelievable," people gasped when they heard it on the radio or saw it in headlines, and some added: "That Peter Coughlin must be a wonder as a lawyer. Imagine winning a case like that!"

They were right. Peter Coughlin was a wonder as a criminal lawyer. Fundamentally, he was rigidly ethical. He would not withhold or suppress evidence damaging to his client, but he was skillful in removing the poison from it when it became a part of the court record. He would never, under any circumstances, present evidence that he knew to be false, nor accept a retainer for defense of a crime to be committed. He accepted any case that came to his door and taught in his own way that crime does not pay by charging the highest fees.

"Pauperizing criminals will either keep them in crime or drive them out of it," he told his intimates. "Sure, I take their money away from them—all I can get of it."

He was one of the city's heaviest contributors to the Family Welfare Society and a chairman of community-chest drives. His private charities were his own personal affairs, but his friends knew that the wives and children of his clients were the chief beneficiaries. A criminal lawyer is not always the reprehensible character he may sometimes appear to be.

"You may go hence," the court clerk told Fingers, but his elation after hearing the words was quickly quenched. Everybody but the jury seemed to know that Carlton (Fingers) Tolland was guilty. Public opinion could hardly stomach the verdict. Neither the FBI nor the United States attorney would accept it. The United States attorney moved immediately to have Fingers indicted, and cited "new evidence," but this was more technical than factual. What he meant was a new presentation of the old evidence before a different judge and jury. If the old evidence was good enough for an indictment in the first instance, it was still just as good.

He walked from the Federal building to Peter Coughlin's office, and listened to Peter's prediction of what would happen to him. "Sure, I got you off," Peter said. "I gave you the best I had in professional services and earned my fee, but don't raise any flags in celebration, Fingers, and don't sing any hosannas. For you this is strictly a Pyrrhic victory. It cost you a lot of dough to get nowhere. The United States attorney isn't the dope the judge made him out to be. He'll do exactly what I'd do in his position. The FBI will keep their eyes on you. You won't be bumped off by any of these mobs that are waiting and straining and itching to get their hands on the dough that you and Jerry and Spider have stashed away someplace. They'll keep you alive to be reindicted and tried again. The next time you'll be found guilty and you'll go to a Federal pen. You're forty-four now. You may make it, but you'll be an old man when you get out."

"That's a tough way to hand it to me, Pete," Fingers said. "You got me off this time. You can get me off again."

"I'm not defending you again," Peter said. "You'll have to get yourself another boy."

"How come?" Fingers could hardly believe him.

"I know enough to quit when I'm ahead," Peter said. "I can't repeat that performance. Nobody can."

They went up to his office. Newspapers were clamoring for pictures. He would arrange that. Reporters wanted interviews. He would shunt them aside as tactfully as he could. He knew it was time to close the circus and get the show off the road.

"You've got to defend me," Fingers pleaded.

"No dice." Peter shook his head.

"You can't do this to me, Pete." Fingers was panic-stricken. "I've paid you plenty over the past twenty-five years. You've taken me now for eighty grand."

"It was worth it," Peter told him.

"There's more where that came from," Fingers reminded him.

"Don't be silly," Peter said. "You can't touch another dime of that money, and you know it. You can't even go near Jerry or Spider. If you go near them, you'll lead the FBI to them, and that will be the beginning of the chain of evidence against them."

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Fingers pursed his lips and looked down at the carpet, his shoulders drooping in dejection. "So this is what it finally comes down to," he said. "I've got almost two hundred grand stashed away and I can't get at it. I've lost the house. Marian has run out on me. Theresa has gone back to her mother and her stepfather and two half brothers. They're still under indictment for accepting stolen money that I've been found not guilty of stealing—and you figure I'll be reindicted and be hit with the book."

Peter remained silent.

"And if that isn't bad enough," Fingers went on, "the muscle boys in the syndicate are hep now. They'll be snooping around for a chance to latch on to that dough. If I don't go to jail, they'll try to beat my brains out or rub me out."

Peter's secretary came in to interrupt the conference. Peter invited photographers in. He and his client posed for pictures. When Fingers left the office building, he observed that an FBI tail was on him. He had seventy-eight dollars in his pocket. He got in touch with Marian to locate his automobile. She met him at Central Hotel, gave him the keys and the check. He registered there. She did not want to stay with him, and he was in no mood to persuade her. He could not pick pockets with an FBI man, no doubt working in association with a local detective, keeping eyes on him. He did not want to be picked up on suspicion. He could not get in touch with Jerry or Spider. He had no place to turn. He knew he was in trouble.

He was not in his room more than two hours when he received a caller. A Treasury Department agent sat on his bed, refreshed his memory, and told him that there was no record of his ever having paid an income tax and wanted to know why. The agent had a list of sums taken from the trial testimony.

"On the basis of just what I have here, and we're not through yet," he warned, "we figure that you owe the Government better than seventy-five thousand. What do you plan to do about it? Or do we look for an indictment too?"

Fingers had had about enough. He stretched and ran his fingers through his hair wearily. "I can't do anything about it if I'm in the can," he said. "Talk to Peter Coughlin about it. Whatever I once had, he's got."

The Treasury man got up. "I'll be seeing you, Tolland," he said, and left.

The psychological moment had arrived now for the muscle men to move in; their objective—to get to the cache before FBI or city police, and to move the money out of the city. Earl Connors would have no part in it. A group of his own organization, working with a syndicate mob from a city two hundred and fifty miles away, wanted to consult with him and were anxious for his advice, but he turned them down, insisting, "I'm in the gambling business."

Jerry had picked a good hiding place. The best place to hide is often the obvious and most conspicuous place. Gangsters reasoned that three men clever enough to get away with the Townsend job would be smart enough to have prepared an impregnable, well-secured vault in an office, a shop, a loft, underground or under water. They knew instinctively that it would not be divided into three parts until it was cold. To them, the idea that it would be hidden in the cellar of one of the three houses was absurd. If that had been true, the FBI or city detectives would have smoked it out long since. To the FBI and city detectives, Fingers was the prime suspect who would lead them to the loot. Fingers' house had been entered by search warrant. The houses of the others would be searched when evidence indicated that the money might be there—a possibility they would hardly entertain either.

In spite of its serial numbers, this was now free, spendable money. Two factors made it so. First, Carlton Tolland had gone to trial, charged with the possession of stolen money. It had served its purpose as bait. It could never be used successfully in that manner again because of the second factor. The case had been given country-wide publicity and intense local publicity for six weeks. Cashiers, tellers and money handlers, satisfied that the culprit had been caught—regardless of the verdict—had ceased their vigilance, and it would be an almost-impossible task to persuade them to renew it. The numbers had been crossed off lists and they were looking for others, not necessarily for FBI or police, but in the ordinary routine of business.

Muscle men are cautious, but never subtle. A water-front assassin was hired and imported from New Jersey to assist in the job. His specialty was enough to terrorize all but the most courageous gunmen—a class in which Fingers, Spider and Jerry could not be included. He used a machine gun.

One night while Fingers was still at liberty, although a Federal grand jury was hearing evidence against him and two of his associates—still labeled John Doe and Richard Roe—Spider received a message from Fingers, but Fingers knew nothing of it. Spider was told by a friendly ex-convict who came to him on his road job, to meet Fingers at 12:30 that night at a corner near a housing project, and to come alone. The meeting, he was told, would be very important to him. The muscle men knew exactly what he would do as a result of that message.

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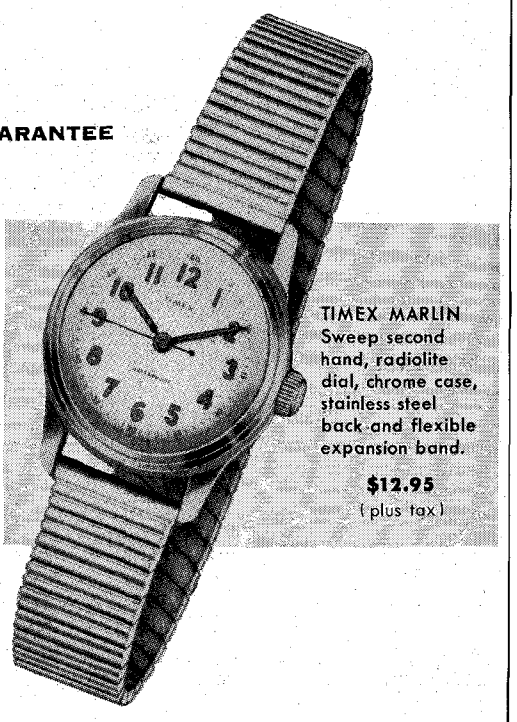

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They reasoned that, as Fingers and Spider had not met or had not been able to talk since the time Fingers was arrested, Spider would be apprehensive that Fingers might be contemplating a deal through Peter Coughlin with the United States attorney which would involve them and part or all of the money, or that Fingers might "sing" or become a Government witness in exchange for a short term. He could gain his freedom by sacrificing them. His crime was merely grand larceny, involving a fabulous sum, but nobody had been killed or hurt in the holdup. He had a chance if he played ball with the prosecutor. They knew, too, that Spider would relay this message immediately to Jerry, and they figured that Jerry was now the weaker of the two, and the one more likely to talk.

That night Jerry drove Spider to within a block of the corner where he was to meet Fingers. It was agreed that Jerry would wait until Spider returned. In the message, Jerry had not been invited to attend the meeting.

In the darkness, Jerry could not see what happened. He heard a blast of machine-gun fire. Perhaps the muscle men underestimated Jerry. He started his car quickly and drove toward the scene. As he approached, his headlights picked out Spider, half running and staggering toward him. He stopped, got out, helped Spider into the car and drove through the scene. He could see a taillight disappearing around a corner far ahead.

●

The first touch of winter is usually the fuel dealer's.

DAN BENNETT

●

"He got me in the shoulder and the wrist," Spider said.

"City hospital?" Jerry asked curtly.

"No," he said. "Take me to the doc down by the beach. You know who I mean."

Jerry nodded. "Who did it?" he asked.

Spider shook his head. "I don't know. A couple of guys from a mob. They wanted to know where the dough is—tried to grab me and pull me into a car. I pulled away and a guy with a Tommy gun got me twice." He looked down at his hand, his face contorted in pain. "Shot the wrist watch right off me," he said.

Jerry drove him to a house facing the shore front and put him in the hands of a ticketless quack whose practice included abortions and removing bullets from gangsters who wanted to stay out of the hands of police. Jerry drove him. He knew what was coming.

The next morning Fingers Tolland read the newspapers: A machine-gun killer at large; a gang war centering around the Townsend armored-truck loot; women and children endangered; machine-gun slugs sprayed over a housing project; machine-gun slugs boring through houses of innocent persons, one of them found in a mattress upon which a mother and child were sleeping; a wrist watch found on the street; a trail of blood leading from the scene of the shooting down the middle of the road to a point where, it was presumed, a victim was picked up by an accomplice driving another car.

Fingers was eating his breakfast in his room when he heard a knock on the door. "Who is it?" he called before opening it.

"Jerry!" came the answer. He opened the door. Jerry walked in.

"What are you doing here?" Fingers was surprised.

"I took a chance. Where were you last night?"

"Right here. I didn't leave the place. What happened?"

"Didn't you send a message to Spider to meet you last night?"

"No. What cooks?"

"He got a message. I drove him out to the housing project. He got it in the shoulder and wrist. The beach doctor has got him." Jerry waited.

"What about the dough?"

"It's still there," Jerry answered, "but I wouldn't bet any money that it will stay there long. Spider got it last night. You or I are next. What are we going to do?"

Fingers shook his head. "I don't know."

"You'd better shake that tail and meet me at the doc's tonight. We've got to figure this out with Spider," Jerry said. "I hope I don't find a tail on me when I get out of here." He didn't care to tarry long and left.

Whether or not Jerry got away with it made little difference.

Fingers wandered around the room for a while, lost in thought. He shaved, dressed, put on a white shirt, bow tie, his favorite suit and pearl-gray hat. He went down to the lobby and out to the garage for his car. The tail picked him up promptly. He could see him in the rear-vision mirror.

It was a beautiful September day, ideal for a ride in the country. He headed toward the outskirts. The foliage was already changing color, flaming reds and yellows. He followed the river road, looked out upon yachts and small craft riding in placid, rippling water, and turned off to go through the parkway. He was sure the following tail appreciated the ride. He stopped by the Victory statue erected to the memory of heroes of World War I, got out of his car,

(Continued on Page 83)

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It's a great old world for the kid who's got a pocketful of RAISINS

SUNSHINE CONCENTRATES in raisins the goodness of lush, ripe grapes—and adds an ease of eating that makes raisins irresistible. This is fruit that tastes like candy. *Nobody* ever says "no" to a raisin! Kids dote on 'em... Grownups crave 'em... Bakers build reputations with 'em. At *your* house—keep the raisin package wide open and pouring. You won't mind at all that raisins give quick energy, valuable iron, lots of other health helps. 'Cause from first yum to final nibble... **Raisins spring a taste surprise!**

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GOLDEN SEEDLESS
MUSCATS
CURRANTS
SULTANAS

CALIFORNIA RAISIN ADVISORY BOARD
FRESNO, CALIFORNIA

Bring home good things *baked with raisins* from your bakery and food store

•

Sprinkle favorite *salads* with a handful of raisins—grand flavor surprise!

•

When baking with a *cake mix*, add a big cupful of saucy, flavor-filled raisins

EVERYTHING A **BAKER** BAKES TASTES GOOD AND SAVES YOU WORK

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(Continued from Page 81) reached behind the spare tire and pulled out a revolver he had hidden there. The tail had stopped too far behind him to observe what he was doing, and could not have seen the revolver anyway. Fingers was a master at concealing it.

He sat behind the wheel, looking at the tail behind him, thinking of many things. Spider got his last night. He was next. If he did not go to prison until he was sixty-five years old, he would be killed. This was the big heist, the one and only chance he would have during his lifetime to achieve everything that he had ever wanted. He had booted it. He had lost the house. He had lost Marian. He had brought disgrace upon Theresa. He had dreamed of such a wonderful future for her—the only person he had really loved. Both were now indicted for receiving stolen money. A grand jury was now considering reindicting him. Peter Coughlin did not want his case. Even though he might be compelled to go on with it, Peter could not save him. He could not hang on to the money. A syndicate mob would see to that. He had hurt everybody whose life he had brushed—his mother, Marjory, Theresa, Marian, Spider, Jerry, and a long list of thousands whom he had robbed.

The tail behind him started up, drove past him and glanced in his direction. Fingers saw him drive ahead a fifth of a mile and park, ready to turn about if Fingers changed direction, but Fingers had come to the end of the line. All hope had vanished. There was nothing left for him. He put the revolver to his head and no doubt repeated what he had told Peter, "Here goes nothing!"

The tail did not hear the report. A passing motorist observed the figure slumped behind the wheel, and stopped to investigate. The tail saw that and turned around. He stopped on the other side of the parkway.

The motorist came over to him, shocked and surprised, to say, "The guy killed himself."

The tail's job was finished. He reported to headquarters. The case against Marian and Theresa was ended. Receiving stolen money involves conspiracy, and no prosecutor would undertake to prove the charge against the wife and daughter of a dead man. Fingers had thought of everything.

Jerry saw Spider early that evening. They sat in an upstairs bedroom overlooking a white, sandy beach. The tide was coming in. Long rollers were breaking on the shore. It was still warm and a few bathers were on the sand and in the water, enjoying the end of the season in the afternoon sun. Spider was wearing the doctor's maroon dressing gown. Beneath the long V neck, Jerry could see the swath of adhesive tape. Spider's left hand was caught up near his throat and all but cemented there. The left sleeve was empty, but he was at least ambulatory and looking out the window at the scene on the beach.

"You saw the afternoon papers?" Jerry asked.

"Yeah! I saw the afternoon papers." His face was white and drawn. "Poor guy!" he said. "I can't blame him."

"What are we going to do?" Jerry said.

Spider looked at him hopelessly. "I don't know what you're going to do. I know what I'm going to do."

"What's that?" Jerry looked at him curiously.

"I quit," Spider said.

"What do you mean? You quit?" Jerry was astonished.

"You heard me," Spider went on. "I quit. I'm through. I'm done. Do you understand that, Jerry?"

"Yeah, but ——" Jerry was bewildered.

"Yeah, but nothing!" Spider went on. "Listen, Jerry! For fourteen months now I've been going straight. For fourteen months I haven't been looking over my shoulder for a cop. And you want to know something? I like it. For all that time I've been friends with my mother and the old man—and I haven't been friends with them since I was a kid. I've been friends with my two married sisters and their hus-

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I see your father wants his breakfast in bed again."

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Once again, Zenith presents clear proof that top-quality aids for the hard-of-hearing *can* be provided at reasonable cost.

The new Zenith "50-X", at only $50, has been a Zenith goal ever since the miraculous discovery of tiny transistors as a substitute for vacuum tubes. For now, thousands who might never have met life on an equal footing with others, may truly enjoy the blessings of better hearing.

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Try the new "50-X" today. Enjoy the comfort, the realism, the marvelous natural "feel" of this superb new Zenith Hearing Aid. And remember, every Zenith is backed by a 10-Day Money-Back Guarantee, 1-Year Warranty and 5-Year Service Plan. Easy Time Payments if desired!

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SEE WHAT THE NEW "50-X" BRINGS YOU AT THIS UNBELIEVABLY LOW PRICE!

- A true, finest-quality, three-transistor precision instrument.
- Sensitive, fingertip volume control.
- Sturdy, noise-suppressing case.
- Operates for about 10¢ a week, on a single tiny dry-cell battery, available everywhere.
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bands and my nieces and nephews. Last Christmas, for the first time since I was a kid, I got presents and gave presents. Believe it or not, they've all got to like me.

"I've had an honest job and I've met a lot of nice Joes. The foreman is a nice Joe. I've sat around with guys in my road gang, drinking beer, talking about flat-top and Type-E mix, about spreaders and hot irons on the job; and I've talked about flowers and gardens and vegetables; about mortgages and kids and the things honest people talk about—and I like it. I've met their wives and their kids and talked about Kukla, Fran and Ollie and Space Cadets—and I liked that too. I started at forty-seven fifty and now I'm up to sixty-five bucks a week, and I've been getting along all right—I have. For the first time in my life I've been happy—and in my own stupid way I've figured out that you just can't buy all that with a quarter of a million bucks.

"I met a dame. She's a nice girl—no bum, like the kind of dames I've met all my life. She knows about me. She's got a good head on her shoulders, and I'll string along with her if this mess doesn't bust it up. You can't buy her for a quarter of a million bucks, or for a million bucks, or any amount of money. She's satisfied with a cloth coat as long as she knows the money is honest.

"When you said to me the other night: 'City Hospital?' I should have said yes, but I didn't think fast enough. I was back in the groove. I figured I owed it to you and to Fingers to keep out of the hands of the cops. I said it from force of habit, and now I wish I hadn't. I don't think it would have stopped Fingers from doing what he did, but it might have.

"Anyway, as soon as you're out in the clear, I'll get myself in the clear. I'm not going to run away and start someplace else. I'm going to stay right here. That's what the dame wants me to do, and she's right. I can't hire a guy like Peter Coughlin to defend me. When the time comes, I'll tell the truth, throw myself on the mercy of the court. Fourteen months of going straight is going to count for something. Some of these judges are pretty decent guys. Maybe I'll go free or get a short term. That's it."

Jerry's face was inscrutable as he studied Spider. "Yipes!" he said. "Fingers is dead. You met a dame. You're in love. And you got religion. Where does that leave me?"

Spider shrugged his shoulders. "It's in your lap. Whatever you do will be O.K. by me. I won't run out on you—not until you're in the clear."

Fingers' mother read the news in a Los Angeles paper. She cried over it. For years she had been following radio and television shows like Strike It Rich, Chance of a Lifetime, Second Chance, and This is Your Life, where families long separated had been brought together. It would be nice, she had often thought, if she could meet Fingers after twenty-five years. She had wondered what he looked like and how he had been. Now she knew. Fingers would never know that he had two stepbrothers and that one of them had served with distinction in the Pacific in World War II. She told her husband, but not the boys, and was inconsolable for days.

Spider had never known such excruciating torture and pain. The wound on his wrist was bad enough, but a broken clavicle was worse. The itch under the adhesive was unbearable. In hot weather the gum of the adhesive became soft and oozed. The bandages slipped. The tension on his funny bone in the elbow drove him frantic. A fold in the adhesive there cut his arm. He was sure the quack did not know his business.

He could not put on his right sock or tie his shoelaces. He must sleep on his back; could not roll over. He could read only the front and back sections of a newspaper. He could not open it wide or fold it with one hand. He could not put on his trousers alone, buckle a belt or manage the fastener. He couldn't sleep. The quack explained that he could relieve much of this by surgery—putting a pin through the collar bone—but he could not find a surgeon for a job like this. In three weeks, as the bones gelatinized at the break, they slipped a quarter inch, and more pressure had to be applied to bring them in line. He couldn't smoke in bed or lean on his elbow or reach the ash tray. It was a project even to get out of bed. When he did, he felt dizzy, and the doctor thought he might have some concussion.

He could not eat right, handle a fork or cut meat. The quack needed X rays and could not get them. Spider could not put on a shirt or a dressing gown without indescribable difficulty. Using a bathroom was baffling, even the simple process of drawing a glass of water from a tap. He could not shave, wash his hands or take a shower. A bath was out of the question. The quack was troubled about a rash under the adhesive, but could do nothing about it. Spider was always dropping things and unable to recover them. He was always needing help. He discovered what it meant to be helpless and completely immobilized.

"This isn't worth a quarter of a million dollars," he repeated day after day. If Rita had not come to see him every day, he was sure he could not stand it.

After three weeks, when the wound in his wrist had healed considerably and he had limited use of his left arm and hand, the Townsend armored-truck case was back on Page 1 in eight-column streamer headlines. Mrs. Jerome Pender had reported to the police that her husband had been missing for four days. She reported further that on the day after he disappeared, while she was at work in a downtown department store, thieves had broken into the cellar of their home on George Street and had stolen a tool chest, kept in a steel compartment in a basement game room.

Police found his car within an hour of her report. It had been abandoned less than three blocks from Pender's house. On the driver's seat they found a pair of glasses, the lenses shattered and the frame twisted and broken, as though there had been a struggle. The quack handed Spider the newspaper to read.

Spider looked up at him. "You want to live, don't you?" he said to the quack.

The quack nodded solemnly. "You bet I do," he said.

"So do I," Spider said. "They won't bother you if I'm not here, and the safest place for me now is in jail. Better call the cops and turn me over."

Spider needed no crystal ball to tell him that Jerry was dead; probably at the bottom of a quarry pool, fixed permanently in cement. He knew, too, that he was marked for the same kind of end because he knew too much. He knew the name of the ex-convict who arranged the meeting near the housing project that night—the man who set the trap for him. From little clues like that, the FBI or city detectives could forge a chain, and Spider was in a mood to reveal that name. He was glad to see the cop who came to search his room and take him into custody. His record was long; a .38-caliber revolver was found in his dresser. He was wanted primarily as a material witness, but he pleaded willingly to the gun-carrying charge and drew a two-year sentence in the county jail. This would be reduced under a parole statute to twenty-one months. His life was no longer in danger. He was sure that at the end of that time the episode would be forgotten and he could return to a safe, law-abiding life.

"What are your reflections on the life and times of Fingers Tolland?" the philosophy professor asked Earl Connors at one of their bull sessions. The criminologist waited for the answer with interest.

"Fingers Tolland, who was very adept and dexterous in the use of those four members terminating each hand, except the thumb, made a bad mistake. He stuck in his thumb and pulled out a plum, and he might have said 'What a good boy am I!' only to discover that in spite of his expert sleight of hand, he was not clever enough to get the plum off his thumb. He exemplifies the critical

(Continued on Page 86)

The Perfect Squelch

Being an overconfident young lady of nineteen, Betty felt certain that her young cousin, Herman, could not buy himself a pair of shoes unassisted. So she led him to a surplus-stock outlet for shoes, and proceeded to manage matters.

As the salesman produced pair after pair, Herman's smile broadened. But Betty complained of the heels, the inner soles, the stitching or other fancied flaws. The salesman soon concentrated upon the smiling, agreeable boy and ignored the critical girl.

"These shoes are the very latest and finest," he told the boy. "Just stand up in them."

Before Betty could express disapproval, he added, "Now tell your mother how comfortable they are!"

Elizabeth H. Le Beuf

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Soft, beautiful carpet makes you so proud of your home

We really can't blame you two for being so proud.

Every young couple we know feels that way about their house when it's carpeted.

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Yes, all this – for so little. At today's prices you can probably afford to do two rooms for what you think one will cost.

Drop in at your store this week. See the display of lovely colors, modern patterns, exciting new weaves and textures. With small monthly payments you can have beautiful, long-wearing carpet on your floors right now. You'll be so glad you did.

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(Continued from Page 84)

fault in most independent criminals and gangs. They plan well for the immediate present, but their planning rarely includes the immediate future. They improvise when they should be prepared.

"Did you ever contemplate the strange mixture of genius and stupidity found in a man who will spend years planning and working secretly to get out of a jail or prison? He files bars a minute a day over a period of months or years. He chips cement and camouflages it for months or years. He disposes of tons of soil by the spoonful. He spends tedious hours, deceiving guards, finding answers to problems that most of us would consider insurmountable. He has a great dream. Patiently and tirelessly, he brings it to reality. He longs for the great day when he will be outside the walls in the sunshine of freedom, but he never gives a thought to how he is going to remain outside those walls, once he gets there.

"And what's the result? During the past sixty years a hundred and thirty-two men of rare genius have tunneled or otherwise worked their way out of the highest security jail in this state. Of those hundred and thirty-two men, one hundred and twenty-six were captured and returned to jail within six months. Each had the genius to get out; none had the genius to stay out. Of the remaining six, four were killed in pursuit and two vanished into thin air. They may be presumed to have had the genius to stay out.

"Fingers, Jerry and Spider planned an ambitious holdup. They spent all of their time and energy planning and accomplishing it. They gave no thought to the kind of money they would steal. They stole deliveries instead of collections—a stupid blunder that no group in a syndicate would make. Even at that, the money could have been handled and converted, but they had no experience and could not know how to go about it."

"Doesn't all of this help to tear down the structure of government? Doesn't it help to pave the way for communism?"

Earl shrugged his shoulders. "That's a popular belief," he agreed. "I think it's a fallacy. We've always had crime. We always will. As long as it is obvious and apparent; as long as we can see it, we can face up to it and do something about it. There's nothing unhealthy about the crime you can see. It's the crime you cannot see that's cancerous.

"You can't see crime in any dictatorship, as we know them. Most people under dictatorships are not aware that crimes are being committed. The criminal sees eye to eye with Karl Marx on a redistribution of property. They differ on aims, ends and objectives. The criminal is usually violently anticommunist. He believes in private property and property rights. Once he appropriates private property it becomes his, and he will defend his possession of it to the death. You can carry that analogy pretty far if you ponder over it. Marx himself is a study of the criminal mind if you analyze his work."

"That's debatable," the philosopher suggested.

Earl nodded. "I agree," he said. "It's my opinion. Crime is big today," he went on, "because the country is big. It is spectacular because the country is spectacular. It follows the same trends as business and industry. It is well organized. It has to be. That's the kind of country we live in. Crime and law enforcement tilt and seesaw according to public temper. If public temper originates a crusade against it, crime will be minimized, if not wiped out, for the duration of the crusade. It will bob up again as soon as vigilance is relaxed. Let's face it.

"One of the hard facts to be faced today is that criminal-syndicate gangs have all the skills and talents of modern business, industry and the trades. Name anything needed and the syndicate has it: locksmiths, theatrical make-up men, acetylene-torch cutters, experts who can take safes apart and put them together again. Whatever is needed for a specific job, they've got."

"Isn't that rather frightening?" the philosopher asked.

"Not to me," Earl said. "When the syndicate comes up with an atom bomb that will make any crime job a cinch, law-enforcement researchers promptly come up with a device to make it powerless. The rat race is the same, no matter what point of view you take."

"Don't you sometimes have some remorse, some scruples or misgiving about your association with these criminals, Earl? How do you feel, for example, when a man is killed whose life might have been spared if you told the police?"

"Murder is a high crime," Earl said, "but in my view of it, treason is a much higher crime. My business is gambling. It brings me into association with criminals. On the academic side of the fence, you gentlemen till different soil. I don't enjoy reminding you that some of your associates either are or have been allied with the great conspiracy. When professors have been questioned about them, they have sidestepped a duty—if it is a duty—to be informers. Some have invoked the Fifth Amendment. What's fair for the goose is fair for the gander. Can you pillory me?"

THE END

"It was the most terrifying experience of my life!"

"Only a few moments before, I was calm, unworried, laughing with Marge over the show we'd seen. Now I was trembling with fear and shame . . . fear because of what had happened . . . shame because it was *my* fault.

"For days, I'd known something was wrong with my car. The tires would thump on smooth pavement. The steering wheel would vibrate at 50. I'd *even been warned* by my dealer that the wheels were out of balance. But, *I* was *too busy* to listen.

"Then, last week, driving home from a movie, something distracted me for a second. I lost control, and those wobbly, unbalanced wheels *spun* us into the wrong lane. No time to act . . . or even think. Just a terrible bang as we met the other car!

"What can I say? I'd *known* my wheels were out of balance. I'd been *told* it was dangerous to drive like that. There is *no* excuse for driving with unbalanced wheels!"

8 out of 10 cars take this dangerous risk

U.S. Safety Lane tests prove 8 out of 10 drivers take dangerous chances with these four costly penalties of unbalanced wheels.

1. **Loss of car control.** When wheels are out of balance your car shimmies, weaves. Loss of control can result.
2. **Car shock and wear.** Just five ounces of unbalance delivers smashing 64-pound blows every wheel turn. Bearings, steering mechanisms, brake drums suffer dangerously.
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4. **Costly tire wear.** Unbalanced wheels shorten tire life up to 30%, increase danger of skidding—ruin your smooth ride.

Here's what to do about it—NOW!

Alemite's Electronic Balancer is the one safe, sure way to balance all four wheels—*on your car*—in minutes—at low cost. Wheels are spun *in true driving position* at speeds up to 100 mph. The entire wheel assembly is balanced perfectly. *Only the Alemite Electronic Wheel Balancer does this complete job.*

Be sure you find the genuine Alemite Electronic Wheel Balancer – with the flashing electronic light – the Dual-Range Meter that actually *tells* at a glance how much your wheels are out of balance. At your service station, garage or car dealer's.

Watch this spot. A meter in plain view tells you how much your wheels are out of balance—shows you the correction. Proof! And only Alemite has it.

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"So one day I said to myself, why not take up glass blowing?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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. . . **REMEMBERED** *as a story of a family so much like yours that you will live their crises with your nerves tied in knots.*

. . . **REMEMBERED** *for the courage of ordinary people called upon to face a desperate situation.*

. . . **REMEMBERED** *because William Wyler makes these people grow before your eyes.*

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Produced and Directed by WILLIAM WYLER · *Screenplay by* JOSEPH HAYES
Adapted from the novel and play by Joseph Hayes

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FROM . . . THE BOOK CLUB BEST-SELLER!

FROM . . . THE PRIZE-WINNING BROADWAY PLAY!

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"Am I for competition? Yes, indeed —that's how I get more for my money!"

Inquiring Reporter: There are bills in Congress intended to benefit all of us by permitting greater freedom of competition in transportation. How do you feel about this?

Shopper: Well, I know that when stores compete for my business I get better values in the things I buy. Isn't that true in transportation, too?

Inquiring Reporter: No, Ma'am, not always.

Shopper: Why not?

Inquiring Reporter: Because government regulation does not give railroads, trucks, and barges enough freedom to price their services competitively.

Shopper: Can't something be done about it?

Inquiring Reporter: Yes. A special Cabinet Committee appointed by the President recommends that whichever has the lowest costs should be allowed to charge the lowest prices—provided, of course, that prices cover costs.

Shopper: That sounds sensible to me. After all, every other business is run that way.

Inquiring Reporter: Then you would favor greater freedom of competition in transportation?

Shopper: I certainly would. I think it would help me get more for my money!

For full information on this vital subject, write for the booklet, "Why Not Let Competition Work?"

Association of American Railroads

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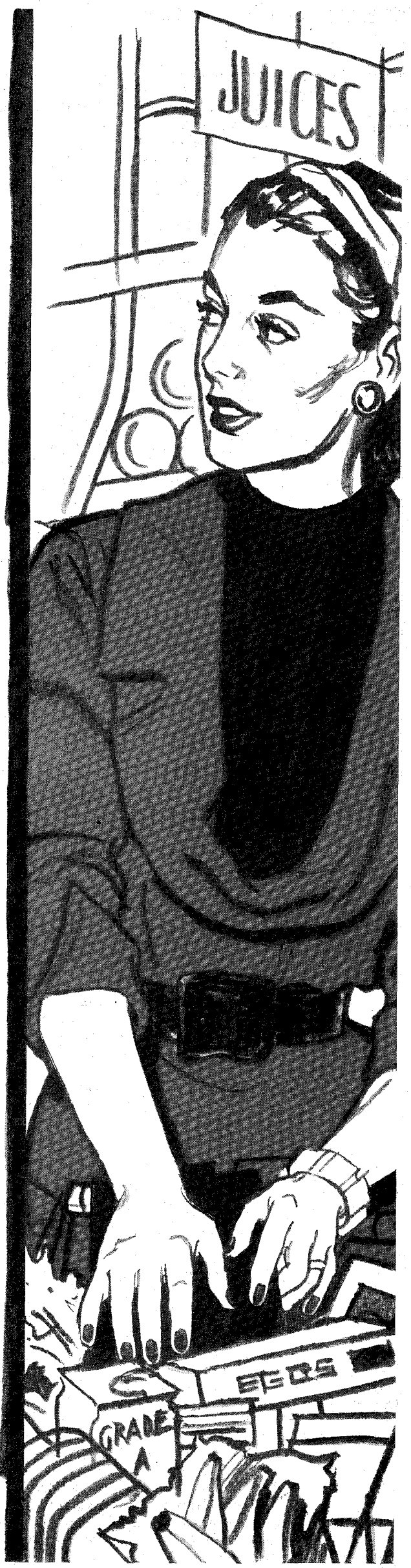

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Everybody Flies in Idaho

(Continued from Page 33)

families, practically whole villages, take off on a Sunday morning and descend on the host community. One of the most popular outings is the annual breakfast at Challis—venison, sourdough cakes and chokeberry sirup. In the course of fifty-four breakfast flights in twenty-seven communities, 5732 aircraft have transported 17,149 breakfasters a total of 1,806,000 miles.

Ask people in Idaho who brought about these things, and the answer will be, "Chet Moulton." Nine years ago, Moulton came in as director of the state's department of aeronautics. He's always jumping into his own plane, landing in a hayfield somewhere, and talking some community into building an airport—often where nobody has a plane. This kind of salesmanship has multiplied the state's airports from 80 to 197 during his term in office. In comparison, the state of Washington has only 184, Montana 167 and Oregon 144, though all three are richer and more populous than Idaho.

The air breakfasts were his baby. He also keeps large excursions flying on air tours to Mexico and Canada. He has fathered chapters of the nationwide Flying Farmers, and a woman's national flying organization known as the Forty-Niners. He even organized eighty-three of the state's 103 lawmakers into the Idaho Flying Legislators. With one application and another, Moulton has built up Idaho's aviation program till aeronautical authorities say it's a model for other states.

Not long ago, Moulton flew me all over the state in his two-seater plane. We headed first for the famous 1,250,000-acre Primitive Area, innocent of all surface transportation and closed to commercial development by Government edict. This is the heart of a 10,000,000-acre wilderness that stretches over most of the narrow upper portion of the state. On our way, we flew over the rich Payette National Forest and circled the little ghost town of Idaho City. From the airstrip there smoke jumpers take off to whip out forest fires.

In a broad, wooded valley farther down the line was the red clay airstrip at Warm Springs, one of the steppingstones that have made it safer to fly through these mountains. From the Warm Springs airstrip, spray planes loaded with DDT took off last year to save $40,000,000 worth of timber from pine butterflies whose larvae kill the trees by eating the needles. Out of Warm Springs, we went up to 11,000 feet and flew in bumpy air across the snow-capped peaks of the Sawtooth Mountains.

"If you don't follow a valley, you have to fly at ten or twelve thousand feet to get anywhere in this country," Moulton told me.

Just over the peaks, we landed at the Stanley strip, a haven for fliers in distress and another link in the mountain route to Montana. As our wheels scraped down on the gravel runway, we were 6500 feet above sea level and surrounded by snowy peaks. Stanley has no drugstore, and is more than fifty miles from the nearest doctor's office. That's why the airstrip was built.

At one of the local dude ranches, a guest was thrown from a horse and trampled until one leg was crushed. Luckily, Bill Dunkley had just landed on the village street to deliver a radio; he flew the victim to the Sun Valley Hospital fifty miles away. When Stanley citizens learned that amputation had been averted by only a few minutes, they decided to build an airfield.

Deep in another valley to the north lay the mills and houses of Stibnite, where the Bradley Mining Company brings out 90 per cent of the United States production of antimony. Stibnite is a good example of how planes have opened up the wilderness to mining and lumbering interests; Bradley runs its own airport in Boise, and in winter planes are the only link with the outside world for its hundreds of employees.

Bumping and veering in a midday updraft, we climbed into the Bighorn Crags, the topmost reaches of the Primitive Area's mountain mass. This is hazardous flying. Endless peaks march straight out to the horizon. Valleys drop steeply down for 6000 feet. The air is especially turbulent at midday, and the rulebook says to fly only in early morning or late afternoon. Nevertheless, intensive pilot education, along with a system of air marking and mapping, has enabled Idaho fliers to break down old barriers.

But the thing that really licked the Old Man of the Mountain was a network of thirty-odd airstrips scattered through the wilderness. Hopping over the peaks that fine sunny day, we got a bird's-eye view of the main ones. Once we went down for a look at the Hoodoo airstrip, 8400 feet high, which is used by forest rangers, game wardens and hunters. Here planes must land uphill and take off downhill. Some strips are deep in the valleys. With the altimeter showing 11,000 feet, we skimmed encircling peaks and peered down into late-afternoon shadows at the little Cold Meadows strip, 6700 feet up.

In season the airstrips at Cold Meadows, Chamberlain, Big Creek and elsewhere in the Primitive Area are lined with sportsmen's planes. Idaho has one of the largest and most diversified game populations in the United States—deer, elk, moose, bighorn sheep, mountain goats, bears, antelope and menageries of predatory animals.

We flew over blue lakes full of trout that came there by airplane. Every year, planes drop as many as 75,000 small fish in mountain lakes. Along the salmon streams, small planes scoot low over the water, carrying fish wardens who spot the large white patches that are spawning beds, and compute next year's crop. We flew between the mile-high banks of the Salmon River, where flying census takers swoop over the game herds in their winter feeding grounds. By spring, the deer and elk have stripped the bitter brush, the alder, willow and aspen, and it's time to move to greener pastures in the high hills. The trouble is that the animals aren't smart; they tend to hang around and eat feed they'll need next fall. So the game people decoy them to higher altitudes by dropping fifty-pound blocks of salt—100 tons in thirteen counties.

After our look at the highlands, we circled over Sulphur Creek Ranch and sat down on its mile-high airstrip. A half dozen small planes were parked on its borders, their occupants hunting in the hills. The Sulphur Creek establishment—a huge lodge and eight cabins—was built by Marvin Hornback, a bronco-busting ex-rancher, and his attractive wife, Barbara. Everything they have was flown in, including a hydroelectric-power plant and 3200 feet of eight-inch pipe to bring water from the mountains.

Charter-plane operators supply housewives in the Primitive Area with groceries, cosmetics, lingerie, books and furniture—usually for six cents a pound. But Barbara does her own shopping, flying to town twice a week in their four-passenger plane. If she didn't go by air, she'd have to trail through sixteen miles of mountains by pack horse, and then travel 152 miles by car—a two-day trip.

Leaving the Primitive Area, we angled southeast to Idaho Falls and headed west for Boise over the Lava Desert. For 115 miles our little plane buzzed over rock laid down when the mountains to the north became volcanic. A half dozen lonesome buttes are the only break in the plain, except on the northern border, where low black cones have been aptly named the Craters of the Moon. It was good to look down and see a string of emergency airstrips show up one after another. They've looked mighty good to others, too, and Moulton had a letter from a California woman, which says:

We wish to thank you, along with the Lord, for making it possible for us to have a safe landing. Recently my husband and I, with our two children, were crossing the Lava Desert when the camshaft suddenly went out. We are eternally grateful for your little landing strip in the desert known as Bear Trap. It was a lifesaver for us.

We broke the trip to Boise with a stop at Carey's strip. The high wind here always blows crossways, and pilots wear off the tread of their left tires leaning into the breeze. "It picks you up and shakes you like a squirrel," said one local flier.

From Boise we headed south next day into another kind of desert, in Owyhee County. One of the largest counties in the United States, Owyhee, with only 6307 inhabitants, is also one of the most sparsely settled. In Murphy, the county seat, rattlesnakes sometimes crawl into the county courthouse to escape the heat. Moulton put us down on the main street and pulled up before the courthouse—in front of a parking meter. Murphy has a population of about 100. The county assessor planted the meter as a joke.

Out of Murphy, we flew down near the Nevada border, where we turned northwest toward Oregon. Below was a grim, sage-covered desert. Canyons barred all approach by land. Here and there we saw a dry lake bottom—on one a tiny flock of antelope fled before us. Now and then a canyon would widen into an alluvial valley sprinkled with ranch buildings and cattle.

The airplane can mean life or death in this country, and at the 7000-acre Triangle Ranch we talked to a man whose life it had saved. We landed on the Triangle strip in a country of rare beauty—meadows of yellow wild hay interspersed with clumps of red willow stretching away to lavender hills in the background. We had lunch with Earl Bachman, and his tall son, Jim.

One winter Jim was laid low with pneumonia in a twenty-below zero snowstorm. A mailman found him, but it took fourteen hours to get word to his father, who was staying in town. A charter plane landed at the Triangle airstrip, which had just been finished, and flew Jim to the hospital.

Moulton had launched a county-airport program a short time before, and proposed a construction tax to build airstrips. Ranchers opposed the scheme. Why build airstrips when the county didn't even have roads? A protest meeting was held in the Murphy courthouse. Moulton's arguments fell on deaf ears, until Earl Bachman came to the rostrum. He told how his son's life had been saved by the newly built Triangle strip.

"It cost two hundred and fifty dollars to clear the brush off that stretch of gravel and put it in shape for landings," he said. "I say that's a cheap price to pay for a human life."

At that, the ranchers voted a special tax to build twelve strips in five years. Once more a share-the-cost program was set up; ranchers donated equipment, while the state and county paid for gas, oil and technical services. Eight of the airports have been built; when the rest are finished, Moulton plans to set up airmail-and-cargo service.

"If some new governor tried to appoint another aviation director," Bachman told me, "the people out here would fight for Moulton like bobcats."

First appointed by a Democrat, Moulton has since been reappointed three times by Republican governors. A Kansas farm boy, he hit Idaho in the 1929 depression and weathered the tail end of the depression as a rural mail carrier. Better days brought better jobs—manager of the state truckers' association, wartime flight instructor, aviation editor of the Idaho Statesman and, in 1946, his present task.

He found aviation in the doldrums. Airports were closing down, but Moulton started talking people into building more of them. Sometimes he'd muster a platoon of aviation fans and descend on a reluctant community to talk things up *en masse*. That's where the breakfast flights were born.

Soon so many people were whipping around in planes that they began to get lost in the mountains. So he sent crews out to paint the names of communities in twelve-foot letters on the biggest roof in town, and mark forest lookout stations with numbers keyed to an aviation map. Today only a chump could get lost.

When the GI flight-training program faded out, Moulton found that starving airport operators were abandoning their airports. He applied his barn-raising tactics to this situation. Sometimes state and community joined to build the operator a combined home-and-airport building. One town is building a golf course around its field; the operator will teach golf and flying. Another operator repairs tractors in the winter. Still another runs a skating rink on the side, and one brave fellow even keeps bees. Forty fixed-base operators are now entrenched in key airports.

Then Moulton had the bright idea that if you got aviation in the schools for ten years, you'd have a population that was really air-minded. So tomorrow's pilots are now getting a stream of illustrated educational aids, books, maps, globes, magazines and airplane models. A series of aviation films has been going over so big that Moulton has been drafted by the National Association of State Aviation Officials to produce air movies for national distribution.

In nine years Moulton has made flying a way of life in Idaho. He's trying to get more small communities to build airports. At the same time, he's helping larger communities to build bigger airports in spots where flying has mushroomed. Carey is a case in point. A new airport is being built on a stretch of flat farmland—a beautiful Federal-and-state-aid job with landing lights, drainage and smoothly sodded runways. But Carey can't work up much enthusiasm for the thing; it isn't so homely as the old one. As Ken Eldridge, the county commissioner, remarked, "It just isn't any fun to light on that new airport. It's so good it makes you lazy." THE END

Uneasy Money

By P. J. BLACKWELL

People with incomes far bigger
than mine
Speak with considerable heat
About their progressive
financial decline
And trouble at making ends
meet,
Until I'm reluctantly forced
to confess
How terribly lucky I am to
earn less.

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The Headhunters of Ianagl (Continued from Page 21)

woke as a man ran past her, not seeing her. She saw the men run and take the women quickly unaware, and then she ran for the village. And when the people of Kerabini village came to the riverbank the men of Ianagl were already in the three canoes. But the men in the canoes were a strong party and they jeered at the men of Kerabini. And besides, not more than twelve of the Kerabini men were then in the village."

"Did they know the names of the Ianagl people?" Harrison asked.

"The headman, Timu, was the leader in one of the canoes and the leader of the party," Nundi said without hesitation and without checking with the Kerabini man. "And others were Mangalun, Gaupa, Bapi, Masin, Tareno, Yawin and Autitip. And there are others of whom the names are known in Kerabini. Ianagl is a growing village, sir, with nearly seventy fighting men. It is not a well-protected village, but they have no strong neighbors. There are not more than thirty women in Kerabini now, sir, and they have lost nine. The leader of Ianagl, this man Timu, is well-known all up and down the river. I know this river well, sir, and they fear the man Timu. I think that he swaggers more than he kills, but he has a bad reputation."

"His reputation doesn't come into this," Harrison almost snarled. "And leave your thoughts out of it."

Corporal Nundi looked surprised. He had given an excellent report and he knew it, as did Harrison.

"Well, sir, they said this Timu was the leader in this taking of heads. I said it was not a raid. I think they found by accident that the women were unprotected, and so they struck. That is my opinion, sir."

Harrison brought pencil and paper out of the tent and made long and careful notes of the evidence of the man from Kerabini, and in the morning they turned their backs on his headquarters at Arodi and went on up the river.

At Kerabini he checked the evidence, and, subject to only a slight conflict of identification, entered the names of thirty-four accused among the notes he carried. He camped at the village and in the morning set out, leaving his carriers behind and taking only his armed policemen, for the village of Ianagl.

It was to be his first contact with these people, though he had read of them in previous patrol reports as "a sullen and uncooperative tribe." According to these earlier patrol officers, they made no attempt to trade their native foods, to assist in pitching camp, or to offer as carriers. They kept themselves to themselves, standing with folded arms which were never empty of stone ax or steel trade knife. They were ax fighters, who used the bow and arrow, but not for preference. They were suspected of cannibalism, and there was always considerable doubt whether the round house with cooking stones in the village was ever used for the roasting of pork.

The Ianagl were ugly in appearance, too, flat-nosed, heavy-browed, and possessed of certain facial characteristics which, some said, pointed to Malayan strains in their ancestry. In spite of these, they were big men; light in the leg, but with the heavy arms of the canoe people.

Harrison's first glimpse of them was surprising. In the broad and deep canoes they used on the river, he had been able to set up for himself a kind of half hammock of net; a type of deck chair in which he took his ease on his river journeyings, for when a man is committed to wary inaction for periods of weeks, he comes out of it best whose inaction is comfortable. He is best of all if he can sleep for longer or shorter periods.

Harrison wasn't sleeping, but he had a book of Emerson's essays which he carried with him for the simple reason that it would last him a long time. He read a paragraph or two and then thought about it, fitting it into a game of hazard he played with the long-dead philosopher on the proposition that time would outwit him and prove him wrong. It was a good bet—time had made a monkey out of Emerson on a majority of his theories, and his assertions.

Sitting there, reading and thinking and sleepy in the sun, Harrison was aroused by a shout of "Sail-o" from the policemen. He looked up and saw, fortunately at a distance of several hundred yards, two heavy canoes coming round the bend of the river above him.

His force was at this time divided, with five rifles in his own canoe and five in the other, under Corporal Nundi. The other canoe was at this time under the trees by the bank, while his own was in midstream as the boys crossed to take advantage of the diminishing current in the shelter of the other side.

To his amazement, as soon as they came in sight, the canoes upriver put pace to their paddles and swept down on his own craft at considerable speed. There were fifteen or sixteen men in each canoe. They were painted and bedizened with feathers. They had yellow circles about their eyes and red bands of paint on their cheeks, and they wore headbands of cowrie shells sewed into tapa cloth. They shouted and yelled as they came down the current, and the overriding emotion of Harrison, who had encountered and set ambushes, but never before had to repulse natives in direct attack, was one of amazement. Just as he decided that the warriors were committed to the attack, the police boy Watsiup, sitting behind him, pulled at his arm and spoke low and earnestly, keeping his eyes on the advancing canoes.

"Sir," he said, "the fashion of these people is not to fire arrows in a fight between canoes. They do not fight with spears. But they will drive their canoes alongside ours and overset them, and when our men are in the water, then they will club them with the stone axes, and none shall get to the bank."

"Well, thanks, Watsiup. That's very nice to know," Harrison said humorously. Then he realized that, with a concentration that was admirable but misguided, the leading canoe coming to the attack had completely overlooked the presence of Nundi's canoe by the right bank.

He called out in a loud voice, but as though he were addressing his own crew. He said, "One volley, Nundi, over their heads. All together when they are opposite you."

And almost immediately upon his words the rifles spoke.

The effect was fantastic. It was comic opera. In the narrow valley, overshadowed by cliffs, the sound of the volley was magnified beyond reason. For the men in the leading Ianagl canoe it came from nowhere. They fell in all directions, though they were unharmed, some leaping from their stance in the canoe. They overbalanced, and threw the remainder in the water. All swam immediately for the bank, keeping their heads below the surface. They vanished in the bush and Harrison saw them no more that day.

But in the after canoe, fifty yards behind the first, there was no panic. It swept into the attack with no reduction in speed. Harrison leaned forward, wondering how he was going to deal with this, and he heard the voice of Nundi.

"Aim true," the corporal yelled. "Aim true, and fire."

Three figures at the paddles of the attack canoe fell, and again the canoe overbalanced, and the men went into the water; only this time the water was stained with blood. Again the swimmers reached the bank and vanished immediately into the forest, but three bodies bobbed on down the current.

Harrison watched them go. They represented the first deaths for which he had ever been personally responsible. His men pulled their two canoes in to the bank and disembarked. As Harrison stood up he realized he was still carrying the book of Emerson's essays in his hand, and he put it down quickly. He was flushed and angry, and the book overbalanced the scale.

"You dolt," he yelled. "You fool. You spawn of a crocodile."

All the tendons of his limbs were taut and quivering. He walked up to Nundi, and for a second it hung in the balance whether he would commit the unforgivable sin of striking him with the flat of his hand. He put his hands on his hips instead.

"Who gives the orders round here?" he asked.

Nundi looked down. "I thought there was no time," he answered.

"You thought! You thought! I'll have the stripes off you," Harrison raged. But already the realization was taking him that he was making a fool of himself. "The government does not kill unnecessarily," he went on in a quieter voice. "We do not take lives. We save these men, even if they are murderers, and bring them to the court alive. Only if the court says 'die' they will die at the right time, in a proper manner. I told you to fire in the air."

"I have done wrong," Nundi said. He raised his eyes and looked at Harrison, and then went on stoutly, with more confidence than Harrison had seen a native display. "Truly you told me to fire in the air, and for the first volley I did this. But the second volley I fired without an instruction, and it seemed it would be wasted if it, too, were fired in the air. There was no surprise in the second volley. The man in the lead of the second canoe was Timu, who is the headman of Ianagl village, and of whom we have spoken."

Now Harrison was caught. The second volley was rightly placed accurately into the canoe, and he knew it. He had spoken from the access and the release of tension; perhaps because of his embarrassment at finding the volume of Emerson still in his hand; and unfairly, because of a personal dislike of the corporal. But, still unfairly, he disliked more than ever the opportunity Nundi had given him to change the subject when he had talked about the headman. Nundi was too smooth a character, he felt.

"Don't forget," he said. "This is the last warning. Don't take it on yourself to give orders. Or to act without them either."

"I am sorry, sir," Nundi said honestly. "If I had thought at the time it was wrong I would not have done it. I will do what you say. I will not make any more orders." He hesitated. "I hoped the government would soon make me a sergeant," he added.

"Follow orders or you will be a police boy again with no stripes at all," Harrison said.

There was blood on a trail through the undercarpet of the jungle, and Harrison would have followed it except that the war party had been so completely routed. He decided that a quick approach to the village itself might bring him there in advance of the warriors on foot, so they embarked and paddled swiftly upriver.

In half an hour they arrived at the village, but it was deserted. Ianagl consisted of one long house set in a clearing at the hollow of a bend in the river, so that the large fighting platform, set out in front of the high building like a raised terrace, commanded two river reaches—a long straight stretch upstream, and a shorter one downstream. At the back of the fighting platform a door three feet high, and narrow enough for one person only, gave entrance to the house itself. Through such a door the Ianagl could be very selective indeed about their visitors. Inside it, a short but high-vaulted hall was furnished with a rack of human skulls, each set in a separate pigeonhole in the rack. There was a clay fireplace in the center of the hall, and there were small carved tables standing about, mats and pieces of pottery by the walls.

Down the side of this front hall a passageway led to a number of small cubicles which filled the remainder of the long house. All were empty, but all showed signs of recent habitation. The house itself was raised above the ground, perhaps ten feet up, and in front there was a clear space for dancing. There were canoes drawn up on the bank near the front (Continued on Page 94)

"It's been a very interesting ordeal."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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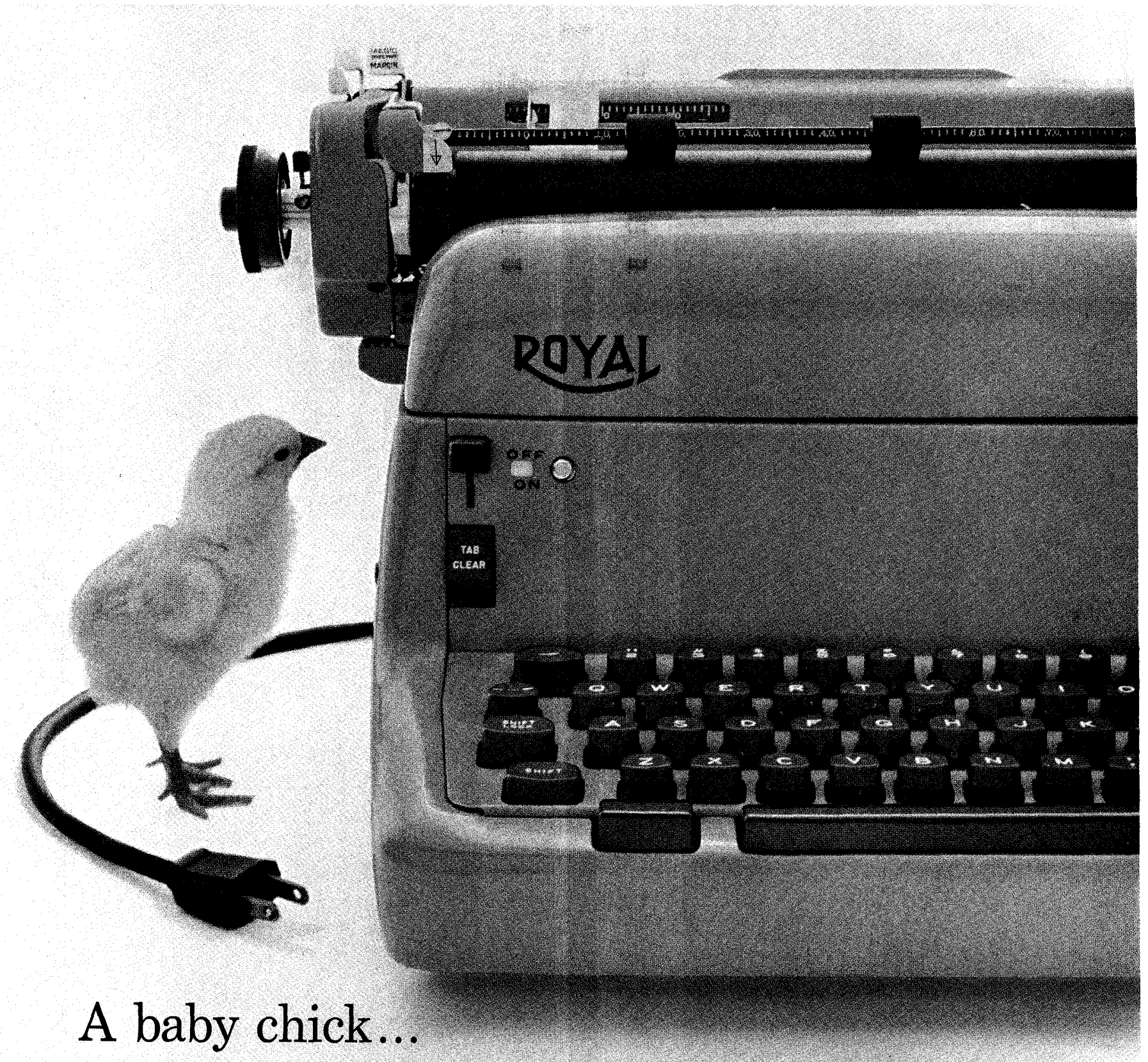

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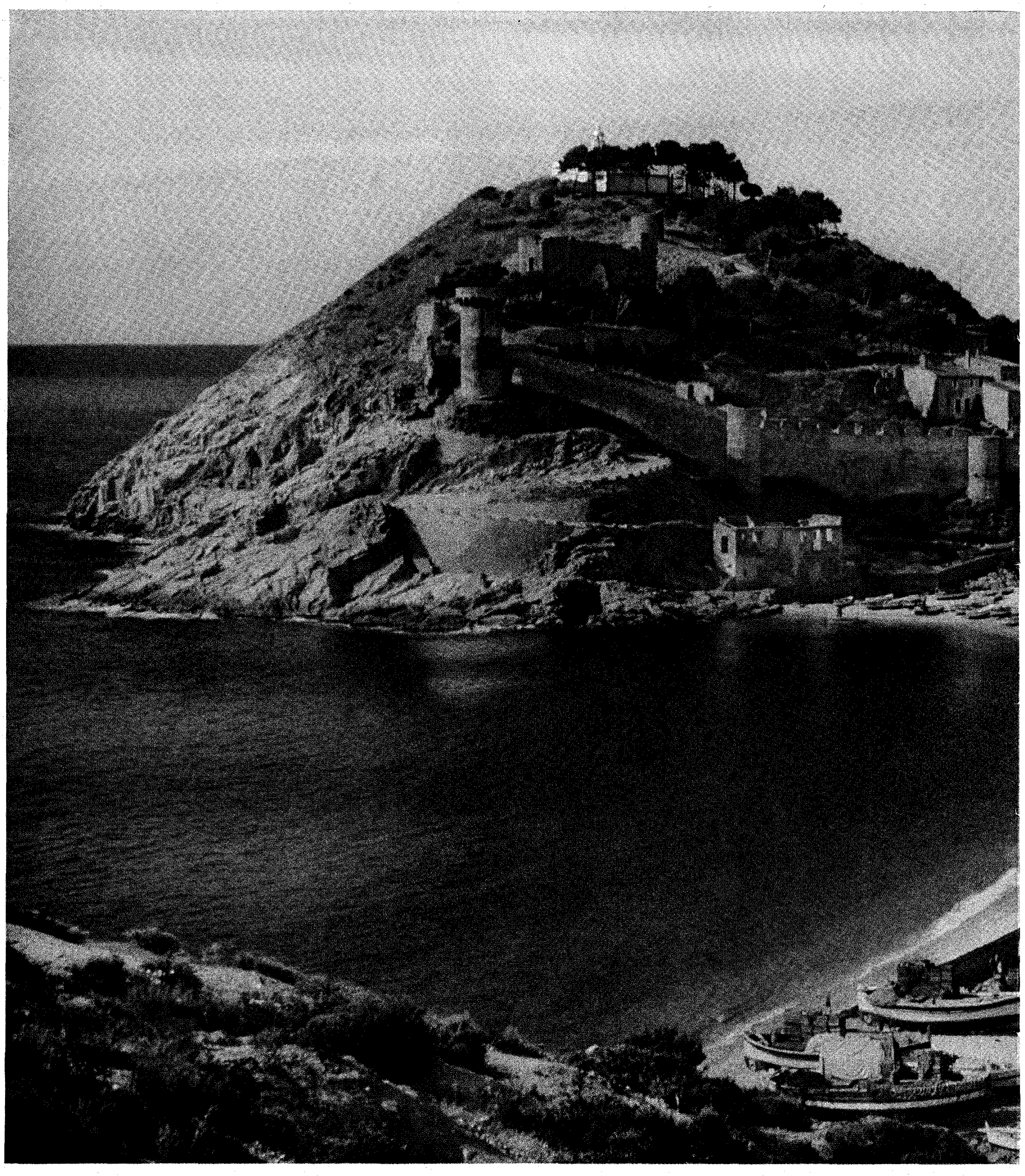

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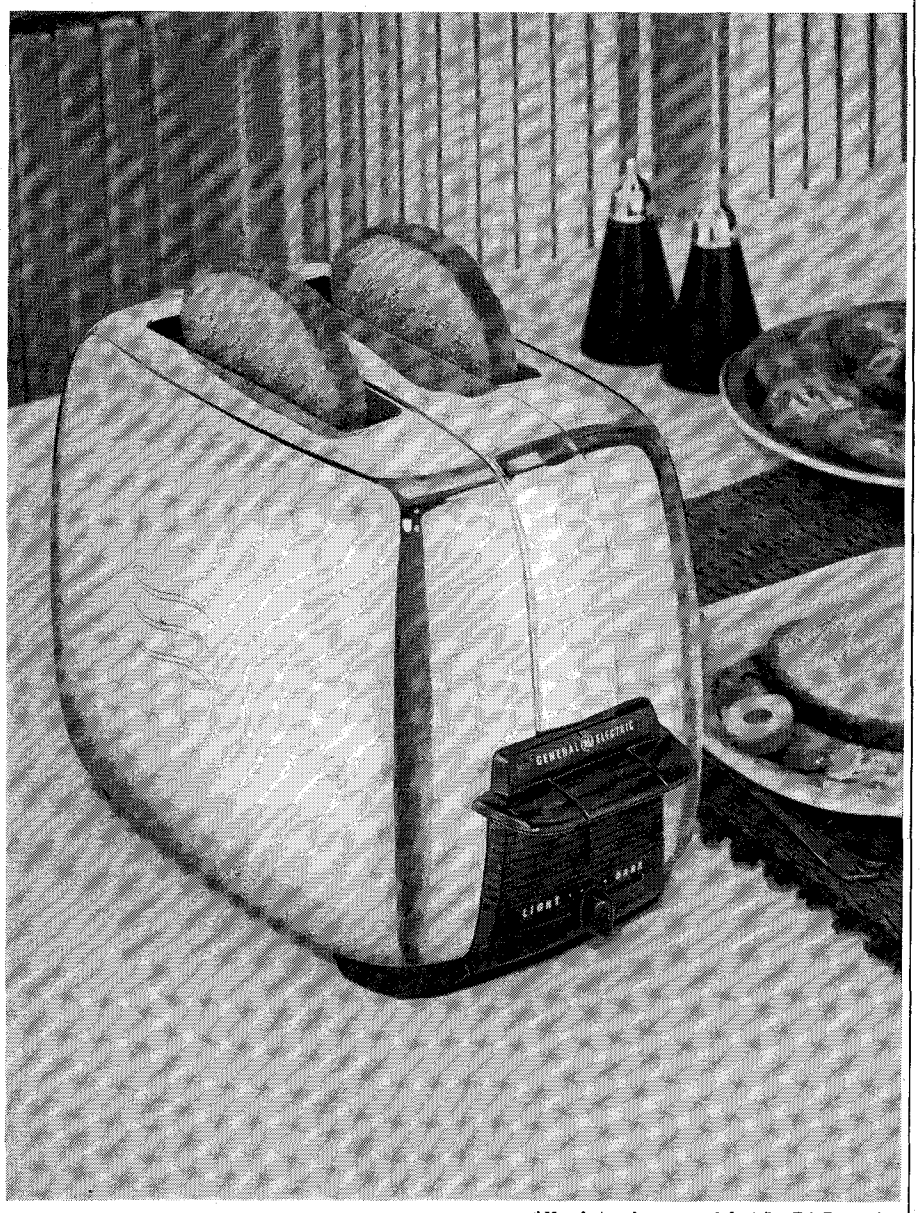

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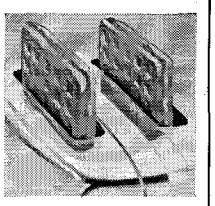

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

(Continued from Page 90)

of the house, but these, when examined, proved to be in disrepair.

In the clearing behind the long house, there was a round house, a roomy building in which were fire stones and the ashes of a fire. Against one wall there was a pile of bones. Most of them were human, from arms and legs, and they were obviously stored for later use in the preparation of weapons. There were no broken bones in the heap.

There were also three or four smaller houses in the clearing, for the boys of the village, and for women with babies so young that their crying might disturb the elders in the night. From the back of the clearing, paths led into the forest in all directions.

The police boys scattered to search the village, and from them came a cry that brought Harrison out of the long house. But it was only an old woman, worn and careless, with wrinkled shanks and gapped mouth. They could get no sense from her.

While the police boys were together, Harrison spoke to them, outlining his plans.

"First we return to the village of Kerabini," he said, "for it will be a long trail; yet we should not leave it to get cold. So we will get the carriers and the other canoes, and interpreters and guides from the Kerabini. Then we will follow the Ianagl men until we hunt them down. Now our stores are gone, and we cannot spend too long on the hunt, but if we can get some of the men who took the heads, then we will take them to a court and later come back for the others. If we can get the leader, Tumi, we can put a halt to the taking of heads for a time, and we can come up the river again for the others."

This was the program they followed, but at Kerabini they ran into unexpected delays. The small village, already short of labor because of the death of the women, was hardly prepared to supply extra carriers and interpreters for the expedition; and their food supply was small. Moreover, when the men were persuaded to join the party they were frightened. Several times Harrison considered that the wiser step might have been to return to Arodi with his party and set out afresh.

In addition he had advice from the Kerabini that the Ianagl people would undoubtedly have taken to the sago swamps several miles above the village, and Harrison shuddered at the thought of combing the sago for men like these, searching for a track, and following the track through water sometimes waist deep in single file amid the heavy, vicious growth; following it into ambush as likely as not, and with fortune completely on his side, perhaps coming unexpectedly on his quarry, one or two at a time, in isolated huts in the dark gloom of the swamp.

He stayed at Kerabini two days and on the third morning decided to put in a concentrated effort for ten days and then return to base. He felt extremely helpless in that wild and alien country.

Something of his indecision and uncertainty transmitted itself to the boys, and it was a quiet group of five canoes that moved upriver. The remaining Kerabini people watched them going quite silently, and apparently unmoved.

As they came upon the bend of the river that would, when traversed, disclose the village of Ianagl, Harrison saw Nundi lean forward and speak to his paddlers, and his canoe drew forward of the others, approaching the bend on the inner side, as was wise, for the current ran less swiftly there. For no reason at all, Harrison was about to shout to Nundi to tell him to get back with the others, when he saw the corporal hold up his hand, and his men stop paddling, and the canoe drift quickly back downriver. With a few strokes the paddlers put the craft alongside Harrison's.

"We are lucky," said Nundi. "The people of Ianagl are back in their village."

Harrison was astounded, because the possibility hadn't occurred to him. Instantly he blamed himself for not taking it into consideration, and noted glumly that Nundi obviously had.

"If the paddlers and the interpreters and the carriers all get into three of the canoes, then perhaps we can come up close on the village before they see us," Nundi said.

"That's pretty obvious," Harrison commented. Then he corrected himself. "Yes, we'll do that."

They ran the canoes ashore at a mudbank at the side of the river, and while the men attended to the transfer, emptying the two lightest canoes which would be used for the attack, and placing the gear in the others, Harrison called Nundi and the other police, and, squatting in the mud, drew with a stick the plan of the village and the river.

"Your canoe will go first, Nundi," Harrison said, "for even after they sight the canoes, I will be more noticeable than you. After we come in sight of the village, make all the speed you can, and bring your canoe ashore on the upriver side of the long house. I will land downriver, and then we will run together behind the long house so that we may cut the house off from the bush behind. You saw the men in the village, Nundi?"

> Another thing that a bachelor misses in life is the soft touch of a woman's hand—on his pocketbook.
>
> HOMER PHILLIPS

"They walked about, here and there," said Nundi. "They are doing what they do every day, and the men sitting on the fighting platform are talking amongst themselves."

His eyes were bright, and he was looking forward to the attack with pleasure, Harrison thought. And he thought also that the actual joining of arms would show him what kind of a man this corporal was, whether he was all brag and surface, or whether he was a steady man in a fight. Only in battle may a man show those qualities for which other men admire him, for in peace they are an embarrassment.

"When they see the canoes, the men walking about the village will run to the long house for their weapons," Harrison said. "They will not run away without their weapons. If we get behind the long house we will have them trapped."

The plan, direct and simple, went even better than he could have hoped. The canoes had rounded the bend and were well up on the reach to the village before the lookouts on the fighting platform sighted them. For an instant all was confusion. There was a high falsetto calling from the platform, broken and interrupted by staccato shouts, and the clearing was filled with running men, all converging on the long house.

The police canoes drove ashore to either side of the long house, perhaps three chains apart, and the policemen abandoned them, running, just as the arrows began to fly from the long house. The two lines of police ran together in a V, like a flight of ducks.

The arrows thickened about them and, though no one was hurt, Harrison yelled, "Under the house. Get under the house."

The files moved in under the long house, and there was time to consider their position. Not much time. There was still movement at the back of the village. A young

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woman ran from the trees, snatched up a toddling naked baby, and disappeared again. Two old heads peeped comically from a hut doorway, perhaps steadied by the thought that they could not be seen. And as the men paused in the shelter of the great building, perched ten feet high on its piles, arrows came, more accurately than the first, from the surrounding bush. His troops were steady, Harrison noted, handling their bayoneted rifles like veterans.

Beneath the house was a small canoe, and some sago troughs carved from logs were stored on a small platform built between four of the piles. Harrison pointed to them.

"Three men, pull them down. Take cover and wait here," he said. "Follow me, the rest."

He raced to the front of the building and up the broad steps, saplings lashed horizontally at a slope, on to the fighting platform, now deserted.

Ahead of him was the doorway, tiny, dark, menacing. It was built so that a man must stoop low enough to be helpless on his entrance. It made a man's head assume the position exactly propitious for hitting with a stone ax. Beyond the doorway, Harrison knew, was a murderer with a stone ax. But surprise had carried him this far, and he counted on surprise to aid him yet.

He dived at the doorway, yelling, "Follow close!" And just as he bent his head to enter the door a weight hit him on the hip, and taken off balance, he reeled and crashed over the side of the fighting platform to the ground.

Weird thoughts hit men at times like these. He was most acutely conscious of the fact that, although he had his revolver in his hand and it was cocked, with his finger on the trigger, it had not gone off with the fall. Then he was racing round and up the steps again and he remembered, or became aware, or puzzled out what had hit him. It was Nundi's hip.

Two police boys were still struggling to get in that narrow door. He pushed them aside and went in. Corporal Nundi lay on his face on the dark floor with a great gash in the center of his head. Seven village men were lined up, their weapons on the floor, and the police boy Watsiup had his bayoneted rifle making a considerable depression in the unbroken belly skin of the man Timu.

Lance Corporal Kevi was on his knees beside Nundi, and Harrison, seeing the fighting situation well in hand, dropped down beside him.

"Is he dead?" he asked.

"He lives," said Kevi.

The line-up of the Ianagl men produced eight. Another was hiding, in sweating terror, in one of the compartments of the long house. Beneath the house, emerging from their barrier of the sago troughs, the three policemen had caught one more; but ten or a dozen others, breaking through the thatched walls, had gained the bush.

Harrison got his ten prisoners handcuffed, got them into the canoes, and raced back for Kerabini. He and his policemen contributed shirts, and made an improvised bed for Corporal Nundi, and Harrison himself tended the wound. It was a bad one. Harrison had seen worse injuries, but here death had been close.

Watsiup was talking. "When the ax struck Nundi, Lance Corporal Kevi took Timu by the arm," he said. "Kevi ran through and held Timu, who held the ax, and threw him down. Then we were all through the door."

The canoes were alive with the buzz of conversation. There was shouting and talking and a lot of boasting. Harrison smiled to himself. Already the carriers who had been on the mudbank throughout the fight were relating details as though they had been present, and the constables were correcting and adding to their stories. Harrison listened, down on his knees, cleaning Nundi's wound, carefully shaving the hair from the skin over the skull.

Nundi opened his eyes and watched him, and then he struggled to sit up.

"Lie still," Harrison said.

"I am all right, sir," Nundi replied.

He lay for a while with his eyes open, apparently untroubled by Harrison's operation on his wound.

"Again I broke orders, sir," he said. "There is something in me that makes me. I hope I do not lose my stripes, sir," he said. This caught Harrison unprepared, and Nundi was talking again before he could answer. "I was too quick for him. He was not ready," Nundi boasted.

"You were too quick for me too," said Harrison. "Lie still. And don't talk."

"Sir, I must tell you. I was sorry to push you over. I thought it had to be done. Truly a leader should be in the lead, but we couldn't spare you well, sir."

Still the smooth character, Harrison thought. *He's consistent.* But there was admiration in his appraisal. Aloud he said, "Where did you learn to use your hip?"

"I am a footballer, sir," Nundi answered, and tried a grin. "A good forward, sir."

"A good man," nodded Harrison. He leaned forward. "A good leader, Sergeant Nundi." The corporal looked up at him.

"True, sir? Sergeant Nundi?"

Harrison nodded. "I think so, Nundi. I'll write a report tomorrow. When you are better it will be Sergeant Nundi. But you will have to follow orders."

Nundi closed his eyes. In spite of his wound and his pain he looked happy.

THE END

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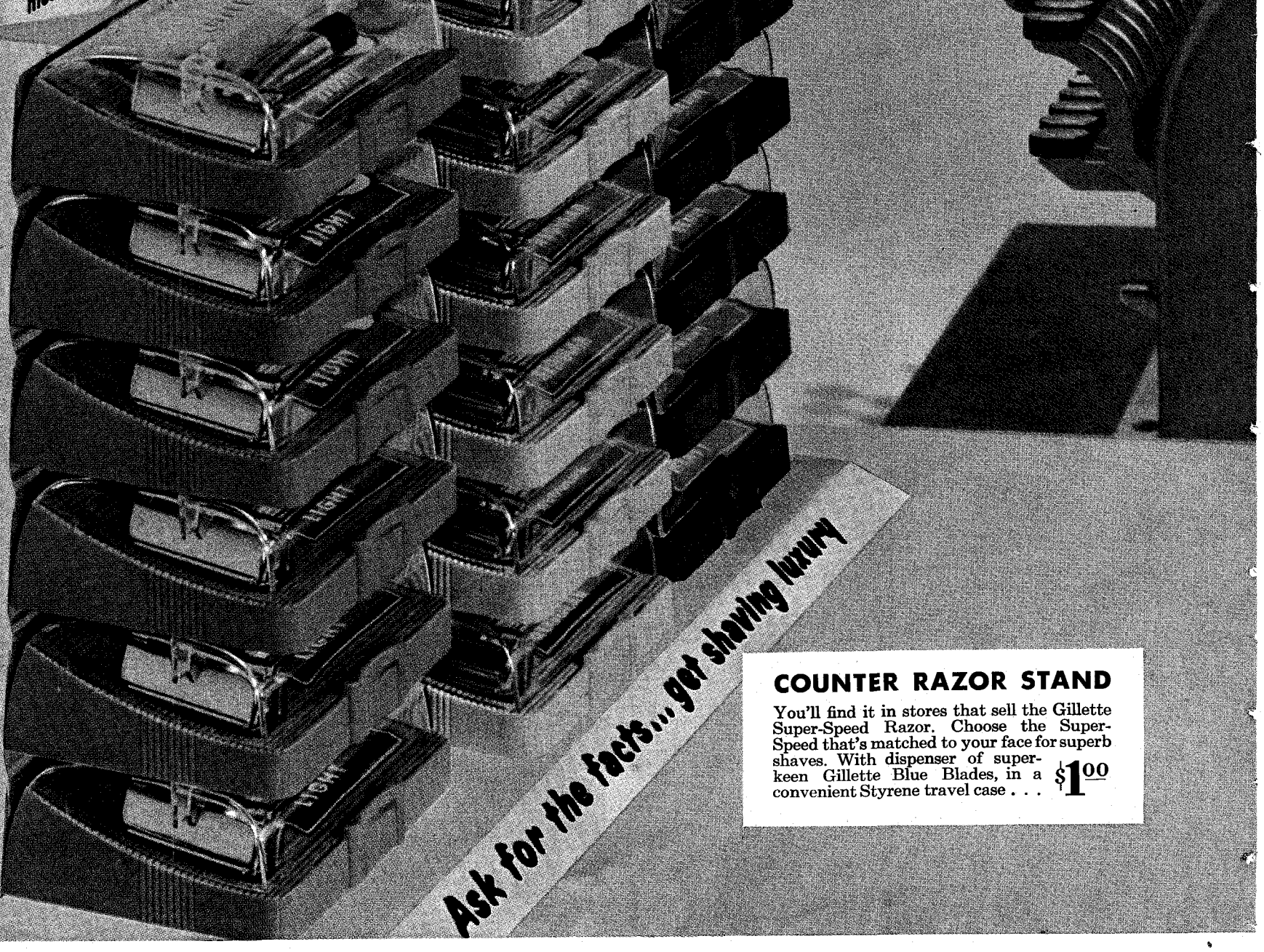

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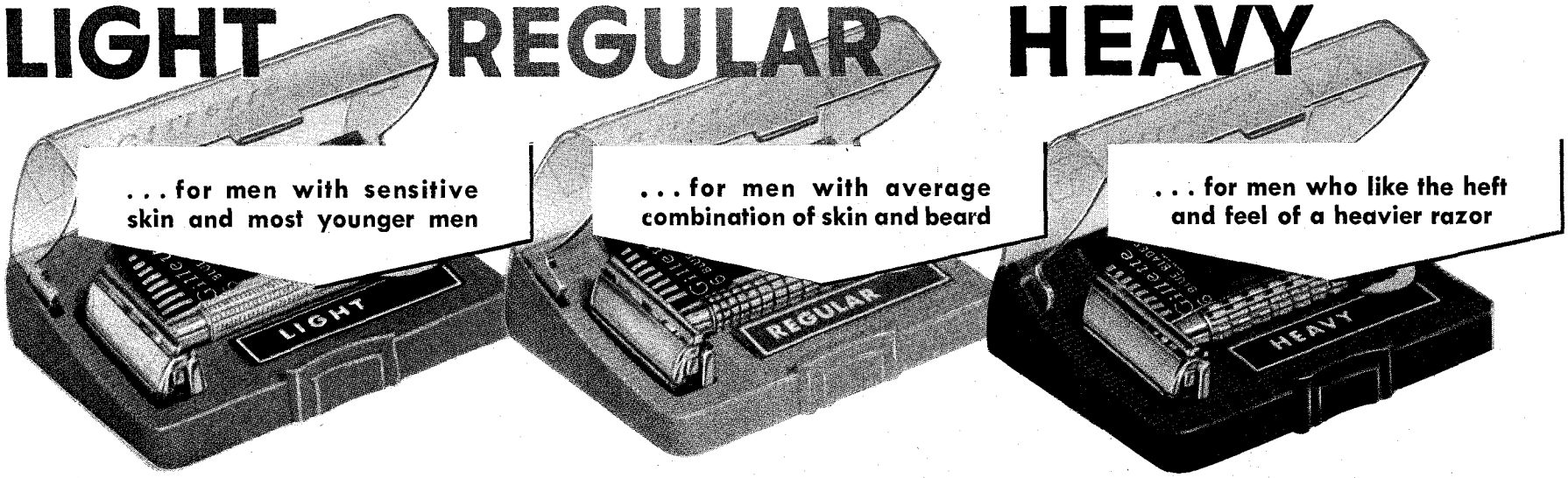
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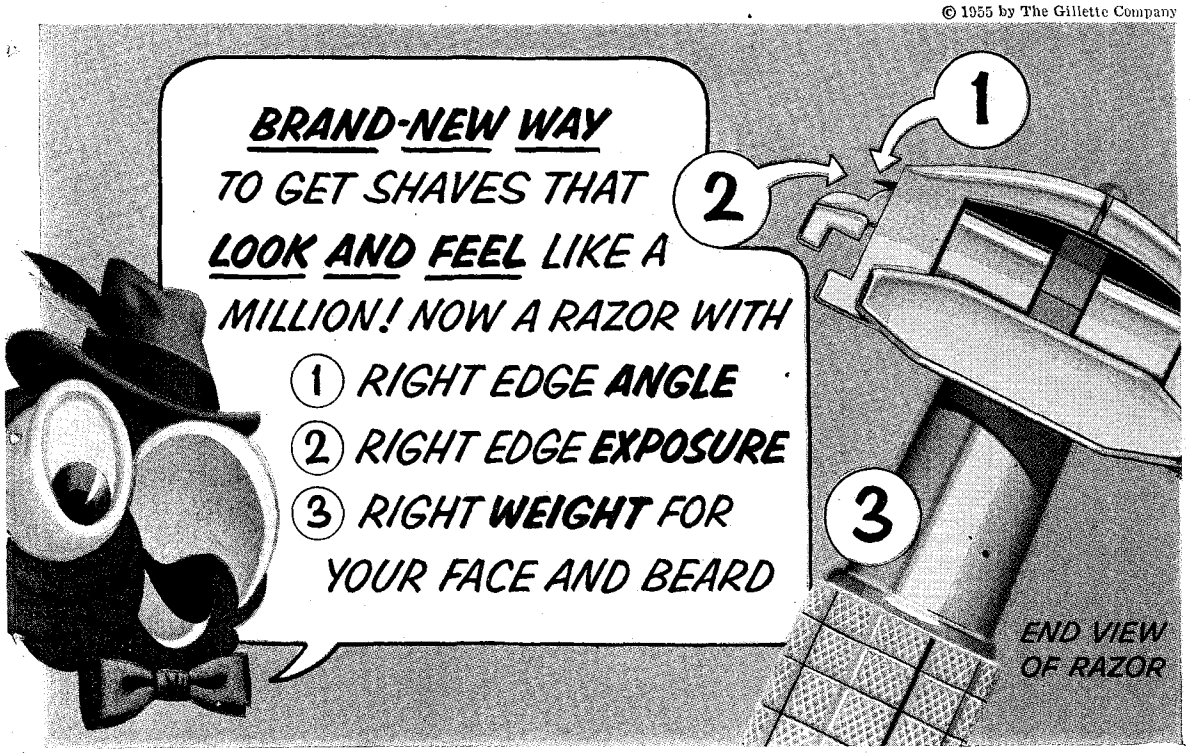
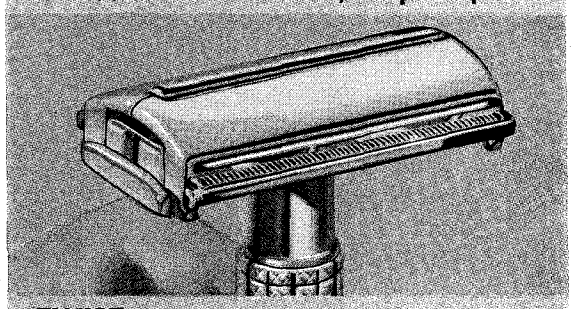


PRESTO **. . . one-piece convenience, *twist* . . . blade hooks on, drops in place.**



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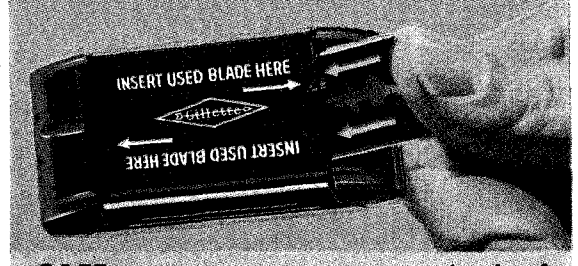

SAFE, **handy compartment on back of dispenser holds used blades.**

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EITHER WAY
The world's Best shave

*Pronounced Mō-Lay

The Golden Journey

(Continued from Page 38)

behind, and the coke ovens stretched their sullen smoky length, which at night would turn to pillars of fire.

"It's a far cry from the mines as I knew them as a young man to a holiday ox roast and beer on tap," Hartwell said. "Highty-tighty, what a scene!"

On a level meadow just beyond the town was spread the fete. A crowd of men, women and children were milling about. A baseball game was in progress, a dozen groups of men were throwing horseshoes, a merry-go-round was entertaining the children as its cheerful wheeze sounded above the noise. Pungent odors were drifting from a huge depression; the ox was apparently ready to be eaten. Rough tables and benches had been set up, and at a side one a row of chefs in white caps were busy setting forth the food on paper plates.

Johnny rushed up to greet them, flushed and exuberant. "Quite a setup, what?" he asked. "Even dad thinks it's pretty good. Come on and get a seat while you can grab one. I'm just about to ring the dinner bell." He flourished his megaphone and then sent his call flying over the countryside. "Come and get it!" he bellowed, and at once there was a general rush for the tables.

As he ate, Paul studied the faces about him. Southern and Central European mostly, with here and there a few Scots and Englishmen, he would guess.

"Magyars, Croatians, Poles, Czechs, Italians," Hartwell said softly in his ear. "The British cut down the wilderness, the Irish laid the railroads and these dig the mines, draw the coke and make the steel. And today we're all citizens together. Quite a thought, isn't it?"

"Quite," Paul said, his eyes fixed on a raised platform beyond the tables, with a sort of pulpit box decked with patriotic emblems. He had a sudden feeling of fright and weakness.

When all were finished eating, Johnny appeared with his megaphone. "We will now have the exercises of the day, after which the games can begin again and last as long as you care to stay. Plenty of grub left, too, if you get hungry later. How do you all feel? Pretty good?"

A roar of satisfaction greeted this sally.

"All right, then, keep to your benches, only face this way toward the platform. Will those taking part now please come forward?"

"Here I go," Paul said to Hartwell. "Wish me luck."

He mounted the platform along with Johnny and a young chap with a pitch pipe. It had earlier been decided by Mr. Bovard that it would be better policy for him to mingle quietly with the crowd and let Johnny run the whole affair.

There was first, now, The Star-Spangled Banner, pitched by the young man in an accommodatingly low key. The children and young people sang lustily, with many of the older men and women joining in as they could. When they were all seated again, Paul moistened his lips and rubbed his chill, perspiring hands togther.

The introduction was brief, and in a few seconds he found himself standing at the loud-speaker behind the flag-draped box, looking out over the faces raised curiously to his. He saw Kirkland sitting in a parked car at the edge of the field. This was a surprise to him. He waited for a breath or two, and then in the rich, moving voice bequeathed him by his mother, he began:

"One hundred and eighty years ago this spring my own ancestor, John MacBane, left the old country to come to America. He and his wife arrived after a rough four weeks' crossing. Their little child died on the way over."

He could feel the sudden change from casual interest to profound attention. The eyes now seemed to pierce him through, for he had begun in the only possible way to make himself one with them.

Very simply then he began to tell them the story of America. First of the pioneers who had with their strong hands cut down the primeval forest. He told of the hardships, particularizing vividly from the history of his own forebears as he had so lately read it: of the little girl "captivated" by the Indians and never heard of again; of the bride found scalped on her own doorstep; of the boy clawed to death by a panther on the edge of the very mountain they could see rising blue in the background; of the woman fatally bitten by a rattlesnake as she went to the spring for water.

He went on. Under his dramatic description the listeners saw the wilderness tamed and the gradual fields of grain spreading westward. Briefly, era by era, he showed how the men and women from the Old World and their descendants had built a new one, with heavy toil, with constant danger, but always with faith in their hearts. For there were wide spaces here and freedom, and always, summer and winter, the blessed sunshine which engendered hope.

At the end, he looked down upon the still, intent, listening faces. His voice took on a deeper timbre: (Continued on Page 102)

"By George! I like a man who enjoys a funny story, Bilkwell!"

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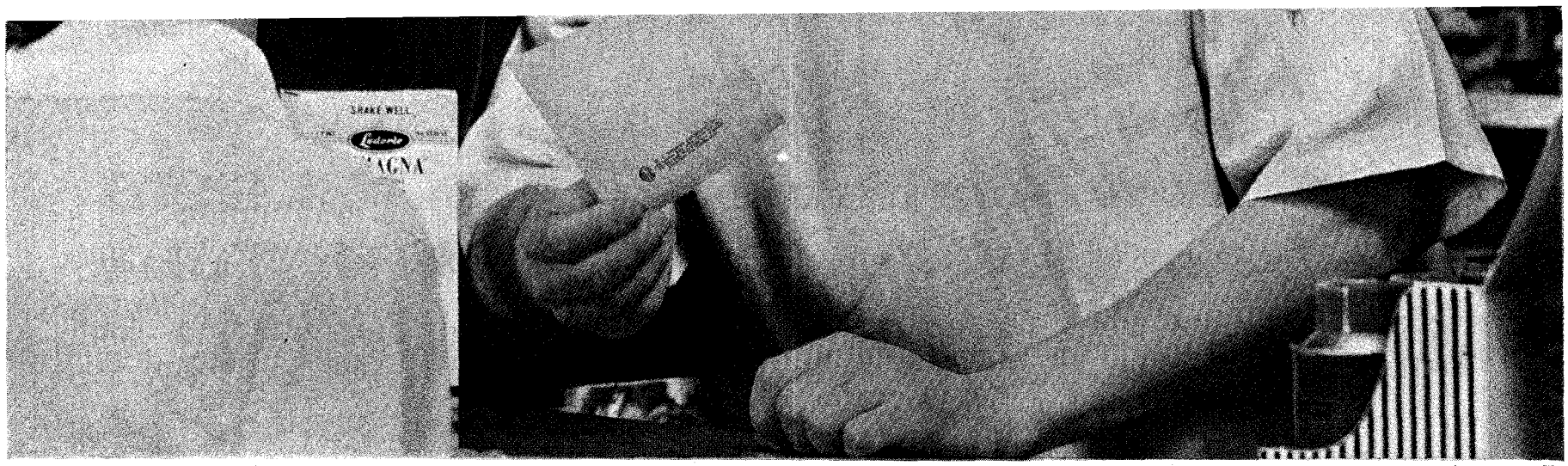

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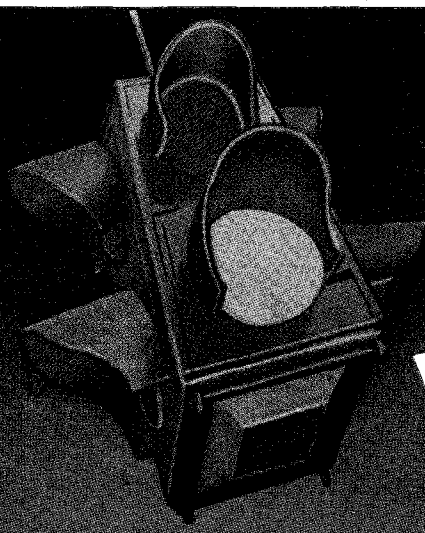

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So go to your nearby Firestone Dealer or Store and prepare for bad weather ahead by equipping your car with new Firestone Town and Country Tires. You can get them with nylon or rayon cord bodies, with black or white sidewalls, and in tubeless or for use with tube. And you can buy them on convenient budget terms if you desire.

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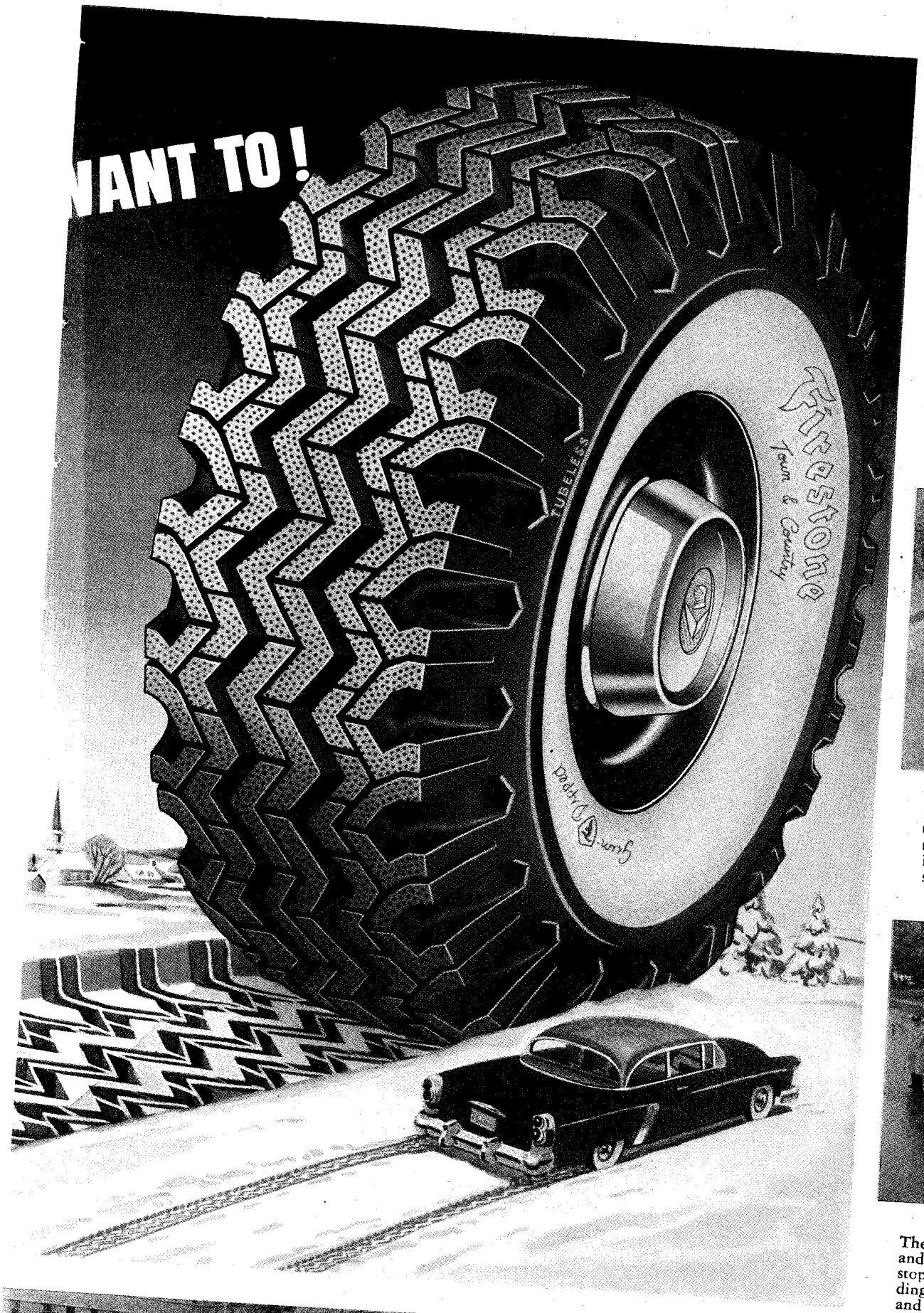

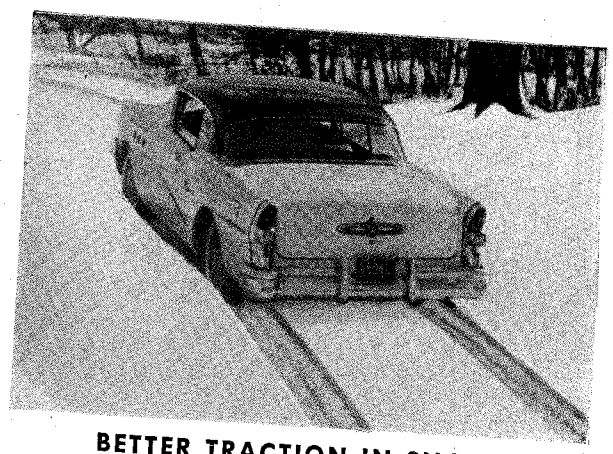

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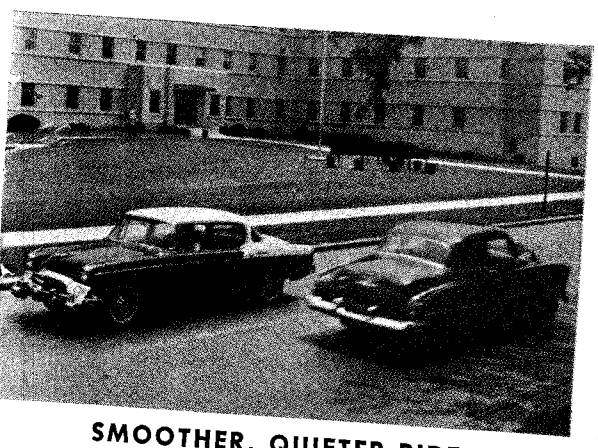

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(Continued from Page 98)

"I have tried to tell you the story of this land, the land that is now yours. The old first dangers have long since passed, but there are others, as you know, facing us now. This is a great country and dearly bought. Love it, work for it, believe in it, and keep it free for yourselves and for your children!"

He moved back and, in the hush more eloquent than applause, Johnny quickly gave a signal for the audience to rise, and in a second the voices of all, rough, shrill, strident or sweet, swelled together and rang out over the quiet meadow, the Patch, the tipple and the coke ovens:

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing! . . .

Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King.

Paul's own throat felt full as he sang and to his surprise he saw, here and there, women with tears on their cheeks and men wiping their eyes with heavy hands. Perhaps he had got his message across! Perhaps he had really made them feel it!

If he had any doubt of this, it was dispelled by the reception afterward, for the men crowded awkwardly around him to shake his hand and speak broken words of understanding.

"That's a-right, mister. This-a good-a country!"

"I come over, no can spik Engleesh. Now my boy, he take beeg honor in high school!"

"You talk right, mister. No scare here in America."

So it went. One woman made so bold as to edge close.

"I never hear about those first people that come from the old country before. We think we all the time work hard. But we don't have snakes and Indians. Mebbe we have it pretty much better as those first ones, huh?"

"I think we do," Paul agreed, smiling.

When Johnny finally got to him alone, his face was so serious that Paul was startled.

"By golly, man, I expected a good speech, but I wasn't prepared for anything like that! I all but blubbered a couple of times. You had us in the palm of your hand. It—you —— Oh, I can't say it, but it was great!"

Bovard himself was highly pleased, and Kirkland, getting out of his car and coming close, said in a low tone, "Well, that does it! I'll not stop now till I get you into the White House!"

Paul laughed. "One speech doesn't make a President, I believe. But I've something important to ask you. Could you arrange to be away from home this evening?"

Kirkland gave him a long look. "I'm going to be with Brennen, the county chairman, tonight at his home," he said as he hurried off.

It was Hartwell's commendation Paul craved most, but the old man said nothing until they were back in the car. Then, very slowly and with a slight break in his voice, he said, "My boy, I'm very, very proud of you!"

And then they both hastened to talk of other things entirely all the way home.

Paul made a pretense at eating dinner at the restaurant, but his heart was beating too heavily for appetite. He had made a promise to himself that if the speech went well he would go that very evening to see Anne. He would allow nothing this time to deter him. If it took force to get in, force it would be.

At last it was time to go. All the cumulative tension of the day left him unable to bear firmly the fear of putting his fortune to the test as irrevocably as he was about to do. For a moment he stopped pacing the floor and sat down weakly. Between his leaving now and his returning, the sweet, the dear, the tender person of his beloved would be his alone or else lost to him forever.

He pulled himself together and went out to the car. He drove slowly, feeling the uncertainty more easily endured than the bitterness of a negative finality. Sensible of the beauty of the May evening as though for the last time, he guided the car up the tree-shaded driveway and parked in his usual place. As he crossed the porch a wave of fragrance from the locust blooms along the upper garden wall struck him with poignant sweetness, as though bearing the breath of all love of all the ages.

He rang, and Hackett opened the door.

"Good evening, Hackett. I'm calling to see Miss Anne," he announced firmly.

"I'm sorry. Miss Anne is not at home."

"I intend to come in!"

"Her orders are that she does not wish to see you, Mr. Devereux."

For reply, Paul put a hand upon Hackett's chest and pushed, moving over the threshold as he did so. To his amazement, a wide grin overspread Hackett's countenance as he allowed himself to be propelled farther backward.

"God knows I did my best to keep you out, Mr. Devereux. She's up in her sitting room," he added in a pleased stage whisper.

Paul nodded his thanks and hurried to the stairway. Anne sat by the window, her head propped on her hand as she gazed at the garden below. Her whole attitude was that in which he had first seen her—one of utter sadness and dejection. With a cry, he started toward her. She turned, shock written on her pale face.

"Paul! Oh, why did you do this?"

He was very close to her now, feeling the full weight of his passion. "Because I had to come! Surely you knew I would, sooner or later! Anne, why have you tortured me so? Why have you held me off? You know I love you, that I want more than anything on earth to marry you!"

Then he sank down beside her and his arms went round her. She tried to struggle against him.

"You are mad, mad to think of such a thing. I can't marry you. Surely you must know ——"

Their broken words ran into each other.

"Do you love me, darling? Oh, say you love me! That's all that matters!"

"I tried so hard! Oh, Paul, I fought so desperately for what I thought was your best good."

"Do you love me?"

Suddenly all the tension went out of her body. As if in supreme giving, she yielded to the urgency of his strength as she sobbed against his breast.

"Yes, yes! From the first, I think! But that last night I knew I must —— Oh, Paul, I love you so terribly, so utterly!"

For a long time the words were blurred and inarticulate and unnecessary. At last she raised her head. The tears were still wet on her cheeks, and Paul tenderly wiped them away. She reached up to smooth his hair.

"I've always wanted to do that," she said, smiling, and then a gravity fell fast upon her face again. "But even so, Paul, even with all our love, how can we think of marriage—as I am?"

He had gone over his arguments so often in his mind that they poured from him now, with the fierceness of established conviction.

"I will tell you," he said, "just how it is on my side, for I know that is what troubles you. I love you, the essential you, your mind, your spirit, your body. The fact that you cannot walk does not alter that. Then there would be the completely selfish side of my marriage to you. When we are married I would know that when I come

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back from work, you would be here, waiting for me, ready to listen to all my problems and the story of my day. I've dreamed of this. It may seem a small thing to you, but it's bigger than you know, even if utterly selfish on my side. You see, the capacity to run about is not the supreme qualification for a wife."

Anne watched him, amazed, drinking in the words.

Paul went on, "And another thing. I'm not too athletic. I play a little golf, but I believe I'd rather do that with men anyway. I like to play bridge. We can always do that. I love quiet evenings of talk or reading aloud—the sort we've always had. I hate cocktail parties like the devil. I like the theater. We can go, just as we did before. We can do so many things of that kind, in that way. As to my carrying you—I will be so proud to do it. I'll be always thinking as I hold you, 'She's mine! She's mine!'"

"Don't!" Anne said brokenly. "Don't! You're so wonderful, it hurts!"

"Do you see, our marriage would be nothing strange or in the slightest way impossible. My heart will never stop aching for what you have to miss. But I will miss nothing important myself. Oh, my darling, I'll try to make up to you in every way I can, always, always. I'll try with all my powers to make you happy!"

> People who are carried away by their own importance seldom have far to walk back.
>
> ANTHONY J. PETTITO

As she was about to speak, he broke in, this time embarrassed:

"One more thing I must say, before you answer. If you could get about normally, I'm afraid I'd be insufferably independent, wanting you to live on my salary and all that. But I've thought this all through. My pride may suffer a little, but that's really unworthy. The thing is, I will probably just have to hang my hat here, if your father doesn't object, and accept a good deal from him, or rather let you accept your life as usual. It's the only possible way for your comfort. You do understand this part, don't you, dear?"

She sat silent for a few moments, and then such a radiance flooded her face that Paul felt dazzled. She could not speak, but she raised her eyes, shining with relief and wonder, and he understood. So, after the heartache, the uncertainty and the fear, there was lovers' heaven at last.

Sometime later Anne straightened as though coming back suddenly to reality.

"Oh, we must try to get father at once! He'll be dumfounded, I know, but he'll be terribly happy. He likes you. I wonder where he is?"

"He's with Mr. Brennen. I'll look up the number."

As Anne held the phone she looked up innocently. "Do you think he has the least idea about—us?" she asked.

Paul felt a miserable sense of deceit. "He's a pretty smart man," he said in reply.

When Kirkland finally spoke, Anne's voice was vibrant in reply. "Jimmy? I've got the most wonderful, the most fabulous, the most stupendous news you ever heard! Hang on to your chair or something. Who do you think is engaged? Me, Anne, your daughter. Paul and I are going to be married. Can you believe it?"

Paul could hear the burst of Kirkland's joy from where he stood. It went on for several minutes, punctuated with Anne's happy interjections.

"He's thrilled," she said over her shoulder, "and I do believe he suspected all along. . . . Yes, Jimmy? His speech? No, he hasn't mentioned it yet. We've had some other things under discussion. . . . Yes? . . . He says you were wonderful, Paul, that you should have been an actor and that you could make anybody believe anything! . . . Well, he's made me believe he loves me anyway, Jimmy. I've never been so happy! Here's Paul now to ask you for my hand. Don't refuse, for it won't do you any good. The young man, I find, is obstinate!"

Their conversation was brief and light, with Kirkland's "Thank God, my boy" spoken under his breath. It emphasized, however, the sense of concealment Paul had felt earlier.

"And now, Gran! Even if it wakes her up!" Anne cried, when he had finished.

If another drop had been needed to fill the cup, Mrs. Catherby's surprise and joy provided it.

When there was quiet again, Paul said, "And now about the wedding."

A shadow like a dark cloud at noon fell upon Anne's bright face. "The wedding," she repeated dully.

In the instant Paul saw what must be passing through her mind: the bride descending the beautiful stairway in her robes of white; her stately procession on her father's arm up the flower-decked church aisle with her bridesmaids preceding her and all the gay world of her friends looking on as she approached the high beauty of the altar where he himself would be waiting.

He laid his cheek against hers and his voice was infinitely tender. "I know, my darling; I know. But we are two people pledged to think only of the essentials, aren't we?"

She kissed him for answer. "In the fall, do you think?"

"The fall!" Paul burst out. "Good heavens, no! I want to be married right away. Why on earth should we wait? A lifetime will be all too short to have you as my wife. Couldn't we be married next week? That would give us a little honeymoon somewhere before I have to start campaigning for Halsey. I can get that postponed for a bit, since I know the boss! Please, Anne!"

"Next week!" She drew back, startled and then slowly began to smile. "You don't realize it, but everything you say seems to be just what I need to make me feel secure. I must get some new clothes, and think out just how we'll manage the ceremony, but after these endless months of nothing to do, it will be heavenly to feel rushed and flurried and absolutely driven for time. If you wish," she said the words slowly, as though still weighing the incredible sound of them, "we will be married next week. We can go up to the camp for our—honeymoon. I love it, and you will, too, I know. It would be the best place for many reasons. I know we're both insane, but oh, let's plan!"

It grew late and later, and then early, before Paul left. When he finally reached the front door he found Hackett dozing in a chair. He touched his shoulder.

"I'm sorry to have kept you up so long, Hackett, but you can lock up now. Want to hear a big piece of news?"

The old man jumped. "Miss Anne?" he asked huskily.

"We're going to be married next week. Congratulate me!"

Hackett wrung his hand while his eyes misted over. "With all my heart," he said. . . .

The next day, after a late lunch with Kirkland, Paul returned with him to his office to pick up some papers.

"I think I'll tell Arno and Miss Sayles," he said. "They've both been very kind to me."

(Continued on Page 106)

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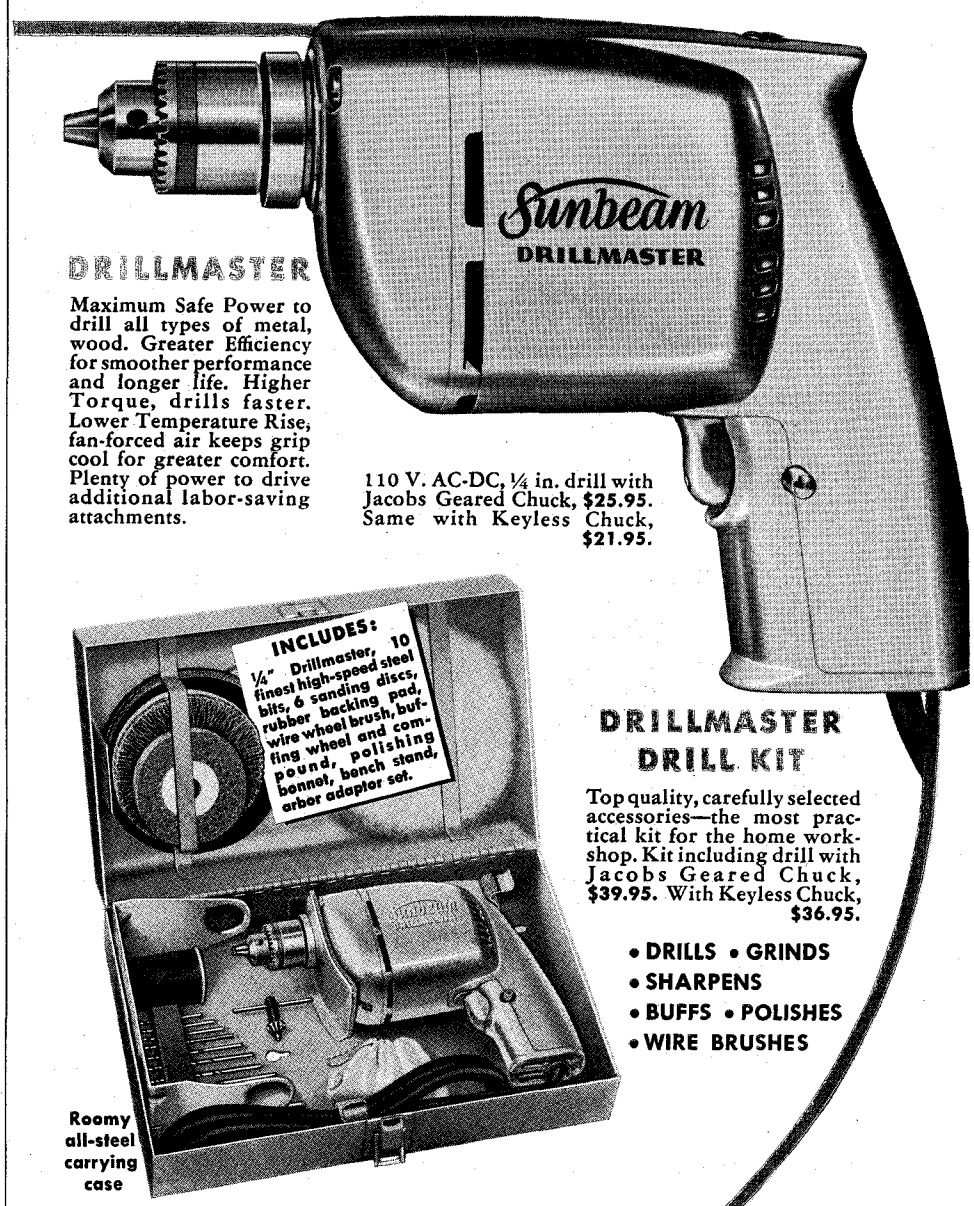

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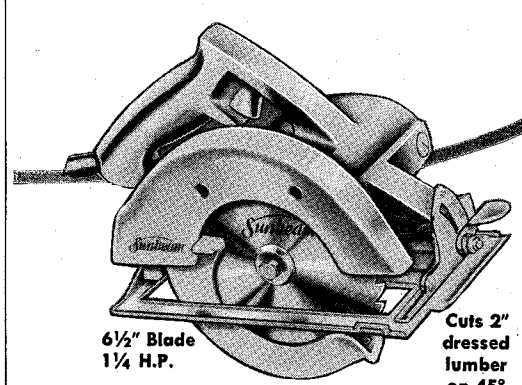

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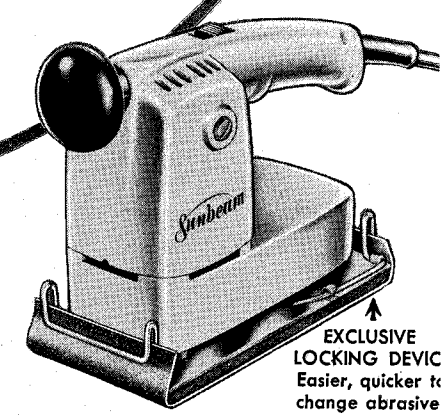

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neighbor, "THE WHITE CROSS MAN" ...and what he can do for you?

The White Cross Man in your neighborhood is a good man to know, not only in an emergency, but before emergencies occur. If we were to sum up in one sentence what he can do for you, we might say: "He can bring Peace of Mind to you and your family." Just how can he do that? By setting up an accident and health program that is tailored to your own personal needs under the White Cross Plan. Here are just brief outlines of some of the advantages he can bring you—features that distinguish the White Cross Plan from all others—features that have attracted five million men and women policyholders who receive well over a million dollars a week from Bankers Life & Casualty Company, sponsors of the White Cross Plan.

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A unit of protection that pays cash if you are sick or injured and gives you money back if you stay well

Our new NC 701 (PA) is called the "wonder policy of 1955." And it's easy to see why. Here's a unit of protection that is Guaranteed Renewable to age 75 or until its full face value has been paid to you in benefits or as a refund at maturity—as much as $5000 in cash. If you are sick or hurt, it pays you specified amounts for the SEVEN MAJOR EXPENSES; if you stay well, you receive a cash refund at maturity of almost all the premiums you've paid in. Just like having a lifetime of protection at almost no cost. With this protection unit, NC 701, rates can never be raised. The benefits can never be reduced. And, if you die or drop the protection for any reason—after the third year, you or your heirs receive a cash refund for the residual cash value it has built up—like having money in the bank. Available to wage earners up to 64½ years of age and good to age 75, this new unit created a sensation among insurance men as well as with the public. You may have read about it in your newspaper. As this is a brand new unit of protection, it is not yet available in all states. Is NC 701 offered in your state? Ask your local White Cross Man about it.

A unit that pays for the family's living expenses when your pay check is cut off due to accident or illness

Millions of people have "hospitalization" that helps pay hospital room bills, but they never think of what the family would do for rent, food, for payments on the car or the home if their own pay checks were stopped. Our unit P 16 provides for payment of as high as $200.00 a month for the families of wage earners who are totally disabled because of accident or illness and confined under a doctor's care regardless of whether the bread-winner is in the hospital or recuperating at home. The payments continue for a whole year for illness and two years for accidents, with one half again added for the first two months in the hospital. Here, too, the rate is low as your local White Cross Man will show you.

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Units of protection for every purpose

Under the White Cross Plan there are units of protection to cover mortgages, to provide education for the children, to provide extra retirement income, to pay for the care of the children who lose their mothers, to insure lives of each member of the family for one low premium payment a year. All issued by an old line legal reserve stock company that is, today, paying out well over a million dollars a week to its policyholders and bringing peace of mind to more than five million people.

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(Continued from Page 103) "Good!" Kirkland said. "I almost told them myself, but decided you'd want to."

Paul went into the other office, where Sayles looked up frigidly from her typewriter and Arno rose in more than usual friendly fashion.

"Hello, Devereux," he said. "Have a seat. What can I do for you?"

"Nothing, thanks," said Paul, "and I won't sit down, for my own work's waiting. I just dropped in to tell you both that Miss Kirkland and I are to be married Saturday of next week!"

Miss Sayles' mouth opened and remained so.

Arno's face went white and then scarlet. "Not—Anne?" he brought out thickly.

"Yes. I'm a pretty happy and lucky man. Just thought you'd both be interested to hear about it. Well"—as the silence continued—"so long!"

He closed the door behind him. Back in the office, Sayles looked at Arno, who was standing motionless.

"Well," she said, trying to make the words light, "that was a piece of news if ever I heard one!"

Arno's knuckles were white on the back of the chair. "The dirty, stinking swine!" he gritted. "The low, fortune-hunting, scheming rat! He knows which side of his bread's buttered, all right, the skunk!" He turned abruptly, and went out.

Sayles sat very still, but her normally inscrutable countenance was broken with pain.

So that's how it's been with him, she thought. *It's not believable, but then nothing ever is. It's hit him hard all right, poor Arno.* Then, with a deep sigh, she added half aloud, *And poor me.*

Anne had her wish. For the next ten days from morning until late night she was busier than she had ever been before in her life. But because of this and the joint advice of Gran and Miss Davis and the best bride's counselor in the city, there was going to be a real wedding after all.

"It's wonderful, under the circumstances, to do it this way," Anne told Paul the night before. "I mean when it has to be so different, it's sort of dramatic to have it sudden and soon. And everyone is so excited and pleased!"

"Including the groom! Only I've hardly seen you since the night you agreed to marry me."

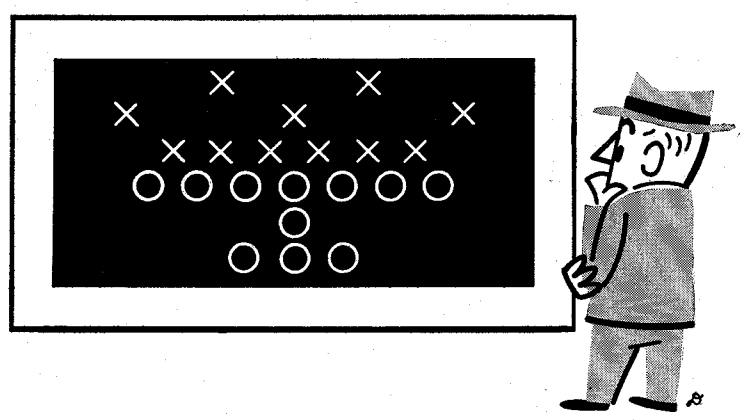
Anne turned the shining diamond upon her finger. "I'll try to give you a little time afterward," she said demurely. Then looking up with her heart in her eyes, "You're sure, Paul, I won't be a hindrance to you in your political career? We really didn't give that enough thought."

Paul's answer was thoroughly convincing.

On the evening itself, their closest friends, young and older, gathered in the music room, where an orchestra was playing softly, and upon the stroke of eight were ushered into the great drawing room, seldom opened, but now decked with flowers and shining with candlelight. At the farthest end sat Anne, radiant and lovely, in billowy white, with a tiara of orange blossoms on her hair. Paul stood close beside her, with her father near to perform his part, and the clergyman facing them. The vows were pledged, the prayers were offered, the rings exchanged, the blessing given, the nuptial kiss received. They were man and wife!

Then, while the guests fled past, chairs and small tables appeared as if by magic. The champagne was circulated, the elegant supper served, toasts were drunk, with Johnny Bovard in his finest form proposing all sorts of absurd ones; the music played, the gay laughter and chatter grew louder and gaiety filled the room and flowed out through the tall windows into the dusk.

When the company gathered at last in the hall to watch the stairway, they found themselves outwitted. Paul with his sweet burden appeared from the small morning room where Anne had changed, and in a moment was (Continued on Page 108)



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Richard Cohen

(*See page 108 for answer*)

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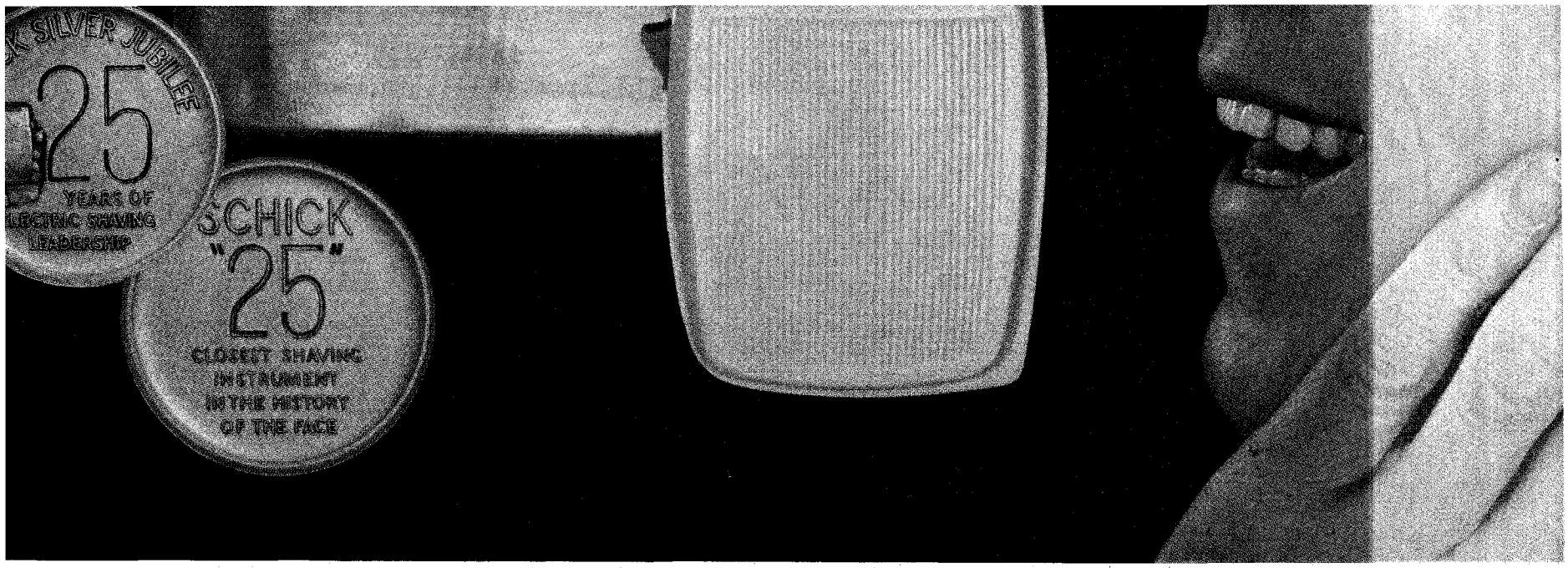

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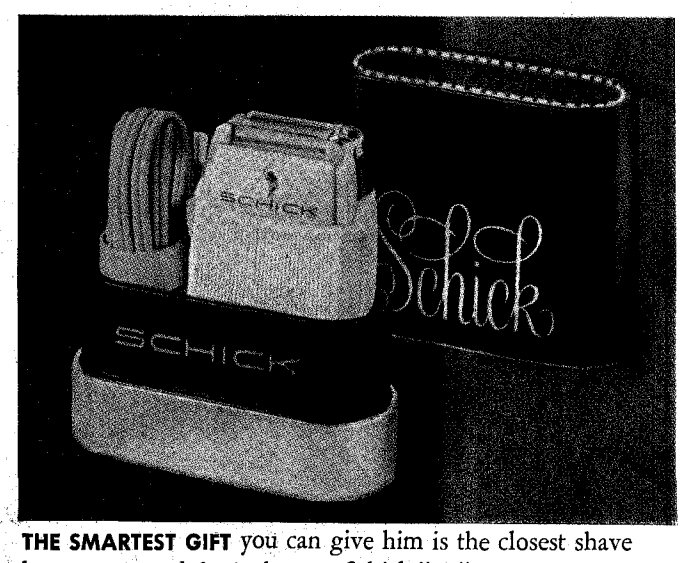

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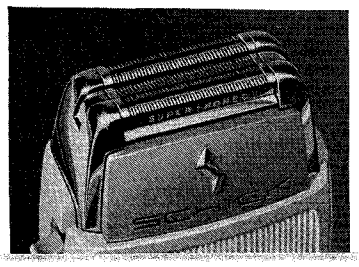

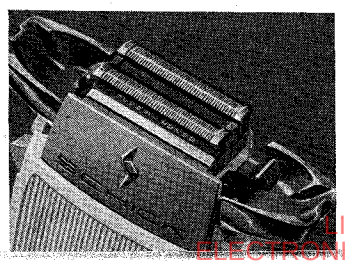

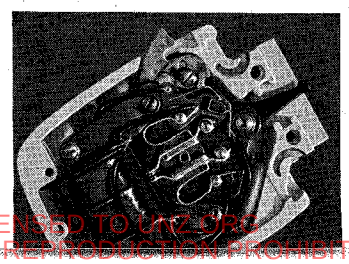

Schick "25"

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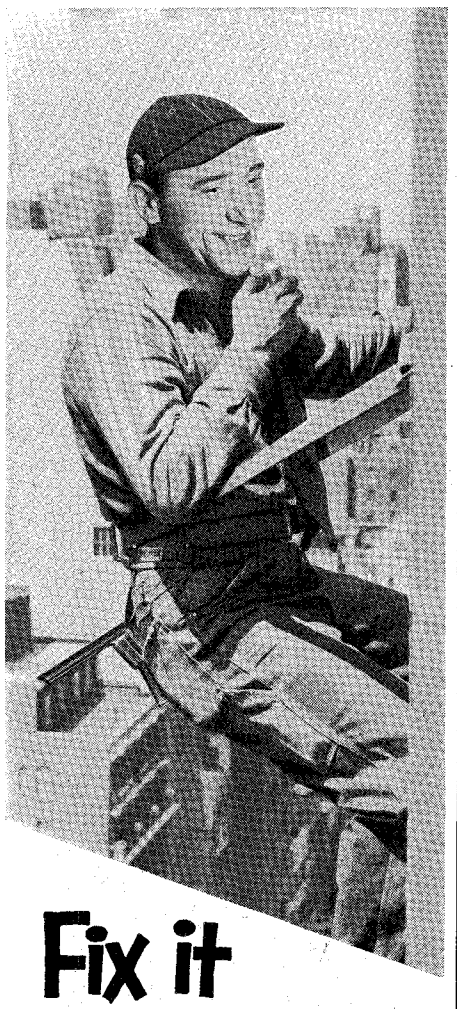
Acid Indigestion? Heartburn? Gas?



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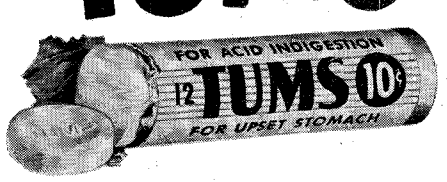
So take your TUMS wherever you go —and when acid indigestion hits you (as it does practically everyone) you fix it "on the spot" with tasty little TUMS! No glass, no water needed.

TUMS



FOR THE TUMMY

THREE ROLL PACK, 25¢
—AND YOU CAN'T BUY SAFER, SURER RELIEF

(Continued from Page 106) at the door. They all saw her say something to him.

"You're carrying me over the threshold in reverse, you know," she whispered in his ear.

For answer, as though no one were looking, he kissed her, and then, both laughing, they moved quickly over the porch to the waiting car, where Hackett stood, holding the door open. Paul set her in her place, ran around to his own side and they started. But slowly, for the young people gathered all about them, shouting their good-bys and good wishes, throwing their rice and confetti all the way down the drive. Then, with a last wave, Paul stepped on the accelerator and they were off into the warm, encompassing darkness of the summer night.

It was the last night of the honeymoon. They sat on the terrace watching the full moon rise above the mountain, blanching the purple of the valley below to palest mauve. There was the beauty of completion, of utter fulfillment in the great golden orb which accorded with the mood of their own hearts.

The fortnight had held within it all the incredible felicities of which they had both dreamed. There had been little awkwardness or discomfort. The "camp," which was really a widespreading and finely built house, was now, with the new highway for most of the distance, only a two hours' drive from the city; they had reached it, the night of the wedding, at a little after one.

Davy, driven over by the Kirkland chauffeur, had left earlier, and was unobtrusively in her place when they got there. She and the couple who were year-round caretakers attended to their physical comfort, and in between times made themselves invisible; so the lovers had the feeling of being alone on the hilltop, with the warmth and sweetness of June enfolding them. There had been but one bitter hour. On the second day Anne had urged Paul to go for a walk while she rested. When he came back, he heard the sobbing even from the doorway. He rushed across to their bedroom, where Anne lay in her desperate grief. Terrified, he drew her into his arms. She was trembling all over, as if from a chill.

"Never to walk with you through the woods! Never to walk with you anywhere!"

He did not try to offer fatuous words of comfort. He only held her close, speechless with anguished pity. When a tear fell upon her forehead she raised herself and looked into his eyes.

"For me?" she whispered incredulously.

"Only for you."

With a long, shuddering sigh, she became quiet. Her arms reached up to him.

"I can bear it," she said, before his lips fell upon hers. "I have so much besides."

They never referred to the hour again.

This last night as they sat on the terrace, looking at the rising moon and listening to the soft mountain sounds round about them, which were somehow quieter than silence, Paul, from the step, leaned back against Anne's knee and her hand gently caressed his head.

"I hope," she said softly, "that as soon as possible I will have a baby. You know, the doctor says that is one thing I should be able to do as well as any woman."

"You would have something better than Devvie to hold on your knee, then."

Anne laughed; then spoke seriously. "But, really," she said, "there is so much I could do for a baby, even—as I am. I could bathe it and dress it and rock it and sing to it—you know they allow that now. Then, later on, I could read to them and teach them all sorts of things."

"I note you have changed to the plural," Paul broke in.

"Oh, yes. I do hope we have several. Then, when they come in from school just as you said of me as a wife, I would always be home. Oh, I do think, Paul, I can still be a good mother!"

He could not speak for a long moment. The tenderness of it all brought such a lump to his throat.

"The dearest, the best, the loveliest in the world," he whispered.

When they got back to the city, Kirkland's reception, for a reserved man, bordered upon the ecstatic. He seemed full not only of happiness but of suppressed excitement. When he could get Paul into his study he began nervously. "I've already got in touch with Doctor Hertzog! He is most interested in hearing of the marriage. He has promised that later on—whenever the time arrives—he will come over and be here for the ——"

Paul was distinctly annoyed. "I think that is all very premature. I may say that what you are thinking of is certainly not the thing uppermost in my mind at the moment."

"If you were her father, it would be," Kirkland said, apparently not conscious of the edge in Paul's tone. "Well, now to get down to business. We'd like you to start as soon as possible, making one speech a week. Later there will be more. I took the liberty of lining up the first engagements round the county. If you have the pull I think you do, we'll send you out over the state later on. Good for your own campaign when that time arrives. Here's the line-up now."

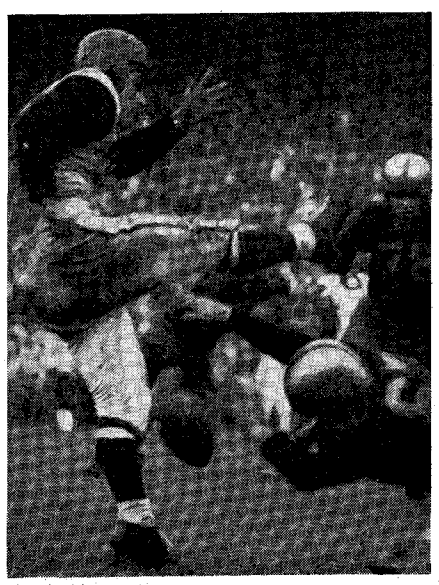
Together they went over the list of towns, varying in size from one of fifteen thousand population to a country crossroads settlement.

"You can feel yourself out," Kirkland said, "and see where you go over best. By the way, how are you on stories? Ones for the public, that is," he added, grinning.

Answer to

Let's Play Quarterback

Page 106



Penn elected to punt. But Pitt's big left guard, Bernie Barkouskie, broke through (above) and blocked it. The ball rolled into the end zone for a last-minute safety and two points for Pitt. Their 22–21 victory over Penn was one of the season's great upsets.

Paul looked worried. "Not too good, I fear, and I ought to have a stock. Mr. Hartwell may be able to help me there. I'll talk to him."

As a matter of fact, he was eager to see the old man again, and as he shook hands with him next day in the office, the feeling seemed mutual.

"Well, my boy, glad to see you back! I ought to sue you for breach of promise, though."

"How is that?"

"Just when you say I'm to be invited frequently to your bachelor quarters you suddenly up and get married."

"But you'll come to dinner with us soon, won't you? You and Anne will be the greatest friends. You must come often to the house; it will be just the same!"

Old Hartwell shook his head. "Not quite. A bachelor and a married man are two quite different animals. But I'm glad you chose to belong to the latter breed. And I'll be most happy to go to dinner when it's convenient. Well, well, do you think you can bring yourself down to earth now?"

Paul laughed. "I've been up among the stars, all right, but I'll try to get back to business in a hurry. By the way, I need your help. I'm to start speaking for Halsey next week, and I suddenly realize I have no fund of stories. Mr. Kirkland thinks they're pretty important. Could you dig me up some that I could work in here and there?"

Hartwell stroked his mustache. "Use a Lincoln one whenever you can. That always goes over anywhere. You should have a few just for the country too. I'll see what I can gather up. By the way, we've run into a very puzzling case while you've been gone."

They settled then to talk it over, and Paul's face grew grave. It seemed that the firm of Willis and Company had put in its bid, along with several others, for the contract of filling in a dump on the east side of the city. It was a big project.

Willis represented that his bid was for $100,000, which he considered a fair one. He would have given the city a good job and made himself a reasonable profit. He lost the contract, but had learned later that the company that got it was to receive $180,000.

"How did he find that out?" Paul asked.

"Oh, the award bid is always posted. In any case, he's determined to sue the city. I have a strong suspicion he has reason enough. We're graft-ridden, certainly, but whether we can do anything about this, I'm not so sure."

"I'd like to sink my teeth in that," Paul said determinedly.

Hartwell studied his desk.

"Perhaps I should not tell you until our suspicions are confirmed, but we've been making a quiet investigation. The company that got the contract is a smallish one under the name of Betts and Bolton. They deal chiefly in slag, and we find most of it comes from the Kirkland mines."

"Well," Paul put in, "they have a right to get it anywhere, haven't they?"

Hartwell nodded. "But we are inclined to think Kirkland owns the company and operates it under this other name—a front, as it were."

"You have proof?"

"We have a good deal. What then?"

Paul got up abruptly. "Mr. Hartwell, you must see that if this that you imply is true—I'm not at all satisfied that it is—I could not possibly have anything to do with it. I must think of my wife. On the very edge of our honeymoon, I can't be a party to bringing her father into such a case! You must surely understand this!"

"I do—I do, my boy. Don't get excited. I doubt if we'll decide to go further into the matter at all, though I'm strongly tempted to see what (Continued on Page 110)

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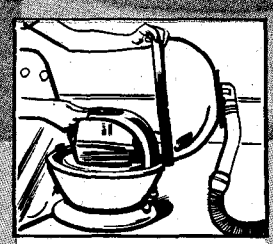
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(Continued from Page 108)

we could do with it. As I told you, the welfare of the city interests me. But you just forget it entirely and go on with your speeches. I'll see what I can do for you in the way of stories. Well, it's good to have you back and I'm very happy for you."

It was a nice dismissal, but Paul returned to his own office, disturbed and perplexed. If Kirkland was really involved in this situation, which looked like city graft at its worst, did he dare refuse to acknowledge it? And if the firm took this case, it would cause daily headlines for weeks. Being a member of the firm, he would be in some sense associated with it all, even if not actively involved. It was bitterly hard to run into a thing like this upon his happy return. He plunged into matters awaiting him on his desk, determining—rather weakly, he thought—to do nothing, to say nothing for the present, until he saw how the problem developed.

Just before he left that afternoon, Hartwell sent for him. "We are not taking the case of which I spoke to you," Hartwell said. "I'm sorry to give it up, but we haven't enough to go on."

"I see," said Paul briefly, a great relief flooding through him. At least there would be no public scandal, but he knew he must find out if he could about the real ownership of the firm of Betts & Bolton.

The facts came to him sooner than he expected. He had called Johnny Bovard upon his return but found him out of town. This week, though, they lunched together at The Dive, as Johnny called it. Johnny, ebullient as ever, leaned across the table and beamed upon him.

"Well, well! And how's Benedick, the married man! Boy, what a fast one you pulled! You could have knocked me over with a wet pinfeather. How's Anne? How's everything?"

"Fine, fine, fine, to all three questions. I'm as proud and happy as it is the lot of mortal man to be. Can't you come out soon to see us? Anne's busy supervising some remodeling upstairs, but, of course, we live all over the place. What about dinner some evening? Anne can get a girl in and we can have a game of bridge later. O.K.?"

"Of course," Johnny said, "wonderful," but something in his voice was not quite right. A little later, he spoke slowly, looking down at the table.

"If it doesn't sound like a prying maiden aunt, could I ask you when you fell in love with Anne?"

Paul spoke earnestly. "The first night I met her. I really knew then, though I wouldn't admit it. Then there was a terrible struggle in my mind. Her condition, you know. Not a barrier to my feelings, but to my being able to care for her myself. I had to fight it all out with my pride. Then I couldn't get her to accept me. She had her own pride and her fears, and I was sunk. But at last ——"

Johnny interrupted by reaching out his hand. "Let me congratulate you all over again."

Their eyes met. "You thought badly of me?" Paul asked slowly. "The whole setup bothered you?"

Johnny's honest face colored a little. "Not really," he said, "but let's just say I'm glad you've told me what you did just now. I'm happier than I can tell you about the whole thing. My word, what a beauty she looked the night of the wedding! And when you carried her out the door—boy, I choked up like a monkey. Envy, I guess."

The tiny cloud was gone, and they talked on with their usual ease. Johnny was deeply interested in the campaign work. His father knew Brennen and, in a slight way, Halsey.

"Dad thinks Halsey's a lightweight, but the better of the two candidates. How do you preach the gospel, Paul? What can you find to say about the fellow? You know what I've often thought?" He went on without waiting for an answer, "I think if a strong man would decide to run for office, and then tell the voters the truth about everything—no pussyfooting, no political strings, just straight-from-the-shoulder, honest-to-God stuff ——"

"How would he get a nomination?" Paul asked.

"Yeah, that's a point. He might have to play Br'er Rabbit till he got that and then just let 'er fly."

"He'd be a voice crying in the wilderness."

"Could be, but I'll bet there'd be a darned lot of ears among the trees taking it all in."

As they were leaving, Paul had a shock. He all but ran into Arno, entering with another man. Paul greeted him, and Arno nodded coldly.

"Who's he?" Johnny asked.

"He's Kirkland's right-hand man, and I've a hunch he doesn't love me just now. Don't know why."

"I've seen him around; hangs out here a lot, but I never knew who he was. That's why he's with Betts, then."

Paul pricked up his ears. "Betts?"

"Yep. Betts and Bolton run one of Kirkland's subsidiaries under their name. Say, don't mention that. Trade secret, sort of.

An unusual child is one that asks questions its parents can answer.

FRANCES RODMAN

We do the same in a smaller way. Kirkland's got a lot more irons on the fire, though, than we have, not counting politics."

It was all true then, Paul thought, as he went back to the office. Kirkland could call the tune at city hall as well as in the state capitol. And threading through the background of events were certain figures, now shadowy, only half descried, but which, Paul feared with a dreadful prescience, would become, to him, at least, distinct and clear as time went on.

He stayed alone in the office after closing time that evening, sitting at his desk, head in hands. He still possessed the overpowering desire to continue what he had begun. He loved speaking. It was meat and drink to him to gather the audience up skillfully in his hands and hold it there while he worked his will upon it. Over and above this was his steady ambition to become an integral part of the great political scene. Like a recurring mirage, which his will tried to dispel, was the thought of the governor's chair beyond the Senate, and even the pinnacle of the White House. Added to all this, upon the one side, was his consuming love for Anne and the horror of bringing pain upon her. On the other side were his growing suspicions of Kirkland's power and connections and the nagging voice within him that told him he should bring these into the open to be confirmed or denied.

In the end, however, hot and weary, he decided to go on as he was doing for the present. How many weak postponements had been made under that comforting guise, he thought, as he drove out home. And yet he was in honest doubt as to whether his course of action was motivated by cowardice or by sanity and wisdom. Then, at the end of the drive, were Anne's waiting arms, her lips, her shining eyes—and the world without, well lost.

TO BE CONTINUED

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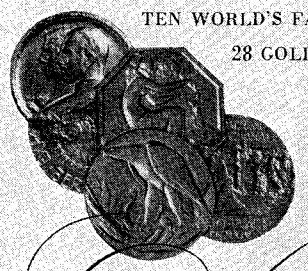

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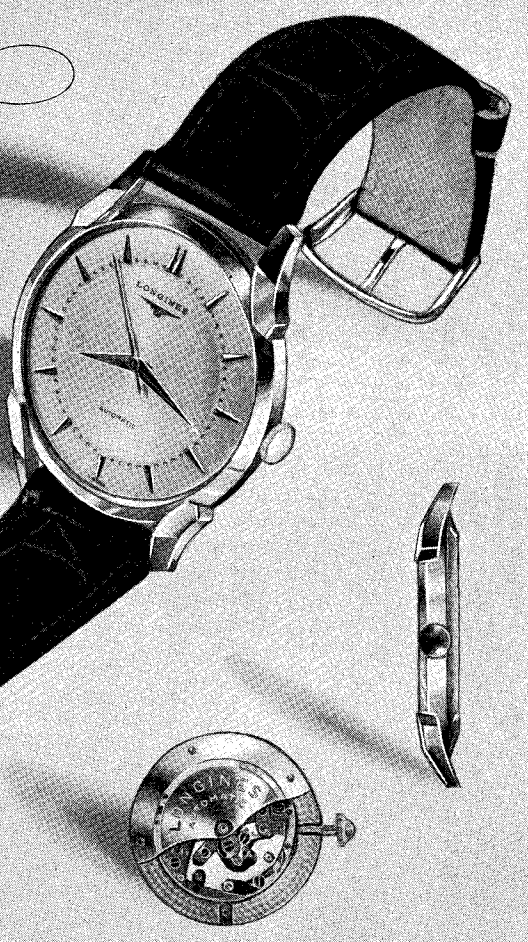

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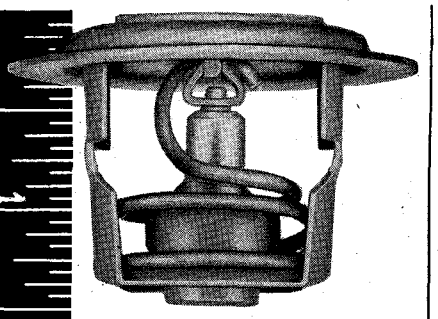

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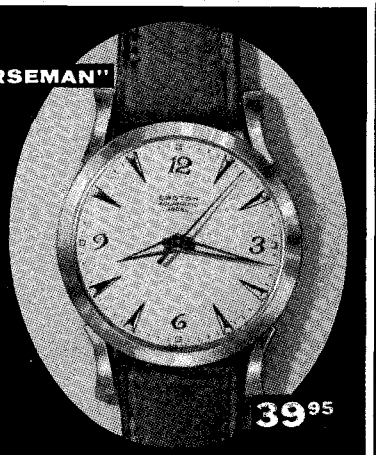

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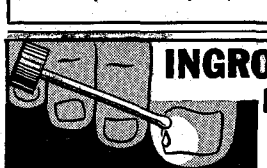

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Let's Put Sense in the Accident Laws

(Continued from Page 17)

that there was nobody behind him, and then turned left to the center of the road. Coming from the opposite direction was a lumber-company truck driven by Peter V. Cross. Browne stopped in or near the center of the road and his car was struck by the truck driven by Cross. Mrs. Browne, riding in the front seat, was killed. A friend, Edgar F. Williams, who owned the automobile, was in the back seat and escaped with minor injuries. Browne himself was knocked unconscious and severely injured.

Two months later, three suits for damages were brought against the truck owner. One was by Browne, seeking $50,000 damages on the ground that the truck driver was negligent; another was by Browne as administrator of his wife's estate, seeking $60,000; and the third was by Williams, seeking $1500 for damage to his automobile. The truck owner was insured, and lawyers for the insurance company replied that it was Browne rather than the truck driver who had been negligent. No settlement being possible, the case was ordered tried before a jury. But the courts were overcrowded and it was more than three years before Browne and Williams had their pleas for damages presented in a courtroom over which I presided.

After hearing testimony from both sides, the jury decided that Browne could not recover any damages because he was guilty of contributory negligence. Legally, contributory negligence means that in some way the damaged party was at fault. In most states a plaintiff guilty of contributory negligence cannot collect damages under the strict interpretation of the law—not even if his negligence was only 1 per cent as compared to 99 per cent on the part of the defendant. The jury also decided that Williams, who, as owner of the car, had permitted Browne to drive, was indirectly guilty of contributory negligence and could not recover for damage to his automobile.

But then the jury decided that Browne, in his separate action as administrator of his wife's estate, was entitled to collect $25,000 as a result of the death of Mrs. Browne. This was possible under the law which "required" the jury to assess just compensation for the estate—in this case, for Browne and two children—if the truck driver was guilty of negligence in the accident which caused her death, and regardless of whether Browne had been negligent in any way.

Doubtless that's absurd too. But such cases occur almost every day. Nor was the jury's verdict the end of the suit. Both sides appealed. A record of the case running several hundred pages and costing several hundred dollars had to be printed for the appeal. There was another delay of more than a year before the appellate court upheld the verdict. In other words, it was almost five years from the time of the accident until Browne was able to collect damages in behalf of his wife's estate, and in many such cases the delay is still longer.

Let me cite another case. Mr. Playboy met a girl at a party and offered to drive her home. Having had too many drinks, he drove recklessly, and the girl, being frightened, cried, "Let me out! Let me out!" He refused to stop, and later crashed across a sidewalk and into a house, seriously injuring the girl. She sued the driver for $50,000 and was opposed by lawyers for the company that had insured Mr. Playboy on the ground that she had voluntarily entered the car, although she knew the driver had been drinking. I did not accept her story that she had not been drinking, but I ruled that the act of getting into the automobile did not render her person "outlaw," and that she had a right to decline to continue to ride with the driver if he was reckless.

The point about this case—in which limited damages were awarded to the girl—is that it represents a whole class of "guest cases" which are a real nuisance in law. The problem arises from the fact that the "host" usually is insured and that, although he is made defendant in the action, he may color the facts in order to aid an injured "guest" in his automobile to recover damages from the insurance company. As a result, various states now permit recovery of damages in such cases only if the "host" driver is guilty of "gross negligence." This, too, is nonsense. What jury can determine the difference between just plain negligence and gross negligence? And, anyway, what difference does it make to the "guest" who has lost a leg in the accident?

The point I want to make is that we, the people of New York, of Arizona, of Oregon, of Ohio and of every other state are attempting to employ a body of law that dates back to the Industrial Revolution in cases that call for an entirely new legal concept—a concept that should be as up-to-date as the 1956 automobile models. As a result of our old-fashioned approach, we have imposed absurdities and injustices on many persons involved in accidents. And—this is purely incidental—we have clogged our jury calendars with thousands of unnecessary cases, caused delays that run as high as four or five years in disposition of claims and wasted many thousands of dollars of taxpayers' money that might better have been used elsewhere.

I make such statements because I am convinced that the whole problem can be resolved by removing automobile-accident lawsuits from the courts and handling them in the same way that we handle factory accidents under workmen's compensation.

If this seems at first glance to be a radical solution, let us recall that the idea of workmen's compensation was a radical and bitterly opposed innovation only a generation or so ago, but that it has since been accepted as an essential part of our modern industrial civilization and that the objections originally raised against it have largely vanished into thin air. The principle of workmen's compensation is simply that industry must bear the cost of accidents which are bound to happen in factories. Today, in all forty-eight states, industries are required by law to carry liability insurance. If a workman is injured, he is awarded compensation by a state board in accordance with established schedules, but without any attempt to establish who was to blame for the accident. Thus lawsuits and the courts are eliminated, the cost of compensation is equitably distributed, the injured workman is not subjected to the chance of getting nothing from a jury that might find him even 1 per cent negligent, and payment is made within a matter of weeks instead of years.

In applying the same principle to injuries suffered in an automobile accident, it would be necessary to require all motor-vehicle owners to carry liability insurance. Awards for injuries or damages would be made by a state compensation board on the basis of established schedules and without regard for the question of negligence, except in rare cases such as willful intent to injure. Awards would be paid by insurance companies or, if necessary, from state insurance funds such as have sometimes been set up for workmen's-compensation payments. The cost of administering the system—estimated at about 2 per cent of the total cost to policyholders—would be included in the automobile owners' premium payments to insurance companies. In the long run, the system might well save money both for the state and for the car owner. The state would save by eliminating a large percentage of personal-injury cases now in the courts. Premiums to car owners possibly would be less because of a decrease in the costly legal processes for which insurance companies must pay today.

There is one other important advantage, which I have already mentioned, but which is incidental—a kind of dividend of automobile-accident compensation. That is to be found in the fact that a very large percentage of the cases which now glut many of our courts arise from automobile accidents. The removal of such cases from the courts would go far toward resolving the problem of delay in hearing jury cases, but I want to emphasize that the clearing up of court dockets, however desirable, has nothing to do with my belief in the need for a compensation system.

Automobile-accident compensation is intrinsically sound because of the drastic changes that have taken place in our way of life during the last half century. Even in 1923, when there were 15,000,000 automobiles registered in the United States and when 14,411 persons were killed in automobile accidents, the problem was not acute all over the nation. But today we are a na-

(Continued on Page 114)

"Alice, honey, I'm afraid I'm not very good company tonight."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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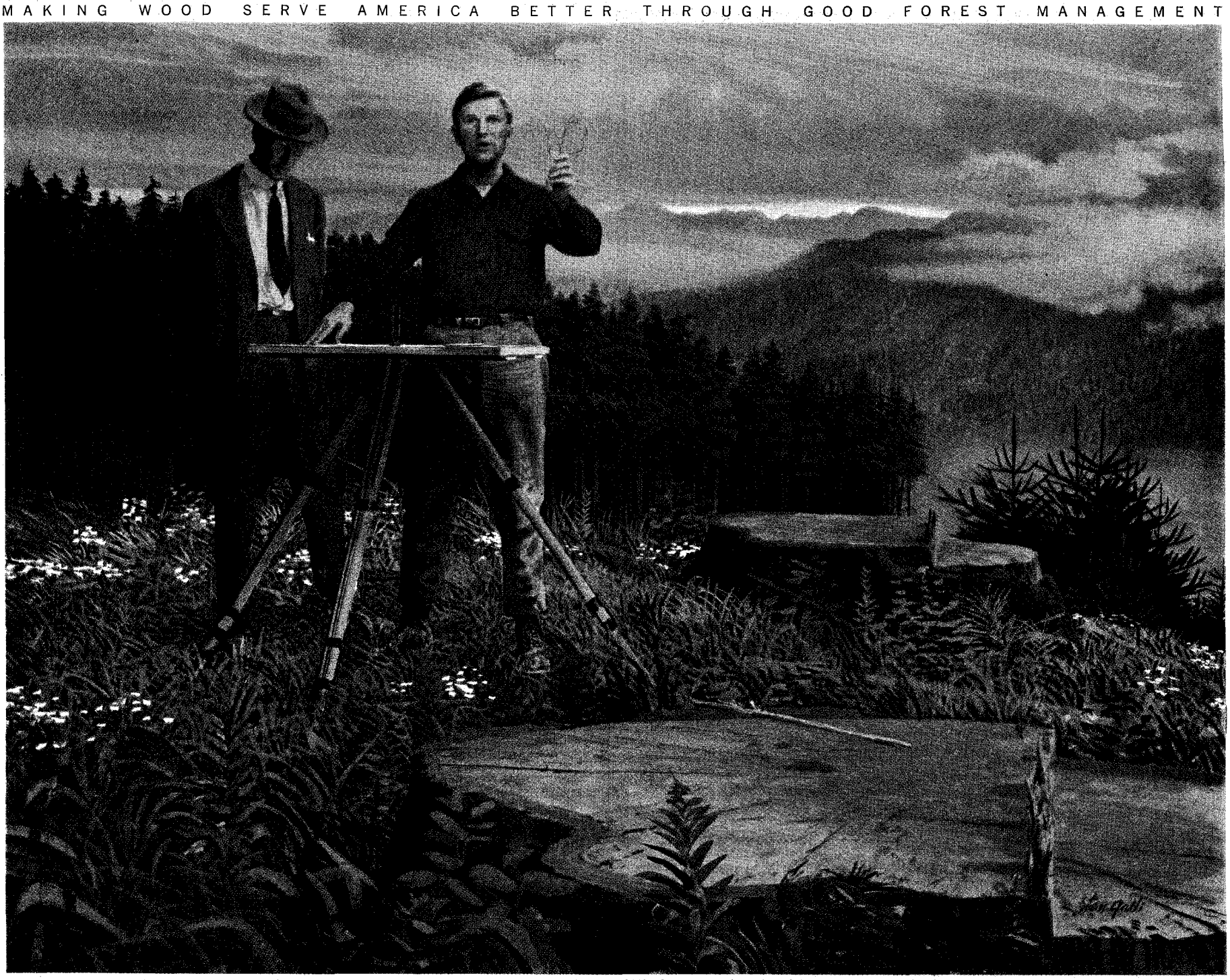
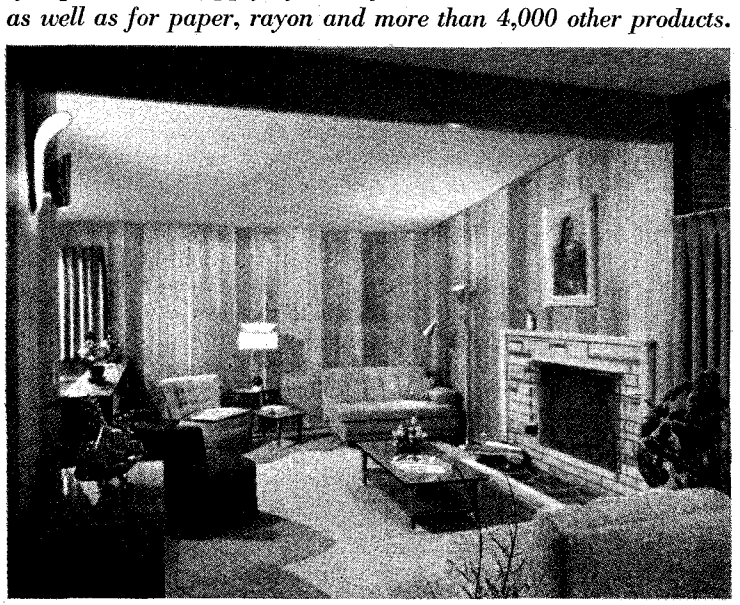
MAKING WOOD SERVE AMERICA BETTER THROUGH GOOD FOREST MANAGEMENT



CHARLES S. CHAPMAN (1880-1940), forester-economist whose field work and land studies helped establish management of commercial timberlands on a long-range business basis. Graduate of Yale School of Forestry, he served with the U. S. Forest Service and several forestry associations. In 1924, as chief forester, Weyerhaeuser Timber Company, he began development of practical plans to grow timber as a crop on company lands.

"properly managed, this land will produce trees forever..."

Among the benefits of tree farming in America is the assurance of a permanent supply of wood for use in home construction... as well as for paper, rayon and more than 4,000 other products.



Thirty-five years ago, the vision of a permanent wood supply by managing timber as a long-range crop was stimulating the imagination of forestry leaders. However, up to that time there was little evidence to show that such a venture was economically sound. As a result, in 1924 C. S. Chapman and other forest economists began the task of working out a practical business basis for such a vision...a task often requiring field demonstrations to convince landowners, businessmen and legislators alike. Devoting many years toward solving this problem, Chapman helped bring about the forest management, legislative and tax policies which made commercial tree farming possible throughout the nation.

Today, there are about 6,600 privately owned tree farms in America dedicated to perpetual wood production. They consist of about 35 million acres of tax-paying forestland on which timber is *voluntarily* grown and harvested in repeated cycles. All Weyerhaeuser Timber Company forestlands are certified tree farms, operated by trained foresters. *For a free booklet describing modern industrial forestry, write us at Box A, Tacoma, Washington.*

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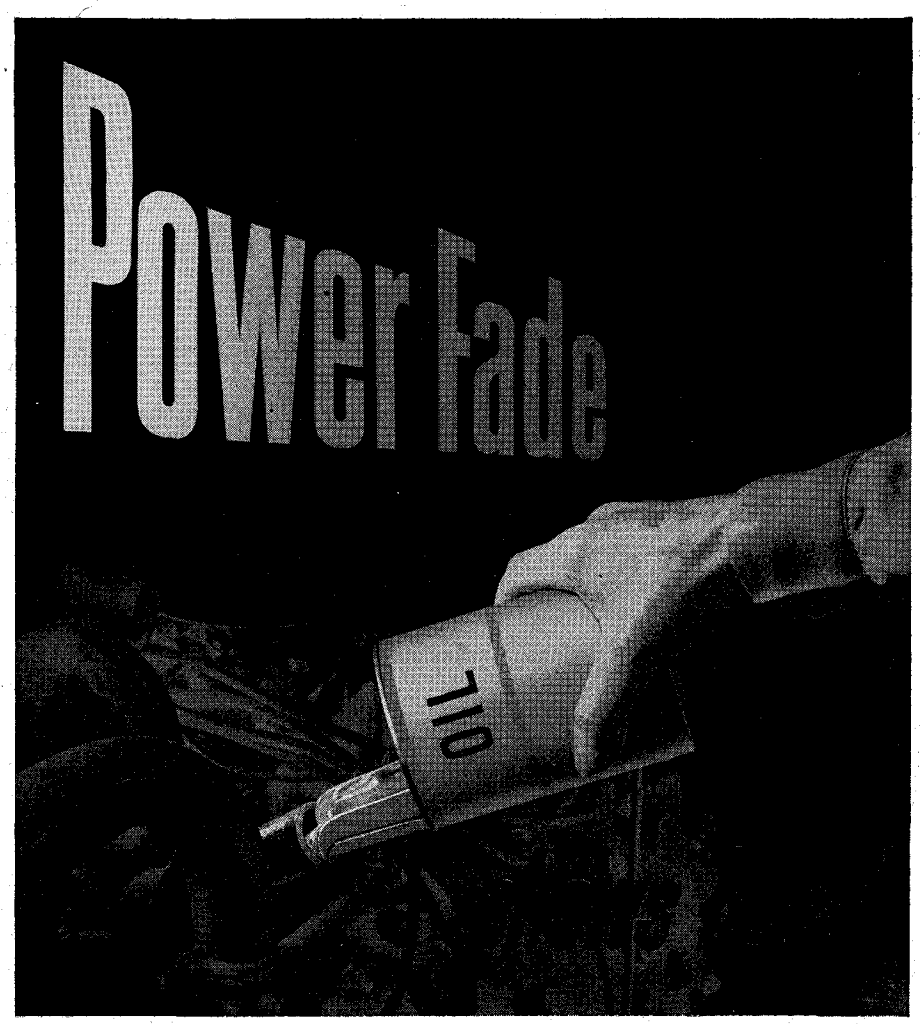

Stopping too often for oil shows your power is fading . . . and it's

time to replace your Piston Rings!

POWER FADE is gradual. You may not be aware it's happening, but worn rings give tell-tale warnings.

Having to buy too much oil and gas, and slow pick-up reveal POWER FADE! You're paying more but getting less power for every dollar spent.

Top performance is gone. And despite the extra oil used, vital engine parts remain starved for oil. This is not only costly and wasteful, but it is a warning of expensive repairs to come later.

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See your motor specialist for a ring check-up. If he recommends a ring change, it will pay you to install Hastings Rings. They're engineered exclusively for replacement service to quickly stop power fade, oil-pumping and gasoline waste.

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*TOUGH but oh so gentle

HASTINGS

STEEL-VENT PISTON RINGS

Regular or Chrome-Faced

*TOUGH on oil-pumping . . . GENTLE on cylinder walls

(Continued from Page 112) wheels that turn with great speed on broad highways. Our annual toll of deaths in automobile accidents is close to 40,000. In 1954, for example, there were 1,307,000 automobile accidents in which 1,960,000 persons were injured and 35,500 killed. Our courts were buried under thousands of suits for personal damage due to such accidents. And, still forced to operate on the basically unsound theory that automobile accidents should be dealt with in the same fashion as the general run of accidents, our courts come up with some fantastic decisions. Only this year, for instance, a Circuit Court jury in Greenville, Mississippi, heard a case in which two drivers who had collided accused each other of blame. The jury awarded damages of $1000 to both parties on the ground that they were "equally negligent and suffered approximately equal injuries and damages."

In this connection, I should point out that our legal backwardness in handling such accident cases has been widely recognized and that trends have been established which are intended to help correct the inequity of our outdated system. Jurors often are unsympathetic toward the harsh rule of law that says a man who is negligent in even the slightest degree cannot collect damages. Many judges no longer hold this rule in the reverence it once commanded and in recent years an effort has been made to substitute a doctrine of "comparative negligence" for that of "contributory negligence." These are steps in the right direction, but they are only halfway measures that cannot solve the real problem. Nor can compulsory insurance laws alone, such as have been enacted in Massachusetts, be the answer, because the damaged individual must still prove that the accident was entirely the fault of the other party if he expects to be compensated.

And that is the heart of the whole matter. The concept that an automobile accident is due to individual fault is utterly unrealistic in modern civilization. It defies common sense and everyday experience. It fails to consider that, from an actuarial standpoint, such accidents are inevitable and that they should be considered on the same legal basis as accidents that occur in factories. Or let me put it another way: Society demands and needs the automobile and, in fact, could not do without it any more than it could do without our great industrial plants. Experience shows that no matter how carefully people drive or how stringent the traffic laws there will be automobile accidents. Therefore, society must accept collective responsibility for such accidents. They are a common burden of our society and should be dealt with on a collective rather than an individual basis, due to their unique character in our social and economic life.

What are the objections to such a plan? Not long ago when I discussed the idea, a learned friend said that he was "shocked" by my contention that negligence should not be considered in accident awards because there is no true fault in these cases.

"There is always fault," he asserted.

"There is," I replied, "a high degree of inevitability in such accidents today that the normal concept of fault, while it still obtains, theoretically, is wholly illusory. Even in cases where there is real fault, that fault has been caused by the tensions in our way of life. The tension is social, and we need a social solution rather than an assessment of blame against an individual."

Some insurance experts fear that automobile-accident compensation would be a gamble, that the state might impinge on their business by setting up an insurance fund or that the state might take over all such insurance on a socialistic basis. But the insurance companies originally opposed workmen's compensation on much the same grounds and their fears proved to be groundless. The workmen's-compensation system, in fact, has greatly increased the business of insurance companies. So would automobile-accident compensation.

Lawyers, who have a vested interest in the large number of lawsuits arising from automobile accidents and who naturally see the problem from their own point of view, have pointed out that it would be difficult to establish equitable compensation schedules covering persons in all professions and in all economic strata. The workmen's-compensation schedules, for instance, are drawn up for only one broad classification of citizens. But in preparing schedules for automobile-accident compensation the experts would have to consider the difference between the loss of a finger by a $60-a-week factory worker and the loss of a finger by a $600-a-week pianist. The factory worker might soon return to his job without reduction of his income, but the pianist would never be able to return to his profession.

Such problems, however, are far from insurmountable. Certain inequities doubtless would arise under any compensation plan, but they would be less objectionable than the inequities under the present system.

Under a state-administered system of compensation the injured party would simply apply to the compensation board, fill out the necessary forms and attend a hearing before an examiner, who would award payment for injuries on the basis of established schedules. There would, of course, be various schedules covering average income, time lost from work, partial disability, permanent disability, death, unemployed persons, minors, housewives and so on. The proceedings should require only a few weeks—instead of possibly years in the courts—and the injured person would be required to accept the board's award, except in certain unusual circumstances when it might be necessary to resort to regular court procedure.

Some years ago an exhaustive study of automobile-accident compensation was made by a special committee of the Columbia University Council for Research in the Social Sciences. It found the present system "inadequate to meet existing conditions" and showed by case studies that uninsured owners pay for only a very small proportion of the damage caused by their automobiles. "The committee," the report said, "favors the plan of compensation with limited liability and without regard to fault, analogous to that of the workmen's-compensation laws. It would be workable, its cost to motor-vehicle owners need not be unreasonable and it would not violate the due-process clause of the Constitution."

To which I can only add a hearty "Amen." Our legal processes should have caught up with the Automobile Age years ago. The law is not a strait jacket and the time has come for a fresh approach to this problem in harmony with our present-day needs. THE END

Bored Meeting

By Stephen Schlitzer

Some will make motions
which others will second,
Some of them speak out of
turn,
But I fill a need, most
important indeed,
I always move we adjourn.

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Adlai Girds for Battle (Continued from Page 29)

made a profound impression upon the American public. Interest in him remains high. Even his commencement speeches are widely reported. What has he been doing since 1952? How does he view his future?

Election night, 1952, was a terrible time for Stevenson's supporters. They had thought he would win. So had Stevenson. He took the news of his defeat better than anyone else. Returning to the Executive Mansion in Springfield after making his concession speech, he found some of his aides preparing to steal away, and asked, "Where's everybody going?" He took them back inside to open the champagne.

Carl McGowan, his closest campaign aide, recently said, "It's easy to be jovial the day before election when the newspapermen are around and everybody says you're winning, but believe me, the crowd cleared out awful fast. Stevenson never sat around and groused. He worries about problems before they happen, but once they do happen, he takes them in stride without complaining."

Stevenson had to finish out two months more as governor, and deal with his mail. Nearly 100,000 people wrote to him, exhorting him to continue his leadership. He received many offers of jobs—to become a New York lawyer, university president, teacher, magazine editor, newspaper columnist, television commentator at $250,000 for a forty-week series, lecturer at fees up to $5000 per lecture ("I had no idea they paid fees like that"). He put all the offers aside and took a trip around the world.

He had thought he could go as a private citizen, unnoticed. It was impossible. He refused many invitations to speak—"I didn't come here to talk; I came to learn, listen and see"—but he could not escape being treated as a distinguished visitor. He visited about thirty countries and met nearly every chief of state—Chiang Kai-shek, Syngman Rhee, Bao Dai, Jawaharlal Nehru, Marshal Tito, Winston Churchill, Queen Elizabeth. Pope Pius XII granted him a special audience.

Ordinary people everywhere clamored to see him. He asked endless questions. His energy astonished people. In Malaya, when his jeep stopped in a jungle village and with trepidation the elderly headman appeared to greet him, Stevenson slapped him on the back and said, "Hello, boss. How's the precinct?" Photographs showed him with dancers and elephants and temple idols; dining with notables in white suits and military uniforms in a lush tropical garden; reviewing troops; surrounded by reporters beside an airplane; handing out chocolate bars to children in a muddy Asiatic street, his suit rumpled, an expression of compassion on his uneven features.

The correspondent of an American newspaper that had opposed him politically reported from Tokyo that Stevenson "considers himself too good an American" to criticize the President or the Republican Party while abroad, even in private conversation. The Sunday Times, of London, said, "He has been traveling as he says, to educate himself. But most of those who have seen him on this tour feel that his real accomplishment has been to educate the world about the United States, an unconscious mirror of the best in that great country."

He arrived in New York on August 20, 1953. Immediately, speculation began upon his political future. The Democrats were meeting in Chicago on September fourteenth, their first big national rally since 1952. Would they like him? They did. He also made a report on his world tour to a general audience, urging the administration always to keep the door open to negotiation. Stevenson regards this speech as one of his three most important ones since 1952. But, at the time, the big news was that Stevenson was acknowledged the leader of the Democratic Party.

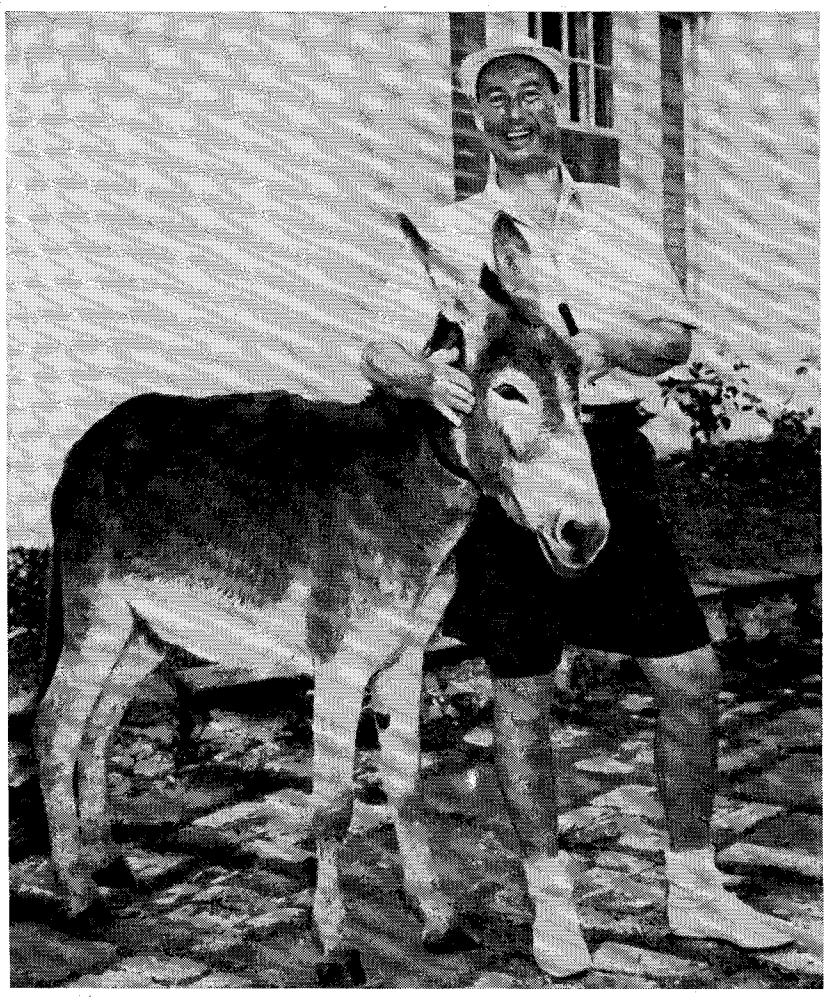
The role he had to play was difficult. He held no public office, had no platform from which to speak. Some admirers urged him to assert leadership of the then Democratic minority in Congress. Stevenson had no intention of attempting to do so. Politics aside, he had many other problems. One was earning a living. He is well-to-do, but it was costing $25,000 a year to run his office downtown—"that silly little office," he called it, "and all it does is handle the mail." Moreover, Stevenson has a Yankee feeling that work is virtue. But what kind of work—the law? So many people telephoned or came to see him that he found it hard to work at anything. Admirers were constantly imploring him to issue a statement on important questions—for example, to declare that, on moral grounds, the United States ought never use the hydrogen bomb. (He refused.)

He made a basic decision: ultimately he would return to the law. But first he would devote a year to the Democratic Party. "I had a feeling it was a duty I owed as the beneficiary of the party's greatest honor."

The party had ended the 1952 campaign with a deficit of $850,000. Stevenson spoke at eight of nine fund-raising dinners held by the Democratic National Committee, helped raise an estimated $500,000 or $600,000. He was the party's drawing card, and he became on crucial issues its leader. At that time the Democratic Party was under heavy attack. Gov. Thomas E. Dewey, of New York, had advised Americans to "remember that the words 'Truman' and 'Democrat' mean diplomatic failure, military failure, death and tragedy" and had alluded to the "Democrat practice of promoting men when they are discovered to be spies and crooks." Sen. Joseph McCarthy, of Wisconsin, was at the peak of his prominence. Most Democratic leaders feared to counterattack McCarthy. They thought that at most he should be termed "a Republican problem."

But Stevenson, in his Miami speech, on March 6, 1954, attacked McCarthy bluntly not as a Republican problem, but an American problem. He felt that McCarthy was dividing the country, with disastrous effect on domestic and foreign policy. Stevenson considers the Miami speech the second of his three most important ones since 1952. In it he also attacked the foreign-policy doctrine of "massive retaliation."

Stevenson took time out from party chores to deliver the Godkin lectures on foreign affairs at Harvard. They subsequently sold over 40,000 copies in book form as Call to Greatness, and were widely reprinted abroad; he was immensely pleased.



Stevenson found a Democratic symbol in British Jamaica last month. Adlai has abandoned his "martyr" attitude and seems to enjoy his role as party leader.

After undergoing surgery for the removal of a kidney stone, he flew to Denver on July second to open the 1954 congressional campaign, which he led from then on.

In Oregon, he helped Richard Neuberger run for the Senate. He went to Alaska for the territorial campaign, returned to Montana, conferred with Harry Truman in Kansas City, spoke at Omaha, and returned home on August eighth. He plugged hard for Sen. Paul Douglas, running for re-election in the nearest thing to a plebiscite on the New Deal that the campaign afforded. He went out to South Dakota for a farm speech, returned for a labor speech in Chicago ("a prophet of gloom and doom," the Republicans called him), opened the Pennsylvania campaign in Harrisburg and the Ohio campaign in Cincinnati, attended a national rally at Indianapolis on September eighteenth.

By then the Democrats sensed victory. They had won in Maine. Stevenson went to Minneapolis to speak for Orville Freeman and Hubert Humphrey, running for governor and senator. He spoke for Gov. G. Mennen Williams in Detroit, and on October seventh began a Western swing—Wichita, Los Angeles, Albuquerque, San Francisco. On October twenty-sixth he headed east for a final strenuous week to help Averell Harriman. Election night, sitting in his living room with a few friends, he seemed happy and relaxed. He telephoned a friend's child: She should go to bed, "everything's going to be all right."

The campaign had been a hard one, but he had endured its rigors with his ebullience undiminished. One hot day in Eugene, Oregon, he had begun a speech, "I say to you, Mr. Chairman, that I hope I finish this speech before I spoil." Odd things kept happening to him. A "welcome" sign misspelled his name. Proud parents thrust a large child into his arms and snapped a picture; Stevenson said, "I think this child should be holding me."

Toward the end he was covering thousands of miles by air, touring the countryside in an open car, speaking several times a day, sidestepping local factional feuds, receiving delegations in hotel rooms till late at night, then working on a speech, then arising early to begin the next day's labors. Correspondents repeatedly referred to him as a "fighter," as they had not in 1952. Joseph Harsch, of the Christian Science Monitor, wrote that "something has changed" in Stevenson: He seemed to enjoy his role more than in 1952 and "the old, slightly morbid, almost martyrlike overtone has evaporated—he is behaving for the first time as a happy warrior."

He endeared himself to party professionals. The Chicago Tribune had expressed the hope that the defeat of Senator Douglas "would settle the political fate of Adlai Stevenson . . . for all time." It might have, but Douglas won handsomely. So did other candidates for whom Stevenson had worked—Senators Neuberger and Clinton Anderson, Governors Freeman, Williams and Harriman. It is impossible to evaluate Stevenson's contribution to the Democratic sweep, but it prompted some Democrats to talk of nominating him in 1956 "by acclamation." When the party met in New Orleans on December third, Stevenson advised it to forget campaign bitterness and work with the administration on a foreign policy intended to establish peace. As for himself, he would resume the private practice of law.

He closed his own office, opened a larger one, and formed a firm at the beginning of 1955 with three lawyers, all former associates. W. Willard Wirtz, a quiet, serious man of forty-three, had been a law professor at Northwestern University and a member of Stevenson's 1952 campaign staff. Newton Minow, twenty-nine, a brilliant, cherubic man, had been law clerk to Chief Justice Fred M. Vinson, of the Supreme Court, before he joined Stevenson's staff in 1952. William McCormick Blair, Jr., a wealthy man of thirty-eight whose mordant wit masks a deep devotion to Stevenson, had been Stevenson's appointment secretary while Stevenson was governor.

Stevenson's firm has done a good deal of negotiating for American corporations with foreign investments. Stevenson went to Africa on behalf of several companies to discuss financial relations with South African interests, and to negotiate the purchase of scarce materials. He went to Puerto Rico and other Caribbean areas to discuss taxes, public relations, and other problems on behalf of American corporations. Such work reflects his own expert knowledge and deep interest in foreign affairs.

His partner, Minow, says, "He has more imagination and resourcefulness than most lawyers. He tries to put some style into writing a brief." Once a friend sent to Minow a young man under investigation as a security risk. Minow, after checking, became convinced that the young man was unjustly accused, but he hesitated to defend him because of Stevenson's political position. He asked Stevenson what he should do. Stevenson (Continued on Page 118)

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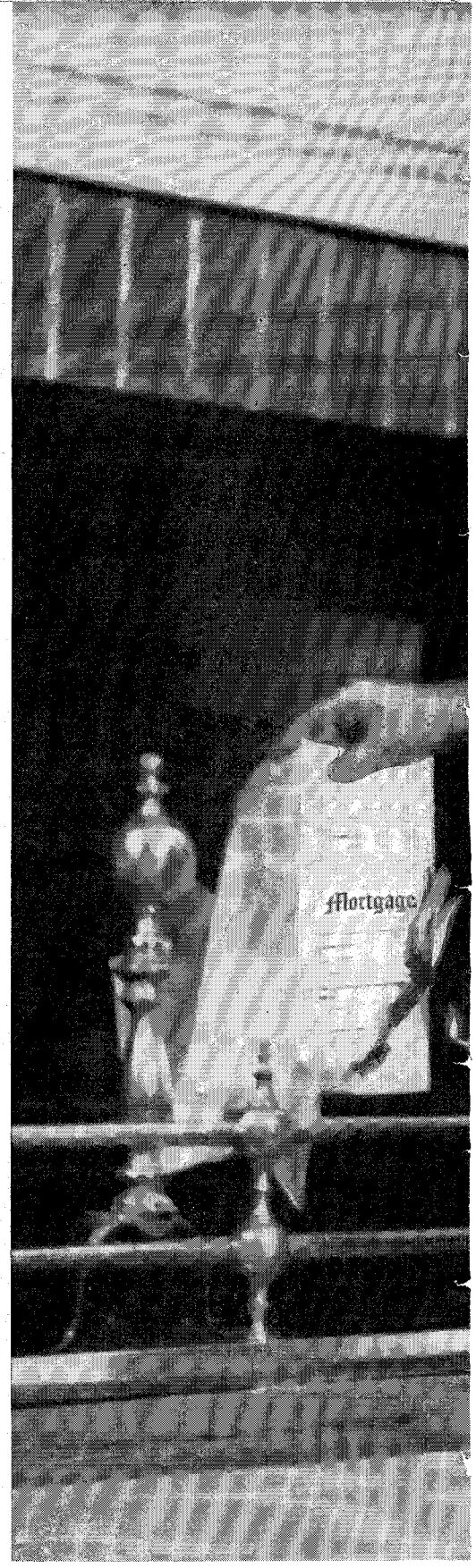

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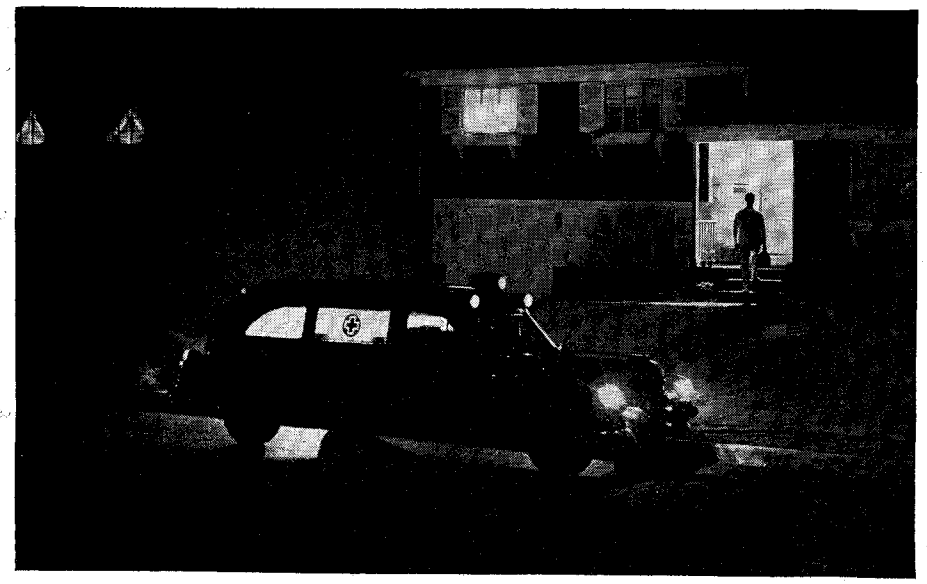

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(Continued from Page 115) was surprised that he even asked—"If I ever succumb to that, I might as well quit practicing law." Minow took the case and won it.

Stevenson's law practice has prospered. He has refused many more clients than he has accepted. Among these passed over were several who apparently hoped to exploit his political prominence. One offered him as a retainer any sum "in six figures."

The firm's suite of seven rooms is large, comfortable, rich-looking. On the walls of Stevenson's own office are pictures of his sons and a facsimile of an autobiography Abraham Lincoln supplied to Stevenson's great-grandfather. Stevenson's secretary, Carol Evans, a tall, blond, capable woman, has been with him since before he became governor. She calls him "Governor," as do most of his friends.

Stevenson receives about 150 letters a day. Strangers write to him about everything. Men want him to lend them money, women want to marry him. A woman in Scarsdale named her new parakeet "Adlai" and inquired how to pronounce it. Roughly, it rhymes with "gladly." A Massachusetts boy wrote, "I know that you are a very busy man, but I hope you will find time to answer this letter, as it will strengthen my composition mark and the bonds between my teacher and me." A woman asked Stevenson to write to her sick son to speed his recovery; he did.

Strangers send Stevenson gifts on his birthday and at Christmas—shirts, ties, candy, food, books. They invite him to visit in their homes, especially after it is announced he will deliver a speech in a distant city—"if you want a quiet evening, we will have the record player going and we can sit around and talk about books." Authors send him their books and manuscripts, sometimes wanting an endorsement, sometimes only encouragement. Many people request his autograph, his picture, or copies of his books and speeches, or personal mementos, such as neckties. But most who write him only want to be helpful to him, or to the country, or to encourage him—"it is comforting in these times to know that a country which produces a McCarthy, a Velde, a Jenner, and a Hall also has [you]." Men send him long letters on the farm problem or on foreign policy. Running through his correspondence, one is impressed by the numbers of earnest persons who are concerned about the nation's welfare.

Despite his heavy schedule, it is surprisingly easy for people to drop in on Stevenson. He inspires loyalty and devotion. People who helped him in 1952 have kept in touch with him. Sometimes, becoming interested in what a caller has to say, Stevenson keeps him for an hour or more. He has a way of pumping visitors dry. He still travels a great deal, nearly always by plane and accompanied by Blair. Once or twice a month he goes to New York on business. Wherever he goes he spends as much time as possible "looking around for my own education and benefit."

When he is home he drives from Libertyville to Lake Forest, rides a commuters' train to Chicago, and walks to his office. Sometimes he has lunch at the Attic Club or Chicago Club, citadels of Republicanism. But he frequently takes his lunch with him and eats it at his desk; if he has a lunch appointment he brings an extra sandwich for his guest.

Blair and Miss Evans usually try to crowd appointments into a single office day. One day, a while back, Stevenson's callers included a Government official, a man from the American Friends Service Committee, a "friend of a friend" from Iowa to discuss farm problems, a Midwest Democratic leader, a woman with a letter from a Western politician, an Illinois legislator, a Columbia University professor, an old personal friend, an English industrialist, a friend of Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, a group of college students seeking his advice on what to specialize in, and the Japanese minister of health bearing a letter from the Japanese prime minister.

To relax, Stevenson takes long walks through the woods and fields along the river near his place in Libertyville. He lives simply and informally, employing a housekeeper and an outdoor man. Most of the people he sees socially were his friends long before he went into politics. He rarely sees his "political friends" socially. His sister and her husband pay him long visits. His eldest son, Adlai III, is in Harvard Law School. His second son, Borden, is in the Army. The youngest, John, is a sophomore at Harvard.

When Stevenson returned to the law, he intended to make no speeches for six months. But early in April the Red Chinese threatened Quemoy and Matsu islands off the China coast, and for a time American policy vacillated. Stevenson became "very anxious at what looked like the administration's drift toward war in Asia," and delivered a radio speech to the people. It was a realistic speech on a murky subject; it seemed to clear the air. He said Americans were united in their determination to defend Formosa itself, but he tried to separate Quemoy and Matsu from it in the public mind, and he urged the administration to negotiate with our allies on this basis. Stevenson considers this the third of his three most important speeches since 1952.

Stevenson has traveled some 150,000 miles. He has published eight major magazine articles, several minor ones and two books. He has received six honorary degrees, and delivered seventy-five formal speeches since 1952. The speeches come hard. He said recently, "I don't like speaking—the writing, I mean. It's hard work and I'm never quite satisfied with the result." When he has a major speech scheduled, various people may submit drafts or memoranda. Stevenson works them over, discarding most, sometimes taking passages from several drafts, rewriting them, combining them. Reading the drafts, he argues with them. On the margin of one he penciled "Nonsense!" and "Do I want to say this? No!"

The speech that emerges is his own. Stevenson is intensely individual. This is what makes him rewrite speeches so much; it is also what makes him seem an unorthodox politician. And he is an extremely skillful politician. In the last three years he has avoided innumerable opportunities for disaster. He habitually "plays it by ear." He has successfully carried on his odd, difficult relationship with Democratic congressional leaders with no formal liaison whatever.

Asked recently what he had found to be the chief difficulties of maintaining his position as a public figure without portfolio, Stevenson replied. "The main problem is one of solitude and reflection—finding some time to think and study and read," and he waved a hand at some unread books. He was sitting on the screened porch of the house in Libertyville. "Then, maintaining a staff and office to keep up with the mail and visitors and at the same time discharging your responsibilities to the party."

What did he consider his most important accomplishments since 1952? He squirmed. "I hadn't thought about it. Well, I helped in the rehabilitation of my party. Then, second, I'd like to think that by sharply criticizing the erratic and bellicose conduct of our foreign policy I might have made it easier for the rational moderate elements in the administration to regain their mastery of our foreign policy. Sobering the dialogue, stiffening up the administration at home, possibly presenting the true image of America abroad. The attack on President Truman by Herbert Brownell reverberated around the world. The dialogue we conduct here is audible everywhere, and we conduct it as though we were just talking to one another out of earshot of everyone."

At this time Eisenhower's popularity was at an all-time high, and Democrats were debating the wisdom of attacking him next year.

Stevenson said, "Of course, he will be criticized. A campaign of the 'outs' against the 'ins' has to have a large content of criticism, if there's anything to criticize. And there's plenty here. While I've tried to be respectful to the President, as I would hope the Republicans would be to a Democratic President, I don't hesitate to criticize. I think I could even make you a little lecture on the importance of criticism to the democratic system. I said once that criticism is the secret weapon of democracy, and I believe that. If we ever are inhibited from criticism by virtue of adulation or economic coercion or press suppression or total uniformity, I think we'll be in a very unhealthy state. That's one of the major dangers today.

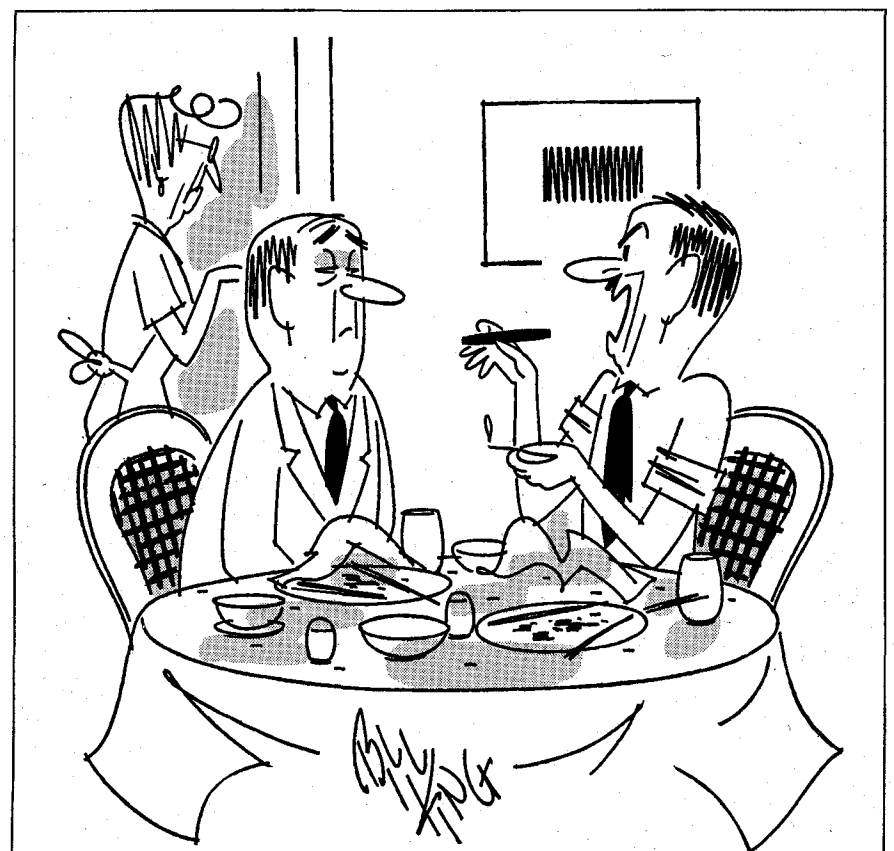
"Perhaps the best reason for a strong campaign is that when you have big business and the press and government under the same hat, and when criticism becomes unfashionable, becomes almost lese majesty, or un-American—this is a major hazard. It's only by incessant criticism that we can get along. This was the way America was made. In America everyone could speak his piece; it was always open season on the guy in office; it's a great blessing that we've had this openhanded free tradition."

Stevenson deeply believes in the Democratic Party. He believes the Republican Party abandoned the people for "special interests" before 1900, and has not changed since. To a considerable degree Stevenson approaches the problem of his own political future from these fixed beliefs. He thinks it would be good for the country if the Democrats won the presidency next year. He thinks the Democrats "ought to look twice before considering me again and make sure I'm the best they've got." During the summer of 1955, many Democratic leaders assured him he was. In August he said he would make known his intentions by the end of November. He was already giving thought to the recruitment of a campaign staff.

Many of his admirers hated to see him run against Eisenhower. They thought no one could beat Eisenhower, and didn't want to see Stevenson "wasted," as they put it. Some suggested he "let Averell do it"—Gov. Averell Harriman, of New York. Others suggested Stevenson run for the United States Senate in Illinois against Everett Dirksen. Stevenson is annoyed at such suggestions. He thinks that for him to run for anything but President would be interpreted as an announcement that he has no faith in a Democratic presidential victory in 1956; this would be a heavy blow to the Democratic Party, and one that Stevenson is unwilling to strike.

Moreover, he doesn't believe in what he calls "the Republican propaganda of invincibility." He has said, "Some people come to me and say, 'Play it safe; sit this one out and you're a cinch in 1960.' I don't believe it's honorable or even respectable to consider the presidency from that point of view. To hang around till you get a better chance. When you're talking about the presidency of the United States, which is an office of shattering and awesome significance, you just don't talk about it in those terms. If I'd been thinking of it that way I wouldn't have run last time. I think a man has to have convictions, and believe in something far more important than his own self-interest or convenience or ambition, to run for President at all. If you have convictions, if you believe in your cause, then you go into battle not when you want to, but when you are wanted."

Stevenson is outwardly unchanged since 1952—modest, courteous, self-depreciating, good-humored, serious. But he seems a trifle harder, less tentative, more sure of what he wants and how to go about getting it. The same change occurred while he was governor. The first public office he ever ran for was governor, and for a time after he was elected he seemed to be groping uncertainly in the unfamiliar jungle of state politics. But by the end of his term he had a firm grip on things. He was more successful at getting his program through the second session of the legislature than through the first. It would be surprising if his second campaign for the presidency, should there be one, were not more effective than the first. THE END



"Have you ever tasted anything like that stew?—I mean voluntarily?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Where the Biggest Ideas are Born

(Continued from Page 25)

great a contribution such a community might make to the sum of human knowledge.

The results have surpassed expectations. Restricted to about 100 members at a time, the institute has lured an imposing array of geniuses and near-geniuses from all over the world during its comparatively brief existence. The brilliant personages who have worked in this exclusive community represent almost every branch of higher learning, and include internationally known poets, philosophers, economists, historians and archaeologists, as well as scientists of many kinds. Everybody associated with this dignified organization leans over backward to avoid personal publicity, but very few of the world's largest educational centers have made so much front-page news. When so many colorful characters are assembled in one small place, they are bound to attract the public spotlight.

Not only have the institute's members produced impressive accomplishments at frequent intervals but they also have got mixed up in highly publicized controversies, despite their dislike for notoriety. In both these respects, the atomic revolution has focused more attention upon the Institute for Advanced Study than has any other development. Several scientific geniuses working at Princeton have played major roles in bringing about the atomic age, winning numerous honors for themselves and their community. And during the past year the institute also has been reluctantly enmeshed in a controversy which concerns the American Government's atomic-weapons program and security system. Two prominent personalities connected with the institute were featured in 1954's most publicized security case. One of these was the famous nuclear physicist Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer, who has been the institute's director since 1947. The other was the institute's chief financial adviser, the former New York banker, Lewis Strauss, who has been a trustee of the institute for fifteen years. Since 1953, Mr. Strauss also has been chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission.

The story of the relationship between Doctor Oppenheimer and Mr. Strauss falls into two distinct parts, one centered in Washington and the other in Princeton. After prolonged hearings by a special Government board last year, Mr. Strauss was called upon to decide, in his capacity as chairman of the AEC, whether or not Doctor Oppenheimer was a security risk. He ruled that the Government's revised security regulations did make the eminent scientist a security risk, which debarred him from further access to top-secret atomic information.

But while the Washington half of the Oppenheimer-Strauss story has been widely and vigorously discussed, the Princeton half of the story has been almost completely overlooked. In some respects this episode is more significant than what happened between the same two men in Washington. Unpublished details about it will be given later in this article, after the background of the Princeton institute's atomic achievements has been sketched in.

Those achievements go back to the institute's earliest years a quarter of a century ago, and feature three of its brilliant charter members—two great mathematicians and one noted educator. First and foremost of this trio was Albert Einstein, who died suddenly last April. Although this modest genius forecast the atomic future long before he came to Princeton, he was firmly settled at the institute by the time World War II broke out, and that fact may well have altered the course of human history. For in 1939 it was from his office at the Institute for Advanced Study that Einstein wrote his celebrated letter to Franklin D. Roosevelt suggesting that Hitler might develop atomic weapons first if the United States did not beat him to it. That letter provided the impetus for the American Government's enormous atomic-energy program.

The second charter member who figures importantly in the institute's atomic story is the new member of the Atomic Energy Commission, Doctor von Neumann. This fifty-one-year-old mathematician provides a vivid illustration of the effectiveness of the principles upon which the institute was based. As a young man, he was invited to come to Princeton from Germany, where he was teaching, at the same time Einstein was, and he was permitted to work as he pleased for more than two decades in the congenial Princeton atmosphere. The credit for creating that atmosphere is largely due to the original charter member of the institute, the noted educator, Dr. Abraham Flexner.

Without Doctor Flexner there would have been no Institute for Advanced Study. He conceived the idea, organized the community and served as its director during its first nine years. Doctor Flexner's influence upon higher education has been as revolutionary, in some respects, as that of the atomic scientists in their field. Forty-five years ago he was credited with completely reorganizing American medical education in co-operation with his equally famous brother, Dr. Simon Flexner, first director of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research. Abraham Flexner then turned his attention to advanced education in other fields, and the Princeton institute was one result.

Although Doctor Flexner is now eighty-eight years old, he is still so active that he personally answered the telephone in his New York office when I called him to talk about the institute's current anniversary. He made it clear that he holds the same views today which he outlined a generation ago in an essay entitled The Usefulness of Useless Knowledge. That essay was practically a blueprint for the Institute for Advanced Study. In it Doctor Flexner pointed out that many of the greatest human achievements have been initiated by "pure" scientists and he cited many historical examples to show that knowledge which seemed "useless" while it was being acquired later proved to be spectacularly "useful" in its impact upon the human race. Einstein's famous theories are an outstanding example of this. No ideas in our times have done more to change the material world.

So Doctor Flexner designed the Institute for Advanced Study as a "paradise" for such "pure" scientists as Einstein and von Neumann, and for similar scholars in other fields. He undertook to apply in Princeton his own definition of academic freedom, which is: "Leaving men of brains alone." Doctor Flexner told me that he has rarely visited Princeton since he retired, because he likes to practice what he has always preached—that members should be left to their own devices. The complete independence of institute members and their detachment from the political world have been strikingly demonstrated in the Oppenheimer security case.

When I visited the institute recently, some of its members told me that they never have heard this affair even mentioned within those secluded halls. One reason why members have not talked about it is that they all know, as many outsiders do not, that last year Mr. Strauss was called upon to make a second decision about Doctor Oppenheimer shortly after his much-publicized decision as chairman of the AEC. He made his second decision in his capacity as president of the corporation formed to manage the institute's endowment funds and to name its director every year. Only a few weeks after Mr. Strauss ruled in Washington that Doctor Oppenheimer was a security risk, the institute's trustees met to cast their annual vote for director. Mr. Strauss voted to retain Doctor Oppenheimer, so that the eminent physicist, despite his altered security status, was unanimously re-elected to a position which is one of the most coveted in the academic world.

Doctor Oppenheimer has avoided discussing this situation. But Mr. Strauss very frankly talked with me about his own part in the affair. He declared that he still can see nothing contradictory or illogical in his two decisions concerning Doctor Oppenheimer. He said there is no doubt in his mind that the Government's present security regulations make the eminent scientist a security risk, and that the only way his status could be changed would be to change the regulations. But Mr. Strauss added there is also no doubt in his mind that failure to meet the Government's security tests does not disqualify anybody from holding any position where no security is involved.

This fine distinction, which seems logical to Mr. Strauss, has not been so clear to the general public, or even to at least one university president. Several months after newspapers and magazines had devoted much space to the Oppenheimer security hearings, president Henry Schmitz, of the University of Washington, at Seattle, rejected the recommendation of his physics department that Doctor Oppenheimer be invited to give the annual Walker-Ames lectures there. This invitation is considered an exceptional honor, and men of rare distinction are selected. Doctor Schmitz did not intend to make his decision public, but a Seattle newspaper learned about it, and the Associated Press then quoted Doctor Schmitz as admitting that he had been influenced by Doctor Oppenheimer's "governmental relationship." That gave the impression that the Western university's president, unlike the AEC chairman, felt that Doctor Oppenheimer's academic distinction had been diminished by his security status.

However, when I asked Doctor Schmitz if published reports correctly presented his attitude, he insisted that security clearance had not been a factor in his decision. He pointed out that only a few months earlier he had recommended to his board of regents an assistant professor of physics whose security clearance had been canceled in a defense industry. He said that the board of regents, having full knowledge of this fact, nevertheless approved the appointment. Although many complicating factors influenced Doctor Schmitz's decision, it seems evident that he felt the publicity given to Doctor Oppenheimer's security hearings in Washington had made him less desirable as a lecturer.

This incident at the University of Washington once again made Doctor Oppenheimer the unwitting cause of a public controversy. As soon as Doctor Schmitz's decision became known, a group of distinguished scientists from several universities canceled their scheduled participation in a symposium in Seattle. They protested that Doctor Schmitz had placed his school "outside the community of scholars." The indignant group included some of the most prominent members of the National Academy of Sciences.

The most surprising fact about this controversy, which has upset the academic and scientific world here and abroad, is that it decidedly has not disturbed the serenity of the Institute for Advanced Study. Doctor Oppenheimer has carried on as director of the institute just as he has done since 1947.

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This episode demonstrated that the Princeton community has fulfilled Doctor Flexner's plans for it. In his original prospectus the educator pictured the institute as a "haven for scientists and scholars," where they would have the "facilities, the tranquillity and the time requisite to fundamental inquiry into the unknown."

This unique educational center was made possible in 1930 because Doctor Flexner's imaginative ideas attracted the attention of Louis Bamberger, founder of a large department store in Newark, New Jersey. Mr. Bamberger and his sister, Mrs. Felix Fuld, were planning gifts to help their native state when they became impressed by Doctor Flexner's enthusiasm for his academic paradise. The Bamberger family provided an initial endowment of $5,000,000 to permit Doctor Flexner to organize the institute as he saw fit, and that sum has since been multiplied several times by additional gifts and sound investments. The only Bamberger stipulation was that the institute be located in New Jersey, and Princeton was an ideal location. Institute members always have enjoyed the use of the university's laboratories, libraries and other resources.

Doctor Flexner started with a School of Mathematics because that subject is fundamental. Although he did not fully realize it then, the advent of the atomic and electronic age would soon enhance immeasurably the importance of mathematics and mathematicians. Because the shadow of Hitler already was falling over Germany, Doctor Flexner was able to lure several of his best-known charter members from German universities, and bring them to work alongside such distinguished American mathematicians as Dr. Marston Morse, who has directed the School of Mathematics from its earliest years. The German recruits particularly sympathized with Doctor Flexner's desire to revive in Princeton the atmosphere of Germany's greatest universities during their golden period before the first World War.

As the years passed, scholars from other fields of higher learning have joined the institute's select community for long or short periods. All scholars except scientists now work in what is called the School of Historical Studies. The immense range of interests among members is shown in a 270-page bibliography just published to mark this anniversary year. Compiled by the institute's librarian, Miss Judith E. Sachs, the volume lists 4000 publications wholly or partly produced at the institute by 1000 former and present members. The formidable list of scientific treatises includes works by eight Nobel-prize winners from five countries.

The Nobel-prize-winning poet T. S. Eliot wrote part of his successful play, The Cocktail Party, at Princeton, and the English philosopher-historian Arnold Toynbee worked on his monumental ten-volume A Study of History during five semesters at the institute from 1947 to 1953. Among the numerous archaeologists at the institute are two women, Mme. Lilly Ghali-Kabil, of Egypt; and Dr. Hetty Goldman, now professor emeritus. Doctor Goldman has written extensively of her excavations in Greece and Asia Minor. The British diplomatic historian, Sir Llewellyn Woodward, has been simultaneously supervising the School of Historical Studies and editing British Foreign Office documents at Princeton since 1951.

From the start, the institute has spent most of its income upon people and comparatively little upon plant. Before the war, one plain building housed all facilities—offices, seminar and lecture rooms, a cafeteria-style restaurant, the specialized library, and lounges where members talk with one another and meet visitors. A few detached offices have since been added, and during World War II a housing project for temporary members was built on the institute's wooded land. Somebody once described the institute as "an intellectual hotel for transient thinkers," and in some ways the institute resembles a hotel more than it does a school. This year there are 117 members, of whom eighty-seven are temporary, being admitted for periods ranging from six months to several years, depending upon the purpose for which they come. These temporary members today represent seventeen countries. The institute supports roughly half of its temporary members by grants-in-aid, the other half being financed by the universities from which they come, or by the United States and foreign governments, or by private foundations.

The institute does not have a fixed curriculum or a student body or faculty in the usual sense. The institute issues no degrees and has no alumni. Twenty-two professors and professors emeritus are listed this year; and their chief function, aside from their own researches, is the selection of temporary members and consultations. The equivalent of classes are held only when a member thinks other members may be interested in some study of his. Doctor Flexner boasted that, during all his years as director, only one faculty meeting was held, and that one, he says, "produced negative results."

Doctor Flexner started the practice, since maintained, of giving higher than average academic pay to all persons permanently connected with the institute—professors, research assistants and secretaries. In 1933, when Albert Einstein was asked what salary he expected, he replied that he did not need much to live on, and suggested $3000 a year. Doctor Flexner told the great scientist that he could not possibly get along comfortably on such a sum, and himself fixed Einstein's compensation at $16,000 a year, which is what he received until his death last April. All of the small permanent staff have been paid with comparable liberality. But Doctor Flexner also established the practice of keeping "stipends" for temporary members rather low, because he did not want this group to "overstay their time."

This is the kind of community in which the youthful von Neumann and other scientists worked before World War II, setting their own pace, free of all routine duties. But when the war broke out in Europe, the "useless" knowledge which the institute's "pure" scientists had been quietly storing up suddenly became of immediate and practical importance to the United States. During the war and the subsequent cold war about 200 present or former members of the institute assisted our Government in military or related projects.

So the American Government, thanks to the Institute for Advanced Study, today possesses the services of a scientist uniquely equipped to deal with the technical aspects of atomic energy. Almost everything Doctor von Neumann has done since the institute imported him from Germany as a young man in 1933 has helped to prepare him for his present $18,000-a-year post with the Atomic Energy Commission. The institute provided him with the freedom and facilities to educate himself. Although he is getting more than most Government employees, Doctor von Neumann is making a financial sacrifice to work in Washington. For the institute permits its well-paid professors to take part-time work as consultants to private industry, and Doctor von Neumann was in great demand as a consultant. But he had to give up all such lucrative work in order to work for the AEC.

While the American Government has thus requisitioned one of the institute's most valued members, Washington has at the same time provided the Princeton community with a distinguished new full-time member, former Ambassador George Kennan. At the height of his powers, when he was only forty-nine years old, Mr. Kennan found himself free to join the institute after twenty-seven years in the Foreign Service of the State Department. For many years Mr. Kennan was generally acknowledged to be the Government's foremost authority on Soviet Russia. He is now the Institute for Advanced Study's outstanding scholar in this field.

Mr. Kennan's career is a startling example of the curious tricks sometimes played by politics and politicians upon innocent bystanders. He is working at Princeton today because the American Government decided in 1952 that it had no further use for his services, after giving him as rare and expensive an education as the institute furnished to Doctor von Neumann. Soon after Mr. Kennan, as a young man, passed the difficult Foreign Service examinations, the Government sent him back to school in Germany for several years to study the Russian and German languages. Mr. Kennan proved to be a brilliant linguist as well as an able diplomat, and he was assigned to a continuous series of critical posts, including several long periods of work in Russia before, during and after World War II.

At the time of the Yalta Conference, early in 1945, Mr. Kennan sent from his post in Moscow a detailed estimate of the probable postwar development of Soviet-American relations. That report, which never has been published, made such an impression in Washington, especially in the Pentagon, that Mr. Kennan was brought back and put to work organizing the State Department's first policy-planning section. It was his job to chart the political strategy for the cold war between the United States and Russia which his 1945 report very accurately predicted. Finally, having reached the highest permanent rating in the Foreign Service at the earliest possible age, Mr. Kennan was sent back to Moscow as ambassador in 1952.

Then, with bewildering suddenness, Mr. Kennan had the shocking experience of being almost simultaneously repudiated by the Soviet Government and by his own Government. While serving as ambassador he publicly criticized the Soviet Government for its treatment of American officials stationed in Moscow, by shutting them off from normal contact with Soviet citizens. The Kremlin used this criticism as a pretext to demand Mr. Kennan's recall. Obviously, they had been looking for this opportunity.

In some cases this Soviet rebuff would have meant promotion for the American official affected. But this didn't happen in Mr. Kennan's case, because he had been identified with an American policy toward Russia and communism which was made an issue in the 1952 election campaign. Like most Foreign Service officers, Mr. Kennan never has participated in politics, although members of his Wisconsin family have been Republicans for decades. But in 1952 his written and spoken opinions about American foreign policy attracted the attention of political orators. In his 1946 memorandum and later writings, Mr. Kennan argued that the only alternative to a third and more crushing world war was an American policy of "containing" Russian and communist expansion by patient and consistent diplomacy and by building up American strength, military and otherwise. Such a policy, Mr. Kennan argued, would gradually slow down the communist tide of expansion and eventually cause it to recede. This proposed policy was attacked as "immoral" by 1952 political campaigners, who detected more voter appeal in talk about the swift "liberation" of all countries governed by communists. So, after his return from Moscow, the State Department offered no new assignment to Mr. Kennan. He took the hint and retired from the Foreign Service.

Today the American Government has adopted a policy toward Russia and communism which very closely resembles the program first proposed by Mr. Kennan in 1946 and amplified in later suggestions. Meanwhile Mr. Kennan, having been sidelined, has been quietly working at the Institute for Advanced Study upon a history of American diplomacy. This comprehensive work will cover several volumes and require many years to complete. It is quite possible that Mr. Kennan will be of greater usefulness to his country in the long run in carrying out his present mission.

However that may be, Mr. Kennan is another impressive example of the kind of people the Princeton institute was designed for. In its earliest years it offered a haven to distinguished scholars and scientists who had been repudiated, for various reasons, by foreign governments. Mr. Kennan's case shows that the institute also can serve as a haven for Americans, who find rich opportunities at Princeton for constructive work after their more worldly careers have been terminated.

When Doctor Flexner began to organize the Institute for Advanced Study in 1930, he recognized that the community he had in mind should always be kept small and exclusive because it was not designed to appeal to unusually aggressive and ambitious men, even if they were brilliant scientists or scholars. The model whom Doctor Flexner kept in mind was the modest, shy, retiring genius, Albert Einstein. Years after he had organized the institute, Doctor Flexner wrote in his autobiography: "The institute was conceived as a paradise for scholars, and such it really is. But not all men—not all gifted men—know how to live in paradise. The earth is their proper habitation, and upon the earth, such as it is, most of them do the best of which they are capable."

THE END

Expatriate

By Silence Buck Bellows

He never spoke of Scotland much—
Old Angus, born in Aberdeen.
He said he had small use for such
As broke themselves in two between
This land and that. He earned his bread
With Yankee fishers; so he kept
His kilt and bagpipes closeted
In the small loft in which he slept.

But on wild nights when mist and wrack
Rolled shoreward from our cold gray sea,
We'd look in, if we passed his shack,
Knowing beforehand what would be.
There would go Angus, to and fro,
Resplendent in his squares and stripes—
And all of Scotland's weal and woe
Was in the skirling of his pipes.

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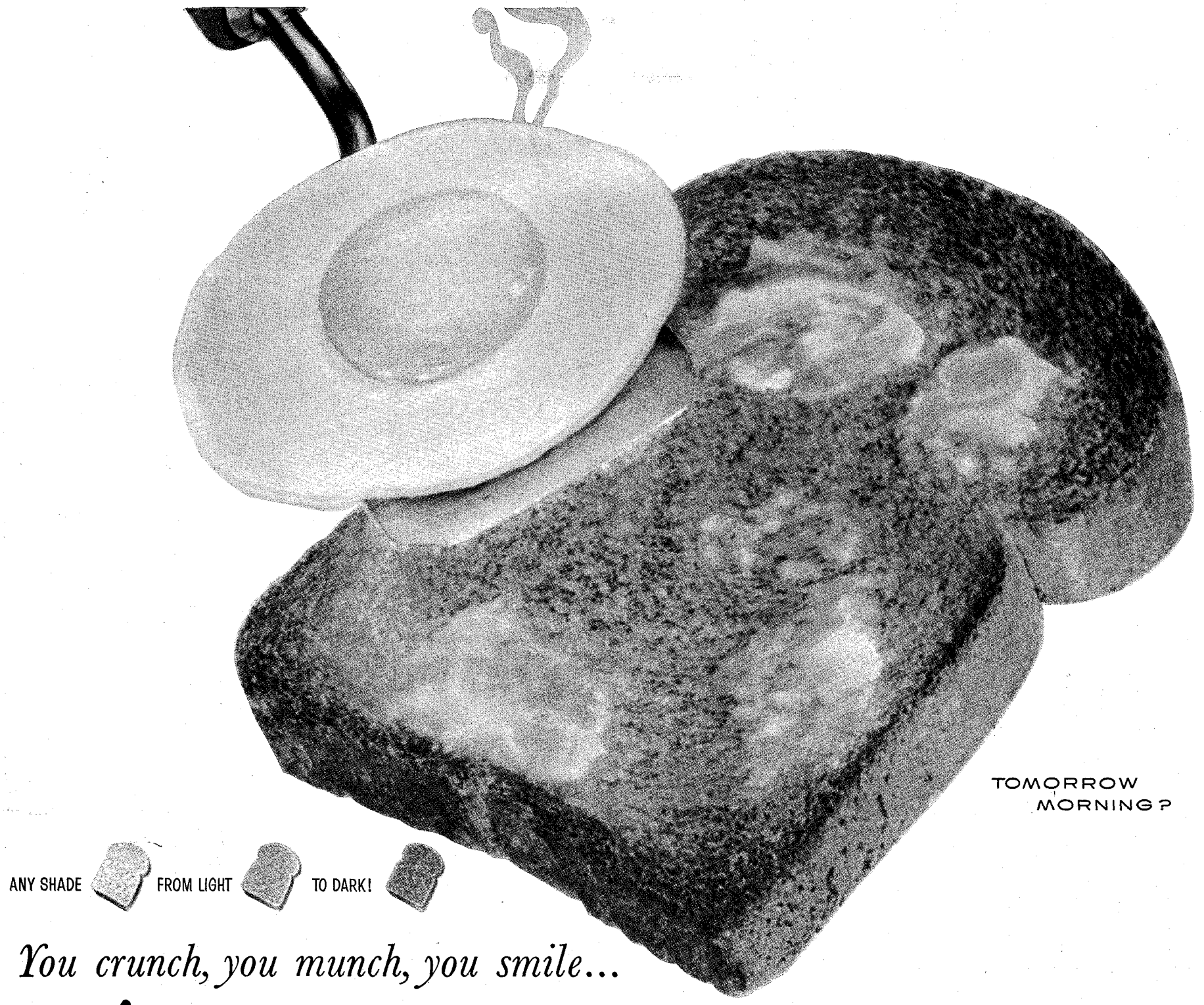

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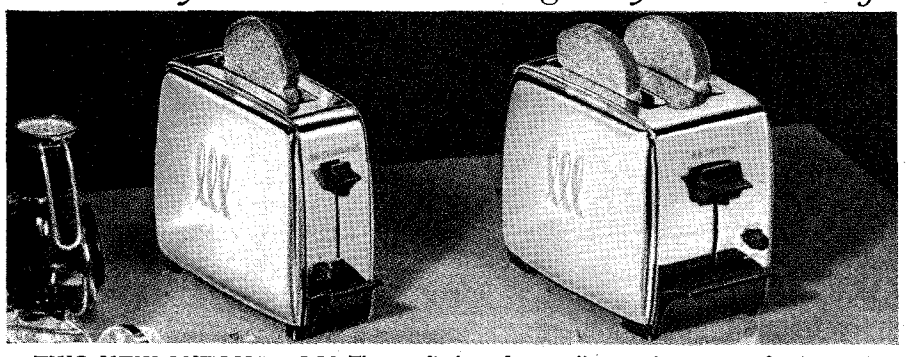

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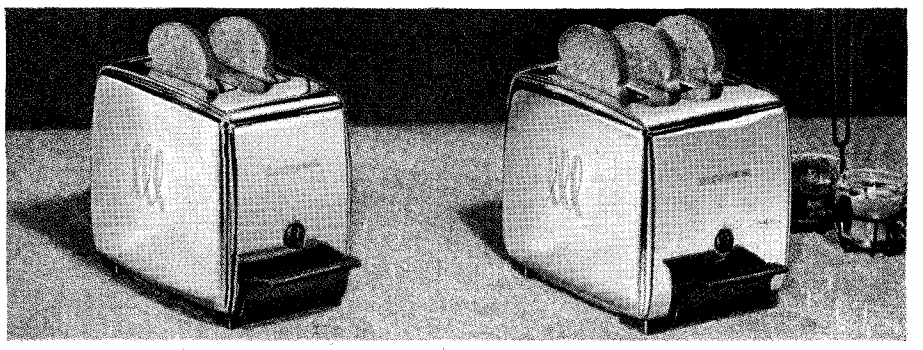

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The Taming of McFee

(Continued from Page 31)

drowned out—what does McFee do but declare tolls on the bridge, so everybody who passed had to pay down money, and, of course, McFee took the money.

Well, as I say, Walter Rossner was only a boy, dreamy and sensitive. He loved the land his father had chosen for a home, and worked like two men, clearing, planting, harvesting, tending the young beef cattle; and at night he read whatever books he could gather up—when McFee was away nights, that is—but he passed twenty years of age and still was taking McFee's orders and yielding to him in all things. I wondered many times what would come of it. McFee wasn't quite fifty years old yet, and in full strength and arrogance. He had no property of his own and no wish to work. It looked as if he meant to stay here with us the rest of his life, unless Walter got big enough to push him out.

That was hopeless even to think of, for McFee would never give way except to a bigger man, and Walter takes after my folks, the Rossners—all middle-sized men, lean and wiry and deft, with pleasant ways and peaceful minds. I don't think the boy ever in his life started a quarrel. But still my brother was not a big man, either, and he held his own among men, no matter what size they were. McFee should have taught Walter how to stand up for himself, but McFee was master, and he wanted the boy mild.

One stormy day—late in November, I think it was—McFee was lounging in the kitchen, restless and cross, with the rain driving against the cabin in a full south gale. He had nothing to occupy his time except to quarrel with me, for Walter stayed in the barn, except when a wagon came along to pay tolls at the bridge. Then we heard the loud shrilling of axles, louder even than the wind, that meant a poor, tattered outfit just in from the Plains. McFee peered through the wet window.

"Confound that young ass," he growled. "What's he turning them into the barnyard for? Where is my coat?"

But before he got ready to go out, Walter came hurrying in, shutting the door quickly behind him. "They haven't money to pay tolls, and they don't know where to go anyway," he said, all pink and breathless and wet. "Auntie, put on the coffeepot and get out some food. They're starved and sick, the whole family. We'll have to take them in."

McFee seemed to swell up all over. "Don't bring sick people in here! It might be cholera or smallpox or almost anything! Don't bring them in!"

Walter stood thoughtfully, accepting McFee's orders as he always did, and studying how to carry them out. Then he went quietly back to the barnyard. I saw him turn the oxen and the screaming wagon off across the pasture toward the woods, where he had built a shelter for the young cattle. McFee cursed, but he wouldn't go out into the storm to interfere. I didn't tell him when Walter came back to get blankets from the barn, and dry wood, and a couple of squawking hens, and a ham from the smokehouse. Neither did I say that I'd taken a great loaf of bread under my apron, out to the woodshed, and made signs to the boy that he'd find a can of milk and an apple pie on the sill of the pantry window.

The storm blew itself out late in the day, and McFee rode to town to find some amusement. Walter came in to supper with his eyes shining.

"There's two old folks sick," he said, looking around to see what I'd been fixing to carry to them, as he knew I would.

I got the big iron pot ready, with a cloth around the handle so he wouldn't burn his hand, and brought out a basket packed as full as it would hold.

"They have three small boys and a—a girl. Ruhanna. Their name is Baird. Ruhanna Baird," he said, loving the sound of it. "Auntie, I'm gathering up some of the neighbors tomorrow, and we'll make the place tight for the winter. They can't move on until they get their strength back anyway, and winter is no time to be looking for a place to live. They've got a whole box of books, auntie. They might as well stay right here till spring."

And so said I, and backed it with everything I could send to make them comfortable. McFee didn't come home for a couple of days, and by that time Walter and the neighbors had put in a floor, chinked the cracks and hung a door, and Walter had built a pole-and-clay fireplace and burned it hard, so they could keep warm. McFee knew they were there, of course, but he almost never saw them, and he didn't bother much about things he couldn't see.

So then the "old folks"—they looked young enough to me, but for Walter they were the same age as the everlasting hills—could lie safe out of the storms, with Ruhanna tending them. The boys came racing over to play in the barn, and nice boys they were, too, as soon as they got the half-starved look off their faces and began to get their spirits back. I didn't get over to the shack more than once—it was a long way for me with my crutch—but I saw they were decent folks. Mr. Baird was a preacher and he had some education. He was slow-spoken and thoughtful, with kind eyes. The woman was the pretty kind, or would be when things went better. What Ruhanna was like I'll show you in a moment or would you rather see her through Walter's eyes?

To Walter she was the scent of new violets, the sound of the meadow lark and the sweetness of the summer breeze. Put in the baby lamb and the downy little chick to be protected, and throw in all the enchanting loveliness of women and you're still short of Ruhanna Baird. And it wasn't just the girl who became sacred to him but all of womanhood, so he looked with awe at poor crooked me, because I was a woman too. Maybe it is enough to say he fell in love with her, and let it go at that.

I thought about the thing day and night all winter. Walter would want to marry as soon as it entered his mind that a shining angel could be thought of as a wife. And what then? There wasn't room on the place for anybody but McFee, unless a bigger man came to push him out. And yet my brother had been no bigger than Walter, and he had held his own against pushing and crowding from far bigger men.

I was getting breakfast, the day it came to a breaking point, although none of us knew at the time what the day would bring. It was April, which is spring here in the valley, with life swelling up into mating and song. Walter had gone off to work, and McFee lay in bed, while I sat sipping my coffee, pondering what course our lives would take.

McFee rose up, grumbling as usual, and began to dress. He called for water to shave with, and a clean shirt, and me to trim his back hair. I got him down at the table in course of time, and he was filling himself with fried meat and hot bread, and telling me that he could make better coffee in a tin can in the yard, when Walter came in.

I gave Walter a little wink to tell him that McFee would soon be gone and we'd have the place to ourselves. This was Walter's birthday, and as soon as McFee got out of the way, I'd get at the boiling and baking and cake making, ready for the Bairds to come to supper.

Now Walter said to McFee, in his thoughtful way, "Mr. Baird and I have been talking things over. He'd like to buy some of our land over beyond the pasture. About a hundred acres, we thought. He has farmed all his life, along with his preaching, and he knows about cattle. He'll be a good neighbor, and he'll hold meetings and his wife will open a little school, so we'll have good people collecting around us."

"And who thought up this fine scheme?" McFee demanded. "I suppose he wants the land for nothing, and money given him for a church. We're sitting square across the main wagon track over the mountains. With that new gold strike over there, we'll have a new wagon road one of these days. This land will bring a hundred dollars an acre inside of five years."

Walter said, "It seems to me better to have good neighbors than a pile of money. These are good people."

Right then, into McFee's mind came the awareness that the Bairds had a girl who might catch Walter's fancy. Watching his heavy face, I could see the veins swell at even this suspicion of a threat to his comfort.

"Good, good!" he mimicked. "I'm sick of the word! We're going to build a town here at the bridge, and it will be my town, not a pious lot of worshipers bleating about their souls."

"All right, now . . . let's take one item at a time and tell me where you want it."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

He rose up, towering over the boy. "You tell Mr. Preacher Baird to pack up and be off the place by tomorrow night or I'll drive him off with a horsewhip. Then you'll pull that shack down. We don't want any more squatters coming in to crowd us out of what we've got. Do you hear me?"

"I hear you," Walter said remotely. He closed the door behind him, and McFee rounded on me. "Are you in on this too? I've a good mind to knock your silly head off."

I wrapped my apron around my hand and laid hold on the boiling teakettle. He backed off a little, as I knew he would. "Why can't you give the boy something to go on?" I asked him. "The whole place is his by law. What's the matter with living on friendly terms with the only family you've got? Walter is twenty-one today. He's a man now and he's got his rights."

He snorted, reaching for his hat. "A man's rights are no more than he can hold for himself, and that's all he'll ever get from me." He glanced out the window at an approaching horseman. "As for the law," he said, grinning, "here's the law coming right now. He's thinking of making me deputy, and then I'll be the law around here."

He opened the door for Sheriff Imlay, who came in all stern and businesslike. We've had better sheriffs since Sheriff Imlay, but mostly he did the best he could, I suppose. I was set against him because he looked first to see who was strongest and had the most friends before he decided who was right, but, as I say, in a raw country strength is a handy weapon and maybe he had no choice.

"Good morning, ma'am," he said to me, polite enough, but not taking off his hat. I didn't matter to him, with no man to fend for me. Just the same, he reached gratefully for the coffee I poured. "McFee, I need your help. We've got to take Red Fowler over to Salem for his trial. He's a bigger man than either of us," he explained to me, willing to give me attention in return for hot biscuits and honey. "They're accusing him of robbery and murder, over yonder at the mines."

Sheriff Imlay was a big man, but not so thick and heavy as McFee, and he didn't look too sure of himself. "We'll have to take him horseback, McFee. I thought you'd hold down one side of him, while I hold down the other."

"Sure, sure," McFee said, grinning. "If he doesn't come all in one piece, we'll tear him apart."

"I don't know," Imlay said. "Maybe I'd best get a few men to ride with us. The man's desperate."

McFee was in a swaggering good humor. "Let's not show anyone we're afraid, sheriff, or we'll lose our authority." He flung the door open suddenly, bellowing, "You young idiot! Take away that old crowbait! I need Prince today! Don't keep me waiting!"

Walter's voice came back, pleasant and reasonable, "Prince has one of his nervous fits! I thought you'd want a steady horse for the job!"

"Shut up and saddle Prince!" McFee bawled. He said to the sheriff, "I've got to knock that boy endways about once a week to keep him in order. . . . Now, auntie," he told me, searching in the broken cup where we kept the toll money, "you mind the bridge, you and Walter. I need money." He grunted at the fewness of the coins. "Sheriff, is there anything against me doubling the tolls here for a month or so, while the ford is drowned out? I'd like to make a little hay while the sun shines."

Imlay considered. "It's deeded ground, not a public highway. I'd say you can do as you please, if you can make it stick."

"Oh, we'll make it stick," McFee said confidently. "See to it, auntie, or I'll take it out of

(Continued on Page 124)

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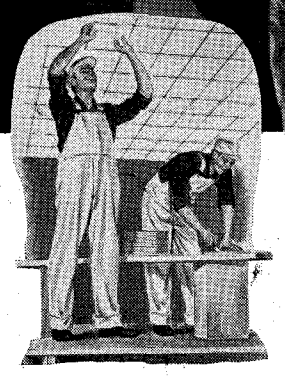

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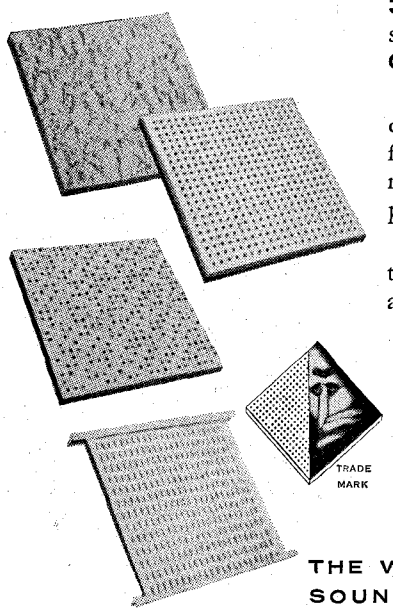

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(Continued from Page 122)

Walter's hide." He winked at the sheriff. "I don't need to hit the old girl. I just slap her baby lamb around a little and that does for both of them."

Prince was ready, rolling his eyes and dancing sideways at every movement. McFee's heavy hand soon brought him to his senses, and they rode off across the bridge and out of sight around the turn of the road. I wiped my hot face with both hands, trying to clear away the thoughts of them.

We would have the day to ourselves now, and, as far as I could manage, it would be the happiest day of Walter's life. We planned to do nothing much all day, except for my cooking, and I'd have hot coffee at all times, and little cakes ready for a snack. Then we'd have the Bairds for early supper, with Ruhanna all sweet and laughing, and the three boys grinning shyly at me with their mouths full.

Walter would sit at the head of the table, just as if he were master. We'd have a proper blessing on the meal and good talk afterwards. I had a bit of a gift ready for Walter—a knitted coat I'd brought through from the fleece, so no hands but mine had touched it—and Mr. Baird was bringing him a book. Ruhanna had something for him, too, and keeping it a secret. Yes, it would be a nice party, and the Bairds wouldn't say a word about being sent off the place. They were real nice people and didn't blame Walter for anything he couldn't help.

I saw Walter going slowly across the pasture to talk to them. Presently, Ruhanna came skimming over the grass, bringing the breath of spring with her.

"We've got a problem," I told her.

"I know," Ruhanna answered. "McFee doesn't want us here. I heard that much before I came away. I thought it was Walter's place, by rights."

I didn't answer directly. "The boy isn't afraid of his uncle. He isn't afraid of anything that I ever knew of. It's just that he's a boy in his mind yet, not knowing his responsibilities nor his rights. And besides that, he doesn't think it fitten to stand up against the man who took his father's place." I grimaced at that. McFee was a far cry from being a father to Walter. "Anyway, I don't think it would be any use to oppose him outright, but there's ways of making a nuisance of yourself, even though you aren't a giant, so people will stand clear of you."

Ruhanna said, with mischief in her eyes, "I've seen sparrows chasing a great heavy bird away from their nests, and he was glad to go. That's what you mean, isn't it? That even a smaller man could make McFee want to live somewhere else? Or two women, even?"

I gave her a startled look, and then laughed at her dancing eyes. "Do you hold with the slow drip of water on the stone or the fast yapping at the heels?"

"Oh, it's got to be fast," she said, pinking up a little. "We'll have to fly straight at his eyes. He's got to cross the bridge to come home. Suppose we stand in the middle, the two of us ——"

"And I shake my skirts at Prince?" I offered, joining in her nonsense. "He's a flighty creature. He'll shy off and turn aside against the railing ——"

"—— which isn't very strong ——"

"And over they'll go into the water, both of them."

We contemplated this pleasing picture. "McFee will splash out, dripping and furious," Ruhanna said, "and make a run at me."

"I'll thrust my crutch between his legs, and over he'll go again." We were hardly able to speak for laughing.

"I'll pull off a piece of the rail and beat him behind when he turns on you, and you beat him behind when he turns on me." That was Ruhanna.

"No, I'll whip off my apron," I cried, trying to talk through my laughter, "and twist the strings around his neck until he can't breathe."

We were both giggling and wiping our eyes when Walter came in. We promptly left off our silliness and hovered around him, sweet and submissive, even though our hands, so to speak, were bloody with McFee's blood. Ruhanna sat beside him, looking up through her lashes as if he were the most wonderful man in the world. I poured his coffee and sat across from him, with my eyes on his face, waiting for him to speak. He was looking thoughtful, but neither of us could guess what he was thinking.

Ruhanna said shyly, "I suppose pa told you. He's heard of a place over toward the coast hills, a town that's just starting, named McMinnville. They're setting up a little college there. Pa's had Greek and Latin and other things. He might teach."

I said, half whispering, "That is almost a hundred miles."

There's a big step a boy takes into manhood. Some grow into it gradually, hardly knowing. Others take it suddenly, all in a minute. When Walter Rossner got up that morning, he was a boy, tender and kind and responsible, but still looking to others to tell him where his duty lay. Now, watching him, I saw the red come up into his face, and his lips go firm. I sank back into my chair, my eyes misty. My boy was a man now. He might not know it, just at first, but somewhere in the last hour he had taken the big step.

"I won't let you go, Ruhanna," he said.

"Then I won't go," she answered, pinking up. Their hands gripped tight.

"Auntie," Walter said, "her folks won't let her stay unless we're married. But how can I bring a wife here?" The word was honey on his tongue. He paused a moment, savoring it. Then he went on looking the facts in the face to see what must be done.

"McFee won't make room for her, and I can hardly invite a lady to join me in a horse stall. And yet, if we put it off, there's no telling when I can have a place ready, or when I can go after her, or where she'll be." He smiled, not just with his eyes, but all over him, and laid his hand on Ruhanna's shoulder tenderly and respectfully, but as if he had a right. "There are several things to decide. All I'm sure of is that Ruhanna isn't going away from me."

I didn't know, any more than he did, what was to be done, but I knew very well nothing would be gained by too much taking of thought. I said, "Sometimes when the way isn't clear, we have to go as far as we can, and look from there to find the next step."

He turned that over in his mind, and it seemed to me that his face was stronger and his mouth more firm than I had remembered. He looked so much like my brother that I wanted to cry.

He lifted his head and said to Ruhanna, "The first thing seems to be getting married. Do you agree?"

"I agree," she said softly.

He stood up, smiling, "Then we'll ask your father to perform the ceremony just before our supper tonight. Now we'd best go and tell them," he said, pulling her up, "or ask their permission or whatever is the right thing." He remembered the bridge then. I knew by the distasteful expression on his face. "Auntie, can you spare time to watch the bridge, if I carry you out?"

"No need to carry me," I said. "Go along. I'll take care of myself."

They went off, hand gripping hand, until they were halfway across the pasture. Then she took his arm, and pressed close against him. After that, if my misty eyes told me the truth, they changed again so he had his arm around her. I wouldn't

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wonder if they stopped still for a bit, just inside the wood, before they could see the shack. I hope they did.

I saw a wagon coming, and went hobbling out to the bridge. I move slowly, but so do oxen, so I was handy there to speak with the leathery young man riding the wagon. I had rebelled against the tolls right from the beginning. A man gives something when he works for money, but just standing in people's way until they pay him to move aside isn't either decent or Christian. This man on the wagon—Smithers was his name—had helped Walter with the bridge. It was a shame that he had to pay toll, but he was getting his purse out as he drew near. It was a matter of principle

• •

A Word to Emily

By Elijah L. Jacobs

When you ride by the new
fraternity house,
Nobody expects you to be a
mouse;
But squealing and bouncing
about your seat,
And waving at boys you
have yet to meet,
And kissing your hand with
so loud a smack,
And craning your neck and
looking back—
Reputations are wrecked on
less;
But I'm pushing your stroller;
you're safe, I guess.

• •

with him to pay the toll. It might be unjust of McFee to charge, but it would be dishonest of Smithers not to pay. I don't know if this is clear, but Smithers had integrity, and I respected it. Somehow the sight of that worn old purse coming out patiently to be robbed for McFee set off something in my mind.

"There'll be no more tolls," I told him, astonished to hear myself say it. "Walter Rossner is twenty-one years old today. He's getting married tonight. The bridge is free now and henceforth."

"He's taking over the place, then?" Smithers asked curiously.

"It's his, every foot of it," I said trying to sound sure of myself. "It's his father's claim, and now it is his. He has never held with charging tolls."

Smithers hadn't halted the oxen. They were swaying slowly across the narrow bridge and I had to press against the railing to avoid the wheels. Smithers gave me a look.

"If he wants any help, call on me," he said, in a low voice, and moved on.

For the first time I felt a bit of hope. If several good stout men gathered in around Walter, maybe McFee might see the light, but there'd be damage done before he changed his ways, and the damage would come before the neighbors got there to help. But still it was hope, and I clung to it.

I spoke more confidently to the next man who passed, telling him to put the word around town that Walter was taking over the place and the bridge was free. I had plenty of time ahead of me in the day, so I stayed right there, watching the swift water racing under the bridge until it seemed as if the water stood still and the bridge were moving upstream. It wasn't a large river, but now, in the spring runoff, it was bankfull and no one could cross, either here or at the ford a mile or so below, with swimming a few strokes.

Ruhanna came along to join me, and we sailed upstream together. "I'm not charging tolls," I said, trying to keep my voice from shaking. "There'll be hell to pay when McFee comes home, anyway, and I've added another shovel of coals."

She gave me a rueful smile. "Sometimes it is better to pull the whole thing down and have it over," she said. "Walter is going to build a new cabin. Meanwhile I suppose we sleep in the horse stall. Well, we wouldn't be the first that slept in a stable. Maybe there'll be a blessing in it." She added softly, "Auntie, I'm going to say something now and we need never mention it again. You will be my auntie, too, and my home will be yours as long as you live. God do so to me, and more also," she whispered, making a little gesture with her finger across her throat, "if aught but death part thee and me."

It caught me so suddenly that I had to bow my head on the railing and try to get control of myself. The railing shook in my hands. It was Ruhanna, white-faced and trembling.

"He's coming, auntie!" she gasped.

I lifted my head and saw Walter running toward us across the pasture, but it wasn't Walter she meant. Down the road from town, McFee's black horse, Prince, came galloping as if the devil rode him. It flashed through my mind. *McFee has heard the news. He's coming to see who is master.*

Then I caught a glimpse of the rider. It wasn't McFee. It was a great, redheaded man with arms like tree trunks, flailing the horse. They swept down toward the bridge.

"It's the killer!" I screamed, and reached for my crutch as Prince thundered onto the bridge. My crutch fell and I tumbled after it. Nostrils flaring and eyes rimmed with white, Prince swerved aside, crashed against the railing and hurtled into the water.

I couldn't run and Ruhanna wouldn't leave me. We stared aghast as Red Fowler splashed ashore. Prince floundered across and came up the far bank. Fowler would either have to swim or cross the bridge to get the horse. We didn't know it then, but the sheriff and McFee were close on his heels. He came up on the bridge, muddy and wet, running heavily, reaching out with his great hands to clear us out of the way. Walter raced up behind us.

Walter didn't hesitate, not even for an instant. I'll always remember that. Fowler outweighed him by almost a hundred pounds, but Walter charged him on the dead run. Down they went, with Walter underneath.

Everything happened so fast then that I don't remember much. Both of us fell on him like wildcats, scratching and clawing. I cracked my crutch against his thick skull, trying for the thin place at his temples. Ruhanna snatched a piece of the broken rail and beat at his arms. I know Walter's head caught Fowler's nose, because I saw blood. I must have whipped off my apron and passed the strings double around Fowler's neck, because it was there, later, and who else would have done it? Ruhanna thrust her club through the loop and twisted.

After that I lost track, and I think Fowler did too. The next thing I knew, I was clinging to what was left of the railing, with my mouth dry from screaming, and Ruhanna was trying to smooth her hair. Walter was trying to get his belt off without losing his trousers, probably to tie Fowler's hands or feet.

My groggy attention swung around to the road. Sheriff Imlay came pounding up, with McFee behind him on a borrowed horse. Instantly, Ruhanna withdrew, to stand by me, shaking her skirts out, and I reached for my apron and tied it around me, quick.

The two men dismounted and came up, staring. Fowler lay on the deck, hardly able to breathe, his purple face bloody, his eyes

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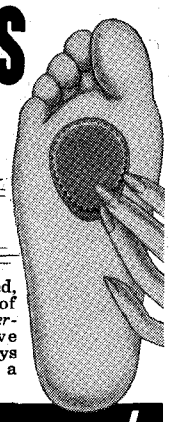

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frantic. Walter stood over him, swaying a little. One eye was swelling, and his hand almost useless, but he was on his feet and Fowler was helpless. There was no way to deny that.

Sheriff Imlay gave a quick look around for somebody who might have helped, but there wasn't a soul except the two of us, both small women, apparently as helpless as kittens.

"Good work, Rossner," he said, somewhat awed, and bent over Fowler, tied him with his ropes and restored Walter's belt. "It must have been quite a tussle," he said, hardly believing it.

"I had the help of the ladies," Walter said, giving us a dancing look out of one good eye. The sheriff looked over at Ruhanna, and automatically removed his hat.

"The ladies are always a help," he said gallantly. "There's word that you mean to get married, Rossner. Where will you live?" All the while McFee stood there beside me, staring, not able to say a word, nor knowing what to say. Walter looked around him at the planted fields and the young orchard, the cattle and barns and the snug little cabin. "I'm living right here. It is my father's claim, and I am twenty-one today. I'm taking possession."

He made it sound like the most natural thing in the world. I heard McFee's breath jerk.

The sheriff asked, "Will you collect tolls?"

"No tolls," Walter said briefly.

The sheriff nodded. "A man makes enemies, charging tolls. You're in a good spot here. There'll be a main highway someday, over the mountains. Meanwhile," he said, smiling, "this is a pretty big country for me to handle alone. I've been thinking of naming deputies here and there where they might be needed. It won't be a job, really. No pay or anything, but it's authority in case of trouble, and full backing if you need it. Think you can manage?"

"Why, sure," Walter said. "A man's got to do his share to keep things peaceable. If I can't manage alone, the neighbors will help me."

"Good," the sheriff agreed heartily, liking that about the neighbors. Over his shoulder he asked, "What about you, McFee? Where are you going to live?"

McFee stood there like a great oaf, not knowing how to answer. I don't know what had happened back in town or how Fowler got his horse away from him, but somehow the sheriff had lost respect for him. Now Walter, having mastered a bigger man than McFee, was giving notice on all sides that he meant to stand on his own feet and run his own affairs. McFee had no rights on his side, no friends and no way to turn.

I stared up at his face, seeing now what I should have seen long before. He was a cripple inside. His soul, or spirit, or whatever makes a man, was a puny, limping, misshapen thing, unable to stand without the crutch of his arrogant strength. I think Walter must have known it all along or maybe he only felt it until the need came to stand up for himself, and then he knew. Now McFee was worse off than I was, for I had the bridge railing to hold me up and he had nothing.

If I know anything, I know about cripples. If you can't cure them, you give them a crutch and leave them to God. I whispered, "You're going to the mines."

"I'm going to the mines," he repeated, hardly knowing what he was saying. The sheriff turned to stare, almost respectful again.

Walter said, "There's no need to leave, Uncle McFee." He said it respectfully, too, for which I loved him. "You've stood in my father's place all these years. I'd like to have you stay."

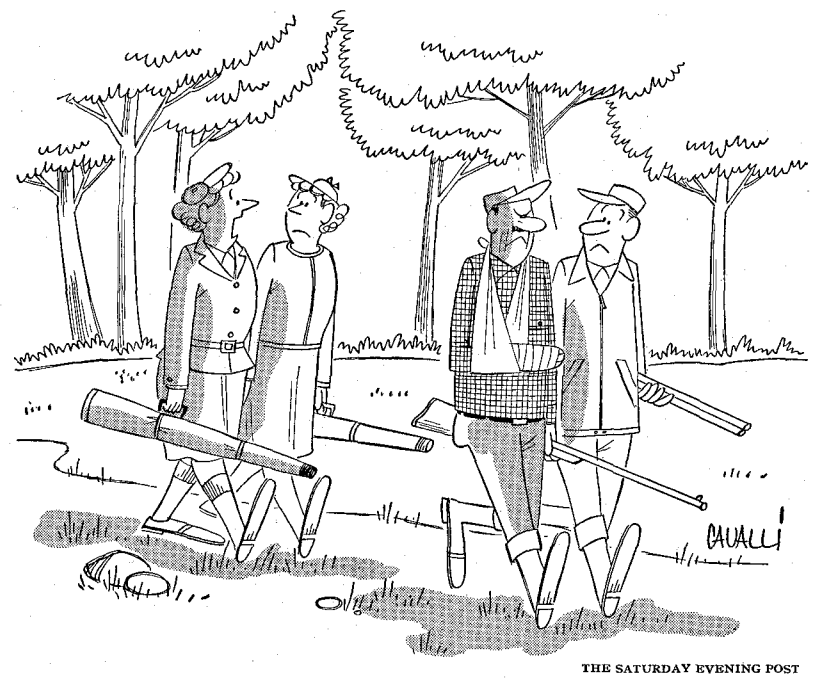
McFee had hold of himself now. His color began to come back. "You'll have to look after yourself now, youngster. I can't spare any more time for your affairs." He was swelling a little, making ready to strut. "I've been watching that new strike down along the Applegate. The way I see it, if there's gold in the river, there's gold in every canyon leading into it. A man, with any luck, can make his pile in one season and sit back easy the rest of his life."

He swung on me. "Now, auntie, I'll help the sheriff get this man to Salem, and be back tomorrow morning. I want my bedroll and gear all ready, and the rest of the things stored in the barn. Put Walter into the cabin. I need that horse stall. And mend my flannel shirt. Do you hear?"

He was the same old McFee, but headed in a different direction that would take him out of our lives. "I hear," I said tartly, and took Ruhanna's arm.

We went hobbling off to the cabin, meek and womanly, and not until we got inside did we shake hands solemnly and do an ecstatic little three-legged dance. We had thought this was to be a happy day, but it looked as if tomorrow might be even better.

THE END



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I heard the moose yell 'Don't shoot!', but I thought it was some kind of a trick."

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The Foxy Dreamer of Broadway

(Continued from Page 37)

replied, "You're not supposed to understand each and every word. You don't read Shakespeare like a newspaper. Hamlet or Macbeth or Romeo—they're just rattling good shows. Sit back and let the words sink in. There is a magic vibration in the poetry, in the rhythm, so even if your mind doesn't get it, your heart will know what is happening."

Finally, the Hallmark greeting-card company risked sponsoring a two-hour production of Hamlet. The response was incredible. The ratings indicated that anywhere from 8,000,000 to 12,000,000 televiewers had watched the show. The same company has since sponsored TV productions of both Richard II and Macbeth, spending a total of $490,926 on the three shows.

Despite such successes, however, Evans remains a strangely shy individual. He hates to talk to an interviewer. At our first meeting, he did his best to persuade me not to write an article about him. He thinks he is a dull and prosaic individual. He is afraid of people and almost never goes to parties or eats in restaurants where actors hang out. He is unconcerned about his own appearance; his clothes are nondescript and unpressed and he puts on the first tie his hands touch. Most actors take great pains with their clothes. Evans' clothes closet is a mess. Hats, sport coats, the crown he wore in Richard II, shoes, ties, coats are all piled in magnificent disarray. He hates to shave or get a haircut. He is a slender man, rather short, with long, sensitive fingers and small features. He has soulful brown eyes and a voice which makes the English language sound like beautiful music. Although he speaks softly and gives off an air of serenity, the nervous tension that seethes within him shows in the number of cigarettes he smokes, in the way he chews the earpiece of his glasses when he explains something.

Evans recently explained to me, "I'm afraid it was ignorance that got me into the Shakespeare business." He was a London matinee idol, playing the leading roles in Shakespeare and Shaw plays, when one day a gentleman named Guthrie McClintic barged into his dressing room. McClintic wanted to know if Evans cared to do a three months' tour of Romeo and Juliet, playing Romeo, opposite McClintic's wife. Evans had never heard of McClintic or his wife. He told a friend of his—an actress who had played in the United States many times—"Some American chap—says he's a director—popped into my dressing room tonight. Name of McCormick—McClintick—Guthrie McClintock—something like that. Wants me to go to America and tour with his wife. Who on earth is Mrs. McClintock?"

The actress explained that Mrs. McClintic was none other than Katharine Cornell.

The tour started in Baltimore. The next day, Evans proudly clipped a review from the Baltimore Sun, which he showed to Tyrone Power, then a young man beginning his dramatic career. The review said, "Maurice Evans played a fine stooge to Miss Cornell's Juliet." "Rather nice, what?" Evans said to Power. Power gently explained the meaning of the word "stooge."

This lukewarm evaluation of his own talents did not prevent Evans' being impressed with the packed houses to which Romeo and Juliet played everywhere. Never having seen anything like it even in England, he thought the United States was composed exclusively of lovers of Shakespeare. He didn't realize it was Katharine Cornell's magnetism that was luring the customers.

"When the tour ended and I got back to Broadway," he recalls, "I thought the producers must be insane not to be doing Shakespeare all the time. I said to myself, 'By Jove, here's a damn good business opportunity.' I didn't know that Americans really hated Shakespeare and that he was considered box-office poison." As a result of this mistake, Evans has made a small fortune.

Although he has the vague mannerisms and the nonchalant air of an idealistic dreamer, Evans is actually about as dreamy as an adding machine. He is one of the toughest, hardest-headed businessmen on Broadway. One theory holds that the real reason Evans specializes in Shakespeare is that he doesn't have to pay Shakespeare a 10 per cent royalty. Evans has produced or coproduced almost every play in which he has acted, as he sees no reason to let somebody else make 50 per cent of the profits.

Next to Shakespeare, Evans' favorite playwright is Shaw. Shaw, however, always insisted on a 15 per cent straight royalty, although a playwright's usual cut is 10 per cent. This scandalized Evans when he came to drawing up a budget on Man and Superman, for he is one of the tightest budget-drawers on Broadway. So he went to England and moved George Bernard Shaw to tears with his oratory and his budget. Shaw accepted a 10 per cent royalty, and Evans put on what was perhaps one of his finest performances since he did Hamlet in the full-length four-hour Hamlet on Broadway.

There is no detail of production, however small, that Evans does not personally supervise. He has the passion for economy and budget balancing of a conservative Repub-

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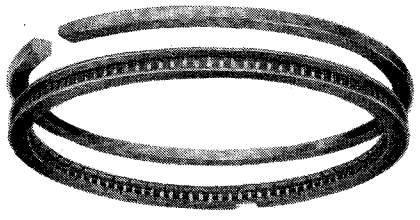

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THE STANDARD OF COMPARISON

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lican. In Man and Superman, he had the costs calculated to a penny, months in advance. To make sure that no money would be wasted on furniture or properties which would turn out later not to be needed—frequently, when productions try out in New Haven or Philadelphia, more furniture and scenery is left in the alley than is used on the stage—Evans himself hand-carved small-scale models of every setting. He has a great gift for carpentry, as well as for electric work, masonry and plumbing. Indeed, he does all the odd repair jobs at his homes in New York City; Ridgefield, Connecticut; and Norway Island, in Upper Saranac Lake, New York.

When Man and Superman tried out in New Haven, the show did not run a moment past schedule. Usually, in New Haven, shows run so long that the cast and stagehands have to work until the middle of the night learning cuts and revisions. Stagehands know they won't get any overtime on an Evans production.

As coproducer of Teahouse of the August Moon, which is still going strong on Broadway after winning a Pulitzer Prize and a Drama Critics' Award, Evans had sketches, models and blueprints of the scenery completed eight months before the show opened. This forehandedness enabled him to make a deal with the Macdonald Construction Company—which is usually called upon by harassed theatrical producers to turn out sets under last-minute pressure. If, proposed Evans, he gave them the contract so they could work on his scenery during the slack summer months, would he get a break? He would give them four months to do the scenery—instead of the three or four weeks which is usual in the feverish atmosphere of Broadway.

He got a break. Instead of the originally estimated $30,000, he had the exotically lovely sets of Teahouse of the August Moon built for $17,000.

This play deals with the rehabilitation of a poverty-stricken village in Okinawa. After prosperity comes, the Okinawans blossom out in handsome white jackets. Costume designer Noel Taylor sketched a jacket. A costumer submitted an estimate of $2000 as a minimum cost for making the jackets. Evans' soul rebelled at such wastefulness. (He once told me that the Welsh could give the Scots lessons in frugality.) He brooded about it for days. One afternoon, as a taxi bore him uptown, he espied a Good Humor Man. He stopped the cab. The Good Humor Man bustled over. Evans ordered a lemon popsicle.

Then he said, "By the way, my good man, would you mind telling me where you secured that white jacket you have on?"

The Good Humor Man, gawping in amazement, gave the actor the address of a restaurant-supply house. Evans purchased twenty Good Humor-style jackets for his actors. Total cost: forty dollars.

Similarly, in Macbeth an alarm is an important prop. After Macduff discovers Duncan's murder, he cries out: "Awake! Awake! Ring the alarum bell! Murder and treason!" The only device that would clang loud enough to fill a theater, Evans was told, was one of those metal rings that sound fire alarms in villages. And antique shops wanted a high price for old fire alarms. One day while Evans was getting a lubrication job for his car, inspiration struck. He asked if there were any old tire rims lying around. There were. Evans selected a nice old one, tested it with a hammer, and bought it. Cost of one alarum bell for Macbeth: a dollar and a half.

To the student of human psychology, the Welsh Hamlet presents a striking example of a split personality. The two sides of his nature—the artist and the businessman—can function independently of each other without the slightest grinding of gears. In 1953, for instance, he carried a back-breaking load that represented about fifteen hours of work a day. He was playing the bland murderer in Dial M for Murder, of which he was also the producer—and Evans is never a nominal producer. He was producing Teahouse of the August Moon, which was then in rehearsal. And he was also preparing his first television production—Hamlet. The discussions about Hamlet took place after performances of Dial M. Director and scene designer and costume designer and chief cameraman and various other representatives of NBC and the sponsor huddled with Evans each evening from midnight until three A.M.

One attribute that stands Evans in good stead under such pressure is a really fantastic memory. He not only has no trouble remembering every line in Hamlet's part—and it is one of the longest parts ever written—but he knows down to a penny what is the capacity of, say, the Ryman Auditorium in Nashville and the name of the trucking company in Toledo that will give him the best deal. Margaret Webster, who has directed many of his stage productions, told me that she and Evans spent as much time discussing the costs of hauling scenery as they did analyzing the emotional motivations of Richard II or Macbeth. His knowledge of business details is quite awesome. He plans the nationwide tours of all his shows. He knows the geography of the United States like a map and has memorized railroad timetables, hotel accommodations and hauling setups in about seventy principal cities.

He even worries about advertising. Recently, Sol Jacobson, publicity man for Teahouse of the August Moon, received a call from Evans. "Sol," the actor-producer began, "you know I don't believe in outdoor advertising in winter, but there's a big board on the Jersey meadow that is going to be available and I want you to get it for Teahouse. It can be seen from four railroad lines and six highways, it costs only fifty-five dollars a week, and there is no charge for keeping it illuminated at night."

As an actor, Evans shows tremendous flexibility. He can handle with equal poise the subtle role of Hamlet, the intellectual comedy of a Shaw hero, and the part of the depraved, weak-minded villain in Dial M for Murder. In 1937 he and Miss Webster discussed the possibility of a revival of Shakespeare's Henry IV.

"You'll do Hotspur, of course," she said. Hotspur is the romantic role.

Evans shook his head. "I want to do Falstaff," he said.

Miss Webster smiled. "But, Maurice, are you big and fat and lusty?"

"No," he said. Then he softly added, "But I can act."

Yet despite his versatility, Evans has always felt self-conscious about playing anything but Shakespeare. When he was ready to make his bow in Dial M for Murder, he wrote an apology for the New York Herald Tribune to justify his renegade act. "I have reluctantly come to the conclusion," he wrote, "that revivals of the classics are a luxury in which hereafter I may rarely indulge myself. If I hope to escape debtor's prison I must forgo them until such time as I have built up a surplus that will enable me to thumb my nose at budgets."

He first became aware of the headaches of play producing when he was a small boy. He was born in Dorchester, England, on June 3, 1901, the oldest son of Alfred Herbert Evans, a Welsh druggist. The father was an actor who was compelled by life to be a businessman. The son is a businessman who is compelled by life to be an actor. Maurice Evans is less thrilled by applause and critical acclaim for his acting than he is by sheets of paper on which a bookkeeper has added up columns of dollars and cents. He has a bound volume of the investment costs, daily box-office take and profits of each of his plays, and he gets a sensual pleasure from these books that far exceeds any uplift he gets from reading the First Folio edition of Shakespeare's plays.

His father, on the other hand, was bored with trade and passionately excited by the theater. He lived only for meetings and rehearsals of the Wessex Players, a group of amateur actors he had organized. They specialized in dramatizations of Thomas Hardy's novels. Mr. Evans adapted the plays from Hardy's books. He directed them. He starred in them. He made his wife and children act in them. He gutted the Evans household of lamps and chairs and curtains whenever properties were needed for the theater. Mother Evans painted scenery and sewed costumes.

Anxious to get into some paying business, young Maurice left school at the age of sixteen and went to work as a messenger boy for Chappell-Harms, a large music-publishing house in London. After eight years, he became assistant cashier at a salary of three pounds a week. Being a shy, diffident person, he did not make friends easily. To occupy himself during his lonely evenings, he started going to the St. Pancras People's Theatre, a settlement house in the London slums. He learned the art of acting from Maude Scott, the director of St. Pancras, and he appeared in amateur productions for about four years.

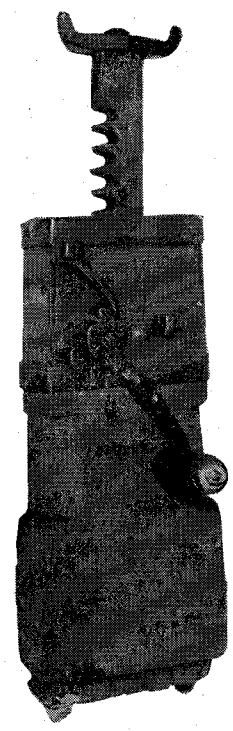
In 1925 Miss Scott staged a group of eighteen one-act plays written by Laurence Housman—The Little Plays of Saint Francis. They were produced on three successive evenings and Evans played Saint Francis. At twenty-four he had a radiant, almost girlish appearance and a magnificent voice. He had been singing in choirs since he was ten years old and was a superb musician. The drama critic of the London News Chronicle, an admirer of Housman, covered the eighteen playlets. His review raved about this unknown young amateur. The next day Evans was besieged by offers from London producers. He turned them all down, unwilling to give up a steady job for anything as dubious as acting. Finally Terence Gray, who ran the Festival Theater at Cambridge, said he would guarantee him an equal salary for a whole year. Evans capitulated. He did a highly successful season at Cambridge and then went into London repertory. In 1928 he played the part of Lieutenant Raleigh in Journey's End, a war play which ran for eighteen months and which established Evans as one of England's leading young actors. Unfortunately, however, he then appeared in a succession of flop plays which convinced him that there was no future in show business.

He decided to go back to commercial pursuits and opened a dry-cleaning shop in Bloomsbury—the Nine-to-Five Cleaners—which proved a great success. Evans thanked his lucky stars that he was out of the theater.

Three years later, Louis Dreyfuss, the owner of Chappell-Harms, backed a new Oscar Hammerstein musical called Ball at the Savoy. The producers badly needed a good-looking (Continued on Page 130)

How's Your Pioneer Instinct?

This strongly made wood and iron device was essential to the westward expansion and development of our country by the pioneers. The one pictured at right, preserved in the Pennsylvania Farm Museum at Landis Valley, near Lancaster, is about two and a half feet high, eight inches wide and four inches thick. Can you name it and identify its use?



It was called a	It was used to
RAIL HEAVER	Lift early railroad tracks into place.
WAGON JACK	Jack up the axles of covered wagons for wheel repairs.
CORNER CLAMP	Push together logs in building the corners of log cabins.
CABLE LIFTER	Raise the heavy suspension cables of early bridges.

Barlow Bridges

CORRECT ANSWER:

A wagon jack, used exactly as an automobile jack is used today. Every westward-bound covered wagon carried one, usually in its tool chest.

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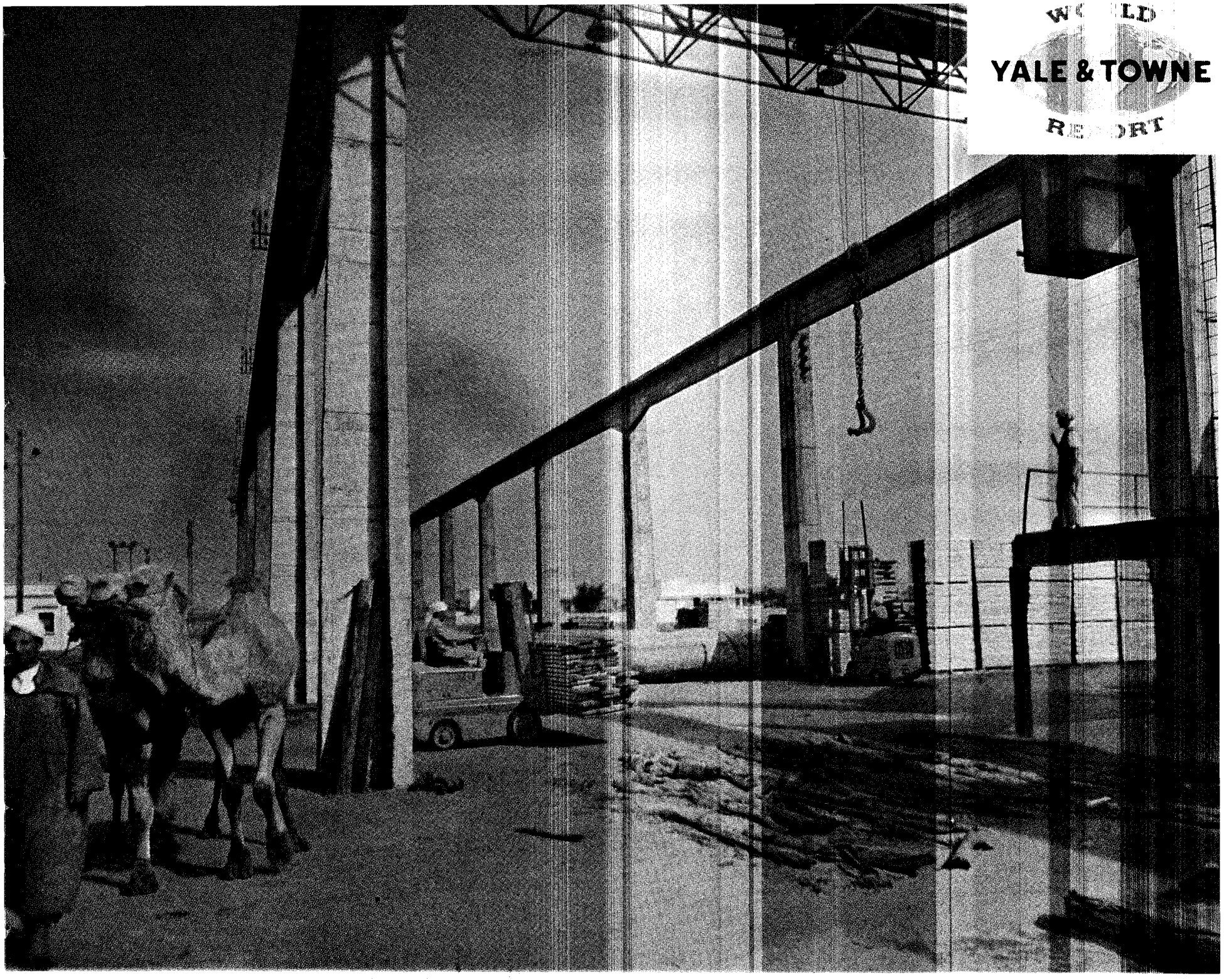

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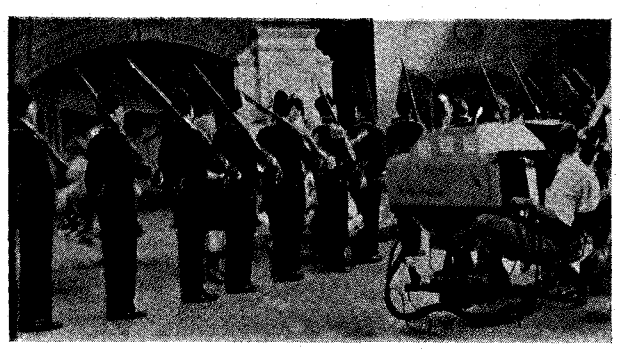

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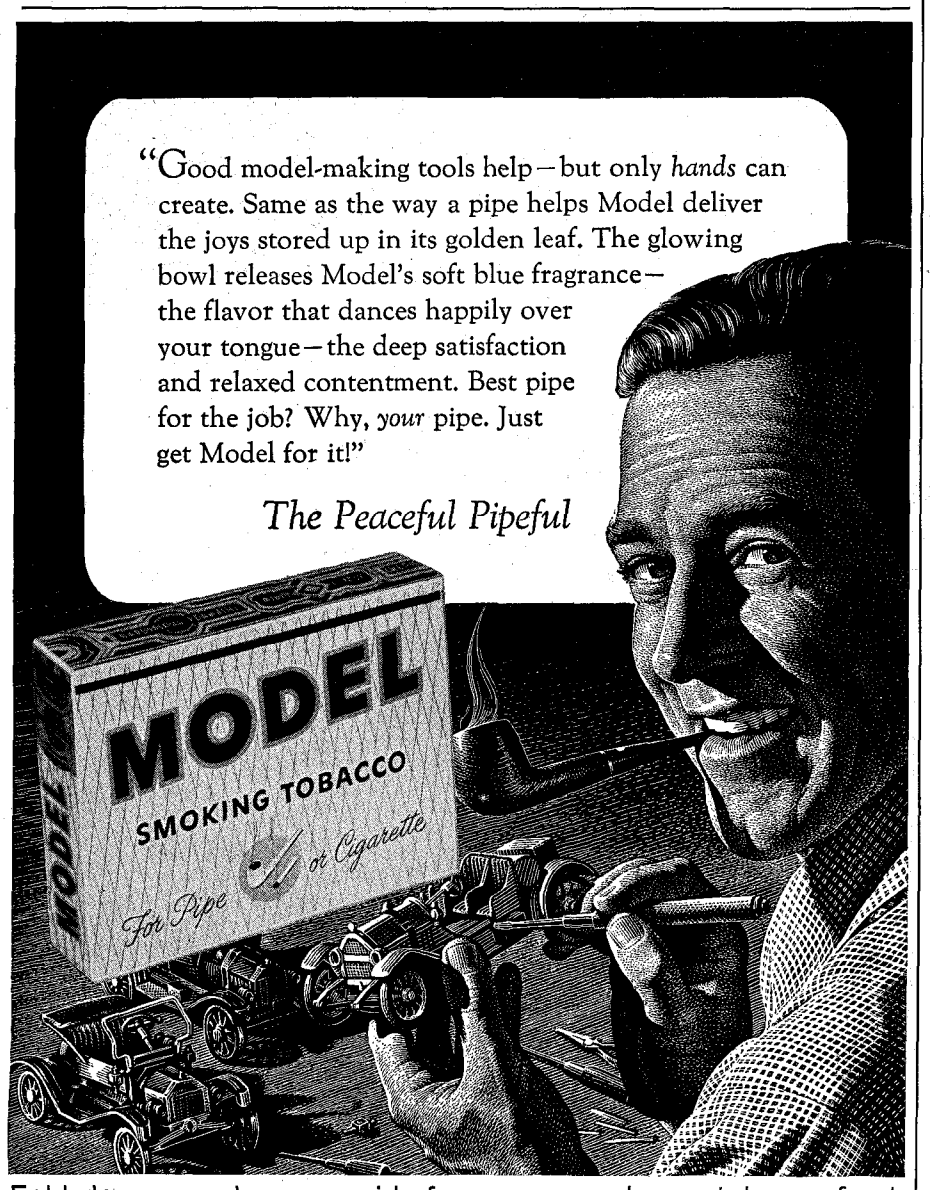
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(Continued from Page 128)

juvenile who could act and sing, and Dreyfuss suddenly remembered Evans. He asked his stenographer, "Where can I lay hands on that boy who used to work for us? I think he could play the part."

The stenographer said, "I can get him for you. He cleaned a dress for me last week!"

With typical shrewdness, Evans refused to take the role unless Dreyfuss also gave him the contract for dry-cleaning all the costumes. Each night he drove to the theater in the company truck with the day's shipment of costumes. He delivered them to the wardrobe mistress and then headed for his dressing room to put on make-up.

But this time he was back in the theater to stay. In 1934 he became a star at the Old Vic and began to demonstrate his virtuosity in such Shakespearean roles as Hamlet, Octavius Caesar, Benedick (in Much Ado), Macbeth and Iago (in Othello).

Maurice Evans came to this country in 1935. After touring with Guthrie McClintic's Romeo and Juliet, he appeared as the Dauphin in a revival of Shaw's St. Joan, and played Napoleon in St. Helena. During the closing week of St. Helena, a wealthy patron of the arts named Joseph Verner Reed saw a performance. He was so impressed that he wrote Evans a fan letter and beseeched him not to sell out to Hollywood. "Broadway needs you," said Mr. Reed. A meeting was arranged and Mr. Reed said he would back Evans in any play. Evans said there was a golden opportunity waiting for a man with brains enough to do Shakespearean plays on Broadway. Reed thought Evans was slightly addled, but the next day he slipped a check for $25,000 under Evans' door. Evans cabled Margaret Webster to come from England, and Richard II—which had not been done in this country since Edwin Booth played it in Chicago in 1878—went into production.

When it opened in February, 1937, Richard II got one of the greatest ovations any serious play has ever received on Broadway. Evans had to take sixteen curtain calls. Brooks Atkinson, of the Times, wrote, "It is a glorious piece of characterization—one of the most thorough, illuminating and vivid productions of Shakespeare we have had in recent memory. He is one of the finest actors of our time." Richard Watts, Jr., of the Herald Tribune said, "Maurice Evans' Richard II is, I say with all the dogmatism at my command, the finest Shakespearean portrait since John Barrymore's now-fabulous Hamlet."

Richard II played to a capacity business of $26,000 a week at the St. James Theater until June, when Evans took it on the road. There were 135 standees at the last Broadway performance!

The following year he faced the most difficult challenge of his career. He decided to produce the complete version of Hamlet—every scene and every word exactly as Shakespeare had originally written them. The performance time is a little over four hours. He was told by everybody that he was out of his Welsh mind. While it was true that he had made a profit of $37,000 on Richard II and proved that Shakespeare, in small doses, was profitable, there was not a chance in a million that anybody would sit through four hours of Shakespeare. Evans stubbornly went ahead. The show was so long that the stagehands union compelled Evans to pay double salary. And the late Burns Mantle, critic for the New York Daily News, took two relatives to the opening night—one for the first two acts and one for the last two acts. Winchell had a tongue-in-cheek item about the man who bought three tickets to Hamlet—a pair for his wife and himself and one for his barber.

Performances of the "entirety Hamlet," as this is known in scholarly circles—other circles call it the "eternity Hamlet"—began at six-thirty, with a forty-five-minute intermission for dinner at 8:15. On opening night Evans rented a private dining room in the Hotel Lincoln across the way from the St. James Theater. He proposed to feed the critics so they would not have to rush through dinner in a crowded restaurant and resent Maurice Evans because they had indigestion. When Wolcott Gibbs was informed of the plan by press agent Richard Maney, he refused the invitation. "So that damned actor thinks he can bribe me with a couple of drinks and a steak!" roared Gibbs. "I'll make my own dining arrangements, thank you!"

Evans himself was unable to eat any solid food during the performance. He worked under such a strain that he developed a nervous tic in one eyelid. He tried to eat chicken or roast beef for dinner, but found that, because of the tension, he had indigestion during the last two acts. "I lived on crackers and milk until midnight during the run of Hamlet," Evans recalls with a shudder.

People who had never seen a Shakespeare play before came to watch Hamlet. A burly extrovert who operates a famous New York restaurant came to opening night. At the first intermission, he looked around the lobby and growled, "I bet I'm the only guy here that don't know how this play comes out!"

Despite the prophecies of gloom, the entirety Hamlet ran for 131 performances on Broadway and grossed $321,534.

At present the Shakespeare business is in a state of flux. To paraphrase Hamlet, "TV or not TV, that is the question." Evans believes that until production costs come down, the only way to do Shakespeare is to get a sponsor to pay the costs on television.

His most fervent backer is the Hallmark Hall of Fame, which has hired him to do eight high-class plays during the 1955–56 season on NBC-TV. In order to smuggle Shakespeare into television, the wily Welshman has had to combine the Bard of Avon into a package deal that also includes Molnár, George Bernard Shaw and Lewis Carroll. The first of Evans' televehicles will be Alice in Wonderland, on Sunday afternoon, October twenty-third. This will be followed, in succeeding months by The Devil's Disciple, The Corn is Green and The Good Fairy. Not until March, 1956, will Evans grapple with Shakespearean tragedy. In March, he will portray Antony in Antony and Cleopatra.

For Evans, television is a fiscal paradise, inasmuch as somebody else assumes all the risks and pays the bills for scenery and stagehands. The greeting-card firm seems equally elated by the arrangement, since the classics seem to sell greeting cards better than any other form of entertainment—although nobody knows why. Maybe people who like to send greeting cards are just more cultured, that's all.

Personally, Evans leads a rather lonely life, being completely absorbed by his work. He sees very few people socially, and his diversions—gardening, fishing, carpentry—are those of the solitary.

Judith Anderson, who played his Lady Macbeth on both the stage and television, told me, "I believe he is afraid of women."

"Most men are, Miss Anderson," I said. Evans merely has the cowardice of his convictions.

All the affection and emotion that might be expressed for a wife and children, Maurice Evans pours into the characters he creates on a stage. Some critics of Evans claim he has diminished the sweep and grandeur of Shakespeare by treating the Bard's characters as average men and women, but this slender Welshman has brought the glory of these fine plays to more people than had previously seen them in all the time since William Shakespeare put pen to paper hundreds of years ago.

THE END

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The Lady Was a Dude (Continued from Page 34)

too. For it catalogued her. It was evident she had no intention of identifying herself with this Wyoming she tried to be so keen about. She was viewing it as a tourist. She was here only for a few months.

Dan became a little more tolerant of her, now that he felt there was nothing to fear. "It's big, sure enough," he said. "And high—and clean."

Mary Jane Meadows asked him his occupation.

"My brother and I run a ranch up in Moccasin Basin," he explained.

"A cowboy!" she squealed delightedly.

"We run sheep mostly," Dan said.

"Sheep?" She hesitated; then added quickly, "How interesting."

But he knew she was disappointed. They left the paving twenty miles out of Buffalo Horn and bounced over gravel and washboard. Dan pointed out landmarks. Tepee Mountain, Signal Butte, Squaw Ridge—the Wind Rivers peeping over the horizon in the distance.

Mary Jane repeated the names reverently. "It's all so romantic," she breathed.

Presently the road topped a ridge and Moccasin River and the rolling benches and the rugged basin lay before them.

She stared. "It's beautiful," she said, a trifle uneasily. "But it is so vast—so lonely."

"It isn't lonely after you get acquainted," Dan said. "But I must admit you're seeing it on its good behavior. This mild weather has been hanging on overlong. There'll be a blizzard come tearing down through here most any time."

"A blizzard!" Mary Jane hugged herself and shuddered, enthralled. "I've always wanted to see one of your awful Western blizzards. It must be just terrifying."

Before Dan could answer that, she pointed and screamed, "There's a cowboy! A real cowboy!"

"It's only Orv Judson," Dan said disparagingly.

Orv always went in for wide-brimmed, tall hats, double-breasted shirts and foxed breeches and stitched, spurred half boots. He was lean and lanky and good-looking, with a little black mustache and thick sideburns. He was riding his blaze-faced sorrel, and was hazing along four empty pack horses. Dan guessed he was on his way home after delivering supplies at one of his father's sheep wagons up on the bench.

Orv stopped them and got himself introduced to the new schoolmarm. Dan surmised that he had been hanging around the road just for that special purpose, in case the schoolteacher turned out to be pretty.

Evidently Orv considered that his time had not been wasted. He kept leaning through the window of the car, turning on the charm for Mary Jane Meadows' benefit, until Dan stepped on the gas and took off, leaving him sitting there on his sorrel with his mouth open.

Mary Jane kept staring back. "My, but he was handsome," she sighed. "And so—so polite."

Dan merely grunted and drove faster.

Rounding a bend, he braked to a stop. A whiskered, dusty man carrying a sheep in his arms was standing alongside the road, hailing a ride.

It was Zack Duvall, a camp tender who worked for Ed Ramsey. His truck had broken down on the return trip from one of the flocks up in the benches. He had with him a young ewe which he had been taking to the home ranch for doctoring after an encounter with a coyote.

Both Dan and the bearded camp tender waited, gazing expectantly at Mary Jane after this had been explained. Suddenly she comprehended that the only comfortable place for the injured ewe was on the red-leather-cushioned seat she was occupying. She looked startled. The ewe was dusty, its wool long and grimy, and matted with thistles and caked mud and dried blood.

Then she hastily climbed over the back seat and wedged herself among the salt sacks and the snowplow and the groceries.

Dan got rid of both the ewe and the camp tender at Ed Ramsey's place. Also the windmill spider. He washed off the leather cushion, and Mary Jane reoccupied that position.

Ed's wife made a big fuss over Mary Jane. Julia Ramsey was a plump woman with a big, infectious laugh. "I do hope you don't let any of these young bachelors around here talk you into gettin' married—at least until the finish of the school year," she said. "I declare, but we have a time keepin' teachers." She poked Dan in the ribs. "Not mentionin' any names, of course," she added coyly.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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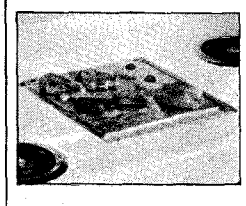

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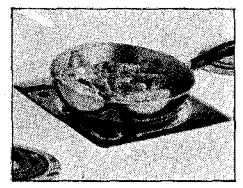

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Dan hurriedly drove away. He delivered the snowplow blade and got rid of most of the grocery orders before arriving at George Wilton's place.

Arrangements had been made to board the new teacher with George and Pearl Wilton. The schoolhouse was still some five miles farther up the basin. By that time Mary Jane was no longer saying anything.

None of the other ranch wives had been as open about it as Julia Ramsey, but Mary Jane had correctly interpreted the hints they had put out in regard to how easy it was for a pretty schoolmarm to find a husband in these parts.

It was plain she considered Dan a party to all this. So, all he could do was to introduce her to Pearl and George and drive hurriedly away.

"I'll come by with the kids about seven in the morning to pick you up," he called back.

After he had turned into the main road, in the rear-vision mirror he saw Orv Judson's red-and-cream convertible heave into view and veer into the Wilton ranch road. Orv hadn't lost much time galloping to his ranch to get out his car, Dan reflected sourly.

Mary Jane had that same aloof, grim look in her dark eyes when he came by in the morning. He had already picked up eight children, and the station wagon was jumping. She chose to sit far in the rear among the children. And she restored order in a hurry. When he delivered her at the schoolhouse, she thanked him politely and walked away, her back straight as a ramrod. When Dan returned to pick up his charges at sundown, he found Orv Judson's convertible standing before the schoolhouse. Orv lolled in the seat, wearing his big, pearl-colored hat, beaded elkskin vest and brass-studded leather cuffs. He was strictly dressed for the kill. And Mary Jane rode away with him, gazing in awe at his costume.

Dan was left to contend with an antlike swarm of children as best he could. To make matters worse, a general fight started in the car, with bloody noses, howling youngsters and pandemonium.

"I figure," Dan told Mary Jane when he picked her up the next morning at the Wilton place, "that you better ride the school car both to and from school. You could help control the brats."

"That," Mary Jane said, "is not a part of my contract. And you should be ashamed to call them brats. After all, two of them are your brother's children, I am told."

"There's nothing in your contract that calls for riding around with a drugstore cowboy either," Dan said.

She gave him a look down the length of her short nose that was intended to put him in his place. "At least Mr. Judson, to whom I imagine you are referring, wouldn't ask a lady to stand aside for a smelly old sheep," she sniffed.

"Don't ever put that to a test," Dan said. "Sheep come first in this country. Even Orv Judson knows that."

Mary Jane got her second lesson in the importance of sheep two mornings later. The weather changed overnight. It started as a cold rain at daybreak. By the time Dan picked up Mary Jane it was turning to sleet and snow.

Dan had put on the chains, and the station wagon was already coated with yellow mud. Mary Jane wore galoshes, and had a transparent rain cape over her garb. She was as pretty as a Christmas package. A suffocating sensation came in Dan's chest.

He drove grimly, trying to put her out of his mind. He picked up the last of the children. Instead of continuing on up the main highway to the school, he swung off into a road that wasn't much more than a muddy wheel track. It mounted westward up the bench.

"Where in the world ——" Mary Jane began.

Dan explained that he had promised to deliver an important package to one of Pete Ditmar's herders.

"Pete couldn't get his jeep started this morning," he explained. "It's only a little way."

The little way proved to be nearly ten miles. The car almost bogged down several times. And then there was another long delay at a point on the bleak, sleet-swept bench while Dan honked the horn mournfully until a sheepherder came riding from somewhere out of the vacancy.

The important package proved to contain tins of smoking tobacco, which the herder seized on with delight.

"Do you mean to say you brought us all this way just to hand that old man some tobacco?" Mary Jane exploded.

"Why, he's been out of smoking for two days," Dan explained, amazed. "Pete just found out about it today."

Her eyes were flashing. "Do you realize I am going to be late, and that the whole day's school work will be disrupted, all because this man couldn't wait a little longer to smoke a filthy old pipe?"

"But the fellow was going to quit!" Dan protested. "Good herders are hard to find. As for school, you can keep the bra—— the kids in a little longer this evening."

Mary Jane started to say something scathing. Then she noticed that the children were taking all this calmly. Evidently such goings-on were a part of life in sheep country.

Then the station wagon bogged down so completely that Dan had to hike three

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miles to the main road and wait for help. The upshot of it was that it was midafternoon before they got back on the highway, and too late to go to school at all.

"You can hold an extra session Saturday," Dan said.

Mary Jane almost wept. "I had other plans for Saturday," she gritted. "Do we have to arrange our very existence to accommodate sheep?"

"It kind of gets that way," Dan admitted. "Sheep are mighty helpless creatures. You get to feel obligated to take care of 'em. Then, too, when sheep starve, most folks around here quit eating regularly too." He added, "I'll drive over Saturday night and take you to a dance at Five Points. They'll have a combo outfit playing."

"Mr. Judson is escorting me to the dance," she said.

Orv Judson, Dan reflected, was getting to be quite a pest.

On Saturday night he happened to be driving by Five Points about ten in the evening, so he just decided to drop in. The place was crowded. Sure enough, Mary Jane was there with Orv. Dan cut in on Orv as they danced. And Orv immediately cut in also. Dan cut in right back. One thing led to another. Dan pushed Orv in the face. Orv took a swing at him. A table got knocked over and a woman who had a glass of beer spilled on her dress whacked Dan over the head with her purse. Orv also took advantage of that interruption to punch Dan in the eye.

Then a committee of husky men, who were insistent on resuming the dance, escorted both Dan and Orv and Mary Jane outside, with a stern request that they do not return.

Mary Jane, crimson with humiliation, drove off with Orv, warning Dan that he was never, never, never to speak to her again.

The next morning Dan had a fine black eye to remind him of the incident. That also finished his week's duty on the school route. The ensuing week was Ed Ramsey's responsibility, but Julia handled the chore, for she was a better driver than Ed.

Dan kept out of sight for a few days whenever the school car was arriving to pick up or deliver his small niece and nephew at the ranch where he lived with his brother and Dot, his sister-in-law. That gave things a chance to cool down a little and also permitted his eye to become respectable again. Besides, there was work to do.

Finally he got up the courage to be puttering around the tool shed when Julia Ramsey came driving up in their light truck, which was fitted with crossboard seats to accommodate the children.

Mary Jane was sitting beside Julia. She pointedly ignored Dan's existence. He tried the experiment a couple of times more, with the same result.

He drove past the schoolhouse several times as the days' sessions were ending. There was no sign of Orv Judson's convertible, and Mary Jane rode away each time in the ranch car that was handling the school route on that particular week. Dan approved of that. Evidently Orv was also on probation as a result of that affair at Five Points.

Dan was in an irritable mood. He was losing his appetite. He made a special trip to Buffalo Horn to buy vitamin pills.

One day he and Orv got into an argument about some trivial matter as they were helping salvage pelts from some sheep that Jim Sealover had lost in a pile-up near Signal Butte. Finally Orv took a poke at him. Then they scuffled all over the place. It ended up without much damage on either side, as usual, except that it was Orv who had the black eye to take home.

Jim Sealover lost thirty-two head in the pile-up. Something had frightened the flock as the herder was moving it to new graze and the timid creatures had stampeded toward a coulee, in which the lost animals had smothered.

The next time Dan passed the school car on the road, Mary Jane gave him a freezing glare. He guessed she must have heard about his new tiff with Orv Judson. Womanlike, she took credit for being the cause. Dan had a notion to tell her that her name hadn't even been mentioned.

His appetite continued to shrink. He felt listless. He changed to a new vitamin complex.

A full-scale blizzard came roaring down across the plains, and when it ended the country lay white and frozen. Even the swift and rumbling Moccasin River was partly imprisoned in ice, with only the fastest rapids open. Gorges formed, creating pools of backwater. Then the gorges would break, turning the river into chaos, and new ones would form.

On a bitter December day Dan's brother came home, scowling, from a meeting of the district school board. Art was chairman.

"You and Orv Judson played the devil with your fighting over that new schoolmarm," he told Dan sourly. "Now we've got to hunt up another teacher."

Dan felt hollow inside. "You mean this Indiana girl is quitting?"

"As soon as the term ends in January," Art growled. "She gave notice today. Everybody knows she's embarrassed by you two clopheads getting into rows over her."

"She had nothing to do with it," Dan protested. "And anyway, she only came here in the first place because she had movie ideas about the wild West. She never had any intention of staying. She wanted to see how the natives lived here in Wyoming."

"One thing's for sure," Art said scathingly. "You and Orv Judson didn't do anything to induce her to stay."

The bitter winter weather held. Dan frosted an ear and the tip of his nose rescuing lambs from a drifted-over gully in which they had taken shelter during a storm.

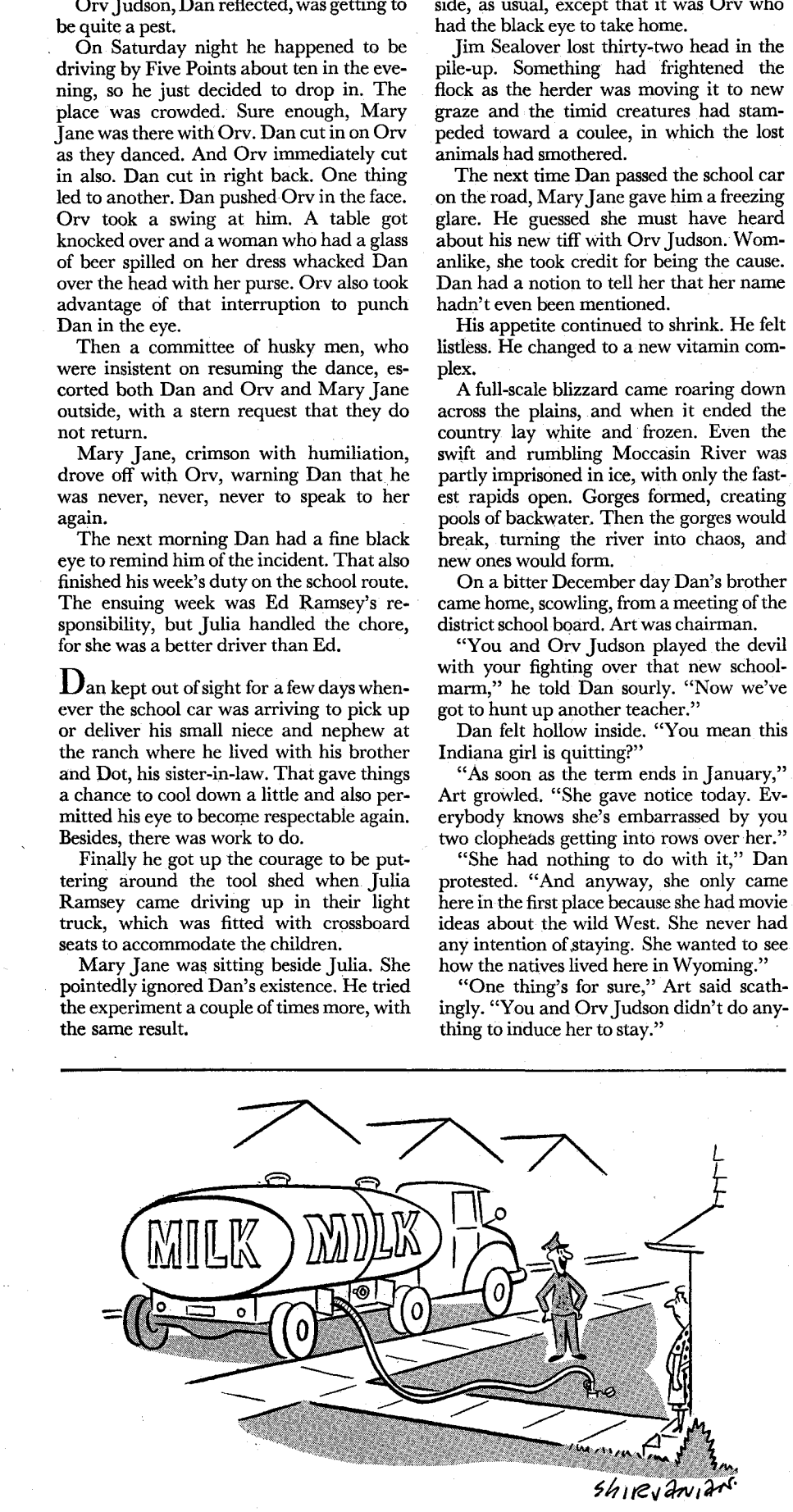
Then Art's turn to drive the school route came up again. But on Sunday morning a phone call brought word that Dot's mother was ailing in California, where she was spending the winter.

So Art and Dot left for Rock Springs that afternoon to board a plane. That left Dan to take care of everything, including the school-route chore which began on Monday morning.

Dan was shaking a little inside when he drove up to George Wilton's place in the morning, the chains crackling in the hard-frozen snow.

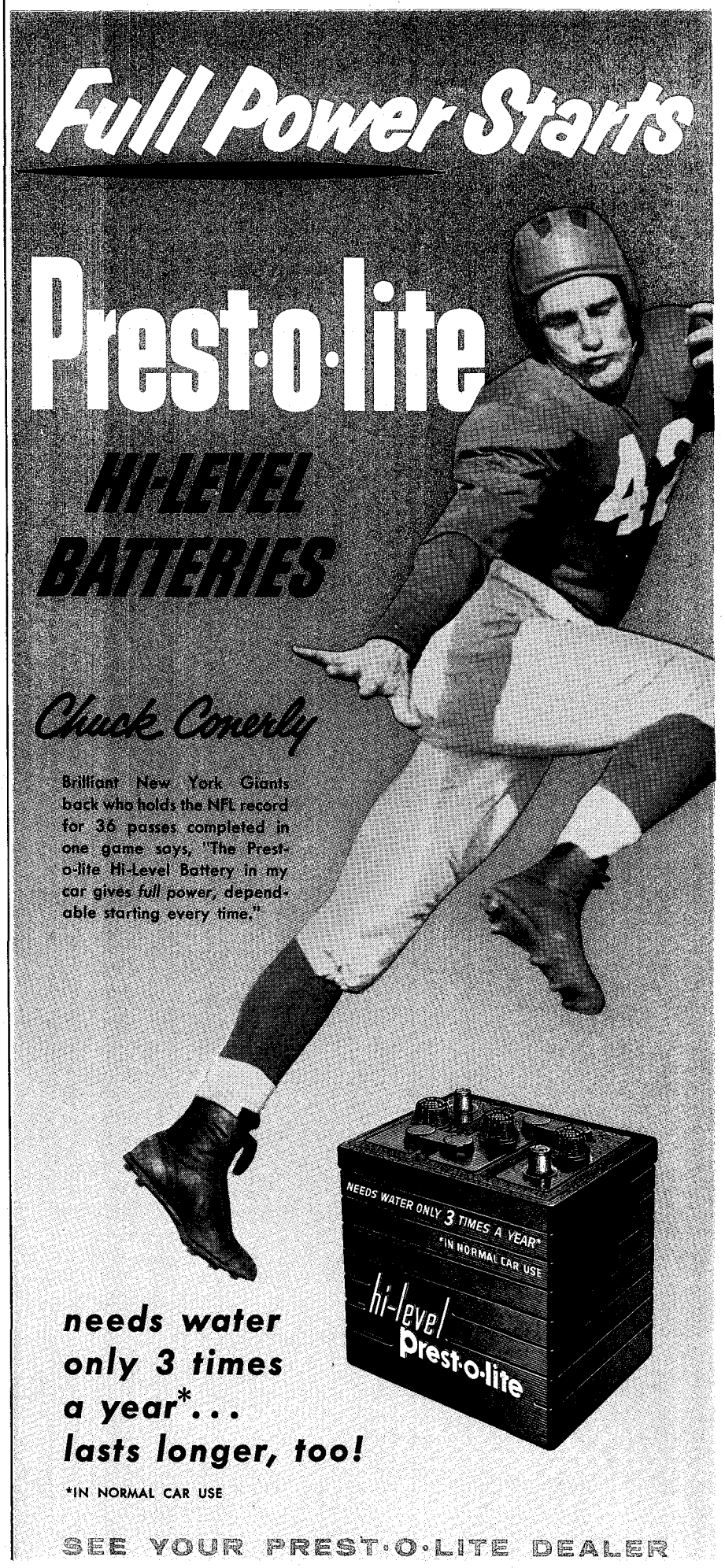
Mary Jane came out. She hesitated when she saw him. Then her nose went up. Dan explained why he was driving. He explained at length because he didn't want her to get the impression that he was here of his own choice.

She continued to keep her nose tilted. She had on a dark red tam-o'-shanter and a gay scarf and a heavy, fur-trimmed jacket, and wore ski pants and waterproof, heavy



"How are the quads today, Mrs. Collins?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST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shoes. She was so pretty that she seemed to sparkle.

Dan kept on explaining. Then he put his arms around her suddenly and kissed her resoundingly. He released her, shocked by his own action. The children in the car were tittering and nudging one another. Mary Jane went a vivid crimson.

"Why—why ——" she breathed. "In front of all these children!"

"I must have been thinking of some other girl," Dan said miserably.

"Some other girl? Oh, you ——"

She pushed indignantly past him and flounced into the farthest extremity of the station wagon. She silenced the giggling with a glare, but smirking grins remained.

Dan, as he drove, didn't dare glance in the mirror. He guessed he had done it for sure—disgracing her in front of the children. He handled the station wagon gingerly, for the chains wouldn't take a bite in stretches where the snow had packed and frozen. He guessed the temperature must have gone to thirty below during the night, and was still well under zero.

Julia Ramsey got aboard, along with her two children, for she was going to help Mary Jane decorate the schoolhouse for the Christmas party.

The car skidded from one frozen rut to another on the descent to the river. There the road leveled and followed the stream northward. Frost smoke hung over open rapids a hundred yards to the right across snow-drifted fields. Dan saw that an ice gorge had formed just above the rapids. It had backed up the river somewhat, and this quieted pool of water had frozen in the bitter temperature.

Suddenly he halted the car and leaped out, peering. Julia Ramsey got to her feet, staring also. "Merciful heavens!" she screamed.

Sheep—hundreds of them—were on the ice above the gorge. And the gorge itself looked as if it might let go any minute. Big sections of ice were breaking away at intervals and being swept into the roaring open water below. When the gorge finally let go, the ice on the pool it had formed would break up, too, and the sheep would be carried to death.

"It's one of Jim Sealover's flocks!" Julia Ramsey chattered. "As if he hasn't had enough bad luck already!"

Dan was already running. "Drive to the Duncan place and get help!" he shouted back.

"You be careful, Dan Kerrick!" Julia screeched. "That gorge is likely to go out any ——"

Dan was out of hearing, racing at great lung-straining strides. He came in sight of the herder's camp wagon, which stood in the lee of a small ridge. Two thin, nervous sheep dogs paced about. Thin smoke drifted from the stovepipe that jutted through the roof of the camp wagon.

A figure lay in the frozen snow near the wagon's steps. It was old Antone, a Basque who had tended flocks in the basin for many years.

Evidently he had been stricken as he was cooking breakfast, and had made it only into the open before the end had come.

Dan saw that there was nothing that could be done for old Antone. He raced on toward the flock on the frozen river. He saw the carcasses of three ewes and the glint of frozen blood. Evidently coyotes had appeared, once their chance had come. The flock had retreated away from this danger and wandered onto the ice. The opposite shore was blocked by a six-foot clay cutbank. Dan could see that a pile-up had begun there, for the massed bodies of a score of sheep were piled up against the cutbank at one point.

Through some whim of chance the remainder of the flock had turned away from this disaster and had started drifting downriver toward the gorge—moving in a gray-white flood in an aimless blatting swarm—heading into an even worse danger.

There were more than a thousand head in the flock. Dan whistled the dogs and they joined him as he reached the panicky horde.

He began working carefully, whistling and calling, soothing the sheep out of their panic. Eerie, whirring, ghostly sounds raced through the ice—invisible cracks that were running through its heart under the weight of the flock.

A frightened voice called, "What can I do?"

Mary Jane was on the ice a score of yards out from shore. The station wagon had already vanished in the direction of the Duncan place. Dan had not known until then that Mary Jane had left the car and followed him.

"Get back!" he shouted frantically. "Get off the ice!"

She reluctantly retreated nearer to safety; then stood watching with apprehension as Dan worked with the flock.

Gradually Dan coaxed the woolly mass under control and got it moving toward the shore from which it had come. He could feel a queer tension in the ice beneath his feet. Terror grew in him. He looked downstream where the jagged, upended ice floes marked the head of the gorge above the rapids. The gorge was no more than two hundred yards away.

"Hurry!" Mary Jane shouted desperately. "Oh, hurry!"

The leaders of the flock had reached safety on solid land, but now some of the ewes saw the coyote-killed carcasses. That sent the creatures into a frenzy of milling. Dan and the dogs, by titanic effort, finally turned the flock in the right direction again, and more of the sheep streamed ashore.

Less than a hundred head were still on the ice when it happened. It came like a cannon shot. The gorge suddenly broke. Dan felt the ice beneath him give a great surge. He raced toward shore. Great cracks darted across the surface. Then the frozen pool broke into a tumult of upended floes and of blatting sheep, and all drifting with increasing speed toward the rapids.

Dan leaped from floe to floe, heading for land. Safety was little more than fifty feet away, but the rapids were terrifyingly near. Then he slipped and went into water to his knees. He pulled himself back on an upending segment of ice.

He saw Mary Jane racing along the shore, her eyes big and dark against her pale face. Doomed sheep were all around him in the water or vanishing beneath the crunching ice. The breakup was picking up speed now, as the backwater drained into the rapids.

Dan plucked a struggling ewe from between floes at his feet, yanked her onto a broad sheet of ice, hoping she would make her way to shore. That effort capsized the ice cake on which he had been standing, and he went into water to his waist. The cold was like a numbing shock of electricity. He clawed futilely. He was being carried farther from shore and toward the rapids.

Then hands caught his arms and pulled, him up on an ice floe. It was Mary Jane, who had come leaping nimbly across the ice. With inspired strength she kept dragging him. Then Dan was able to get to his feet himself.

The crash and roar of the rapids was so near that the frost smoke swirled around them. Fear gave them desperate strength and they literally skimmed over the grinding floes and made the shore in a dozen leaps. Dan's soaked garb was already beginning to stiffen in the temperature. He kept running and made it to the camp wagon, whose interior was snugly warmed by the still-hot stove.

Mary Jane helped him off with his jacket and boots. "Trying to save that poor sheep almost cost you your life," she said. Then she added thoughtfully, "But I understand."

Then she left the wagon and Dan heard her running back to the river. He hurriedly changed to some of Antone's spare clothes and then raced to join her.

Mary Jane was working at the river's margin, trying to rescue a dozen or more sheep that were still feebly struggling among the drifting ice in shallow water just out of the swift current.

As Dan ran to help she pulled a ewe to safety. Freezing water soaked her and congealed on her clothes, but she looked at Dan with a shining gladness in her eyes. They got half a dozen more animals out before the remainder vanished. Jim Sealover had lost some eighty head, Dan estimated, but the bulk of his flock had been saved.

Dan and Mary Jane looked at each other, panting. Dan suddenly leaned over and kissed her on her cold-numbed lips. "You were the only girl I was thinking about that other time this morning when I kissed you also," he mumbled.

Auto horns sounded. Julia Ramsey was returning with the station wagon and bringing other cars and men. Orv Judson arrived in his convertible.

Orv offered to drive Mary Jane home. She thanked him politely, but said she guessed she and Mr. Kerrick should gather up the children again and try to salvage part of the day's schoolwork.

She climbed into the station wagon beside Dan, and they headed for the Duncan place, where the children were waiting. She didn't say anything for a while. Then she remarked with vast satisfaction, "I saved four sheep today. All with my own hands."

She looked around at the sweep of frozen country and drew a long breath. "It is so big, so grand—so beautiful. I—I wonder if a person ever really becomes a part of it?"

Dan remembered she had said something like that the first day at Buffalo Horn. But this was different. There was an affection, a real yearning in her voice.

"You're not leaving Wyoming," he said. It was a demand and not a question.

Their eyes met. Hers wavered ever so slightly.

"No," she murmured shakily. "I changed my mind—just this morning. I'm going to stay and keep on teaching."

"You're staying," Dan said, "but not to teach."

He halted the car, for this matter required his undivided attention. He kissed her lustily.

"I'm staying," Mary Jane agreed presently, her voice dreamy, "but not to teach. I made up my mind to that when you first kissed me this morning." THE END

You be the Judge

By WILLIAM DONALDSON

When Mrs. Whipple came home to convalesce after a serious operation, the doctor told her husband she must have absolute quiet for several months. As the Whipples' two growing boys couldn't keep quiet for five minutes unless muzzled, Whipple in desperation paid $1000 to send them to boarding school. Later, in figuring his income tax, he deducted the sum as a medical expense. The tax collector disallowed it, so Whipple went to court.

"To give my wife the quiet that the doctor ordered, I either had to send her to a sanitarium or else send the boys away," Whipple argued. "The cost of sending her to a sanitarium unquestionably would have been deductible as a medical expense. So the cost of sending the boys away to achieve the same result should be regarded as a medical expense also."

"The cost of keeping small boys quiet, no matter how laudable the purpose, cannot reasonably be regarded as a medical expenditure," the tax collector replied.

If you were the judge, would you let Whipple get away with the deduction?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Whipple lost. The court held that the money spent on the boys was not a direct part of Mrs. Whipple's medical expense and therefore was not deductible.

Based upon a 1952 U. S. Court of Appeals decision.

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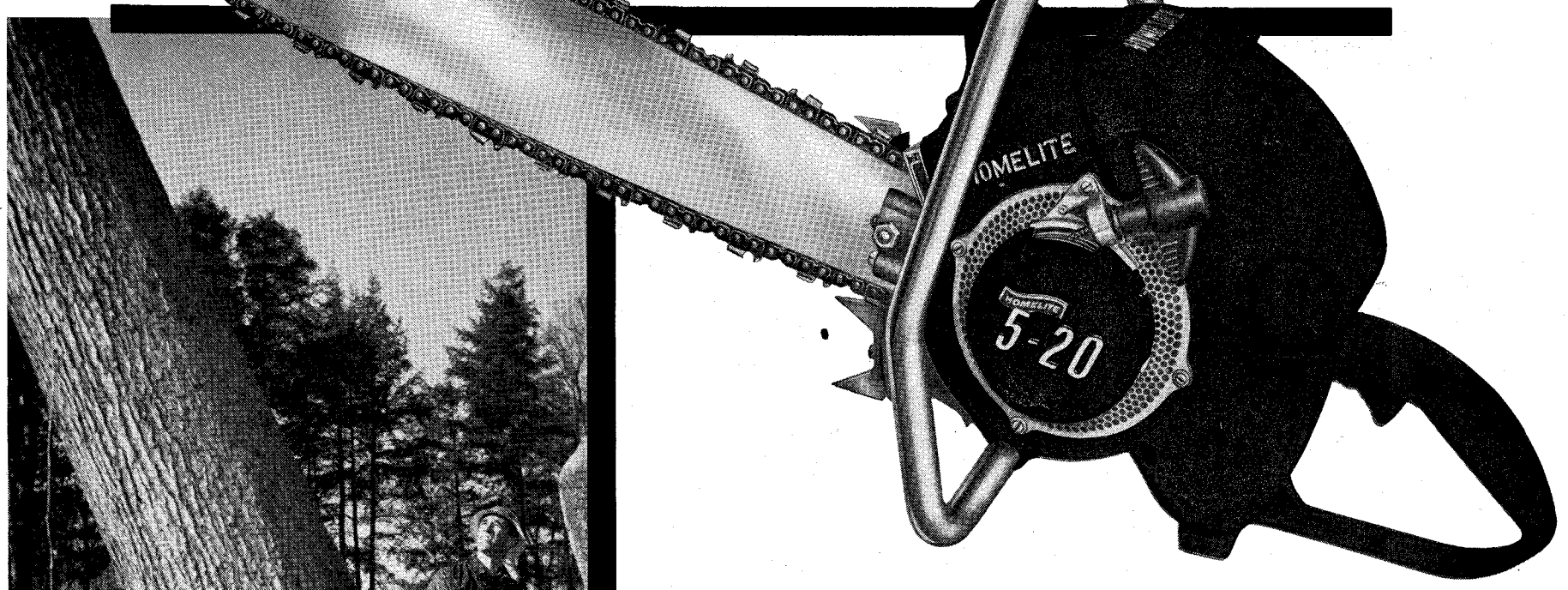

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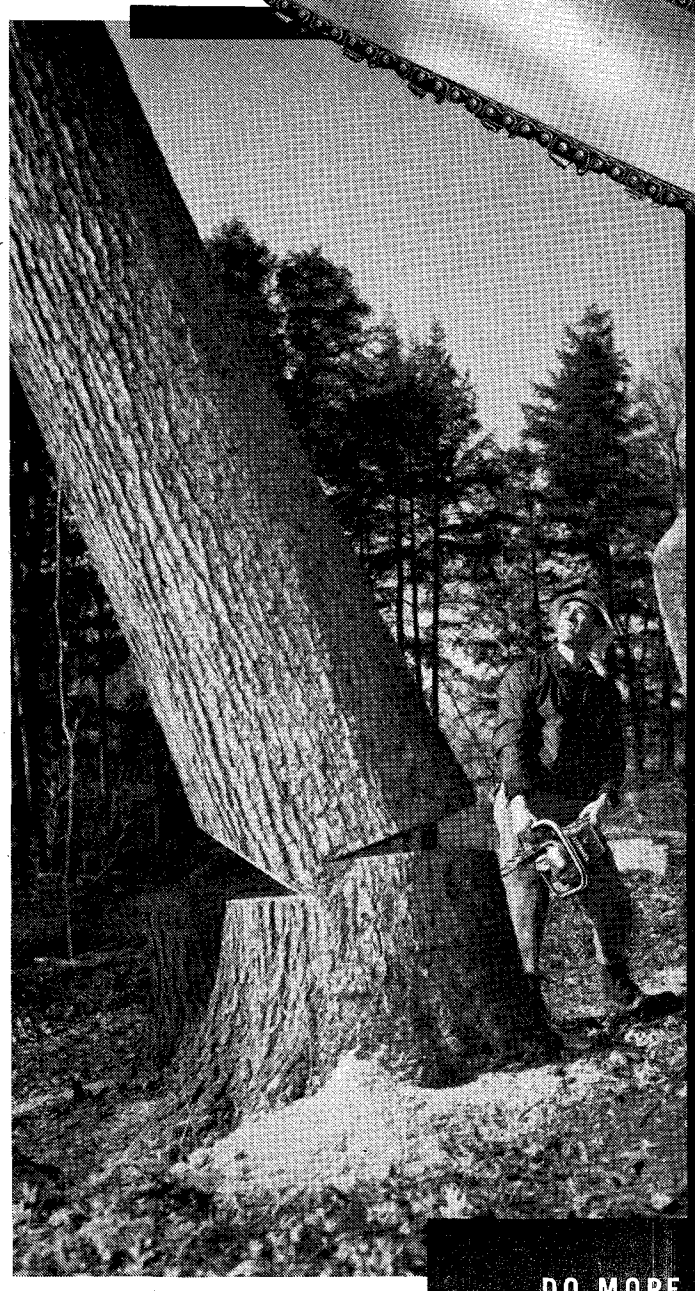

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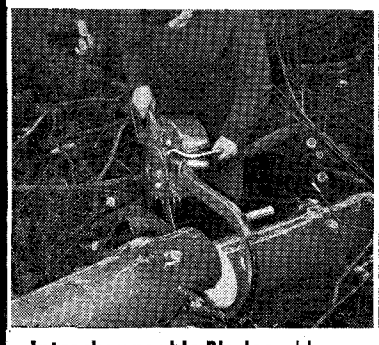
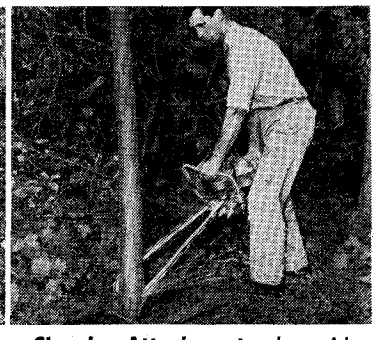


Interchangeable Blades add versatility to the new Homelite 5-20 Chain Saw. For felling, bucking, limbing or plunge cutting, there's a hard track blade for every requirement. Straight blades available from 14″ to 60″, bow saws 14″ and 18″.

Brush Cutter cleans out brambles, brush, undergrowth and small saplings six times faster than conventional methods. The adjustable harness, hanger and handle bars assure perfect balance . . . make it extremely simple to operate . . . safe for anyone.



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A Wife Who Could Cook

(Continued from Page 24)

day, there wasn't a finer-looking man in the Gloucester fleet. He wasn't in his prime. No, he had forty years to go before he would hit his high mark. Just the same, he had done well. Three seasons in a halibut dory had made him the best doryman in the Adventure, which meant—to hear them tell it—the best on the Atlantic. He was well traveled too. He'd been to Boston lots of times and had been on the African run as a boy. Quartermaster on some crate that hauled freight and passengers. He had seen the Mountains of the Moon. Through a telescope maybe, but he could describe them beautifully. He was a big man, a little on the plump side most of the time, which is right, because a good doryman fattens up in the summer, knowing he's bound to need more than wool in the snowy season to come. He always wore a blue woolen shirt, and a nice, round woolen cap, like a Frenchman's bonnet, which some fancy passenger had given to him, probably for describing the Mountains of the Moon. She—excuse me!—the passenger had sewed a pretty BM right on the forepeak too.

Bartley touched his cap respectful-like and gave a smart twirl to a red mustache he was growing for purposes not yet made public.

"Captain Dan! I ——" And there his strong emotion stopped him and all he could do was take a sweeping glance around the whooping world of whitecaps—a glance that would chill the soul of an ordinary man.

"Ah, here's my brave Bartley!" the skipper shouted, all aglee. "Why ain't there more like him, I ask you?" He came up the life rope a stagger or two and looked into those brave blue eyes. Only they were green. That's right. They say his eyes were green in those days, green and bright with hope.

"Captain Dan, Brag's a dog nobody loves." After that bit, Bartley looked proudly down the swaying rank.

"Bartley, my dear boy," the skipper cried, "a wiser thing was never said on this deck! That's right! That's absolutely right!" He swung his glance around in a fierce way just as if he was ready to kick poor dog Brag right over the rail into that dreary latitude. "Say on, my boy!"

"Aye, captain, I'll have my say about Brag and then my say about the other." He came aft a step to make sure that none of his valued words would be snatched off by the wind. "You don't deny teaching poor cook his trade? No, you don't. Because I seen you myself, candling eggs for him.

"So you was on the point of asking—don't bother to deny it, captain!—who in tarnation is going to take this unfortunate vessel home while you are laboring in the galley for the sake of all concerned? I'll take her home for you, captain, and spin her right up to Independence Wharf under a whole mainsail and no nonsense about it, sir!"

He waved his glorious right hand aloft, looked down at the tumbling sea and up at the clouds, hauled around smart and shouted thunderous, "Boys, let me have that foresail! Lively now, men! Home and mother and a lively Wednesday market!"

The skipper was fit to be tied. He began to bleat in his pitiful style, very effective. There was no sea breaking over the rail to shut him up this time. "No, no, my dear boy! To be a cook—at my time of life? Surely you wouldn't ask your old captain to do that, would you, Bartley?"

"I sure would!"

Bartley didn't mean that. He had seen the tears of indignation and famine in the old man's eyes. His tender heart never could stand the sight of a tear. He looked up and down the starving rank of heroes again. He couldn't resist their mute appeal. He gave a sigh—something like the sigh of a summering whale—and turned toward the forecastle. Down he went to the galley, ready to do or die, and not the least bit aware that he'd never come out of it a free man.

Wait a minute now. Hadn't that schooner been hove-to after running before the gale a deplorable time? That's true and that's why gallant Bartley set up a wholesome roar the minute he looked at the stores. Nothing. Not a quarter of beef nor a Cape Breton lamb to put into the big Shipmate stove. For potatoes, he had little more than the empty sacks.

Right then and there he showed the kind of wood he was carved out of. Must have been cookish wood, because he did something few cooks on the Grand Banks ever dared do. Never, more like it. He went on deck and snatched up a beautiful halibut out of the pens while the others were admiring her lovely sails, all filled up on the homeward blow.

"What's that you got under my new apron, doryman?" This from the wounded cook, who was quietly starving in his bunk.

"What would you give to know?" asked Bartley, swerving neatly by the shack locker and into his shop. He began cutting up that big fish like all get-out. This was dangerous. Why? I'll tell you why. It's always a good table they set in the Gloucester forecastles. Dorymen or draggermen, whichever it may be, they live on the fat of the land. The fat of the sea—halibut, Sable

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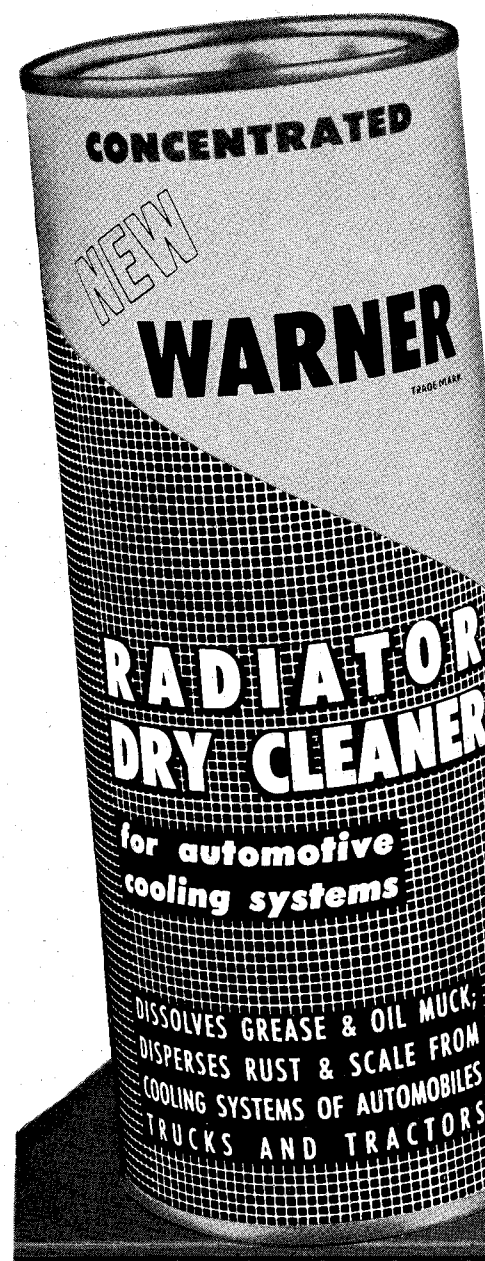

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Island haddock and the like—this they leave to those 'longshore who care for it. It's tough enough to kill fish on the Grand Banks. We'll have no talk about eating them too. That's what they always say. Sirloin steaks, hot muffins and bushel bowls of salad and apple pie with half a pound of store cheese on the side—that's the Grand Banks table d'hôte. No fish. The only mutiny on record in three hundred and fifty years of dory fishing was brought on by the serving of a tub of fish chowder. Both the skipper and the cook were sent to the loony-bin to get their wits back.

Bartley knew all about this. In fact, he'd never tasted fish in his life. The peril didn't stop him from being a hero. He cooked away, happy as a lark, cool as a cucumber.

When the first table sat down along the lockers, the skipper panting from famine, out came Bartley with a huge bowl of chowder, a dish they'd never even seen.

"What's this?" cried the captain.

"*Potage de jour d'Afrique*," said Bartley, and down it went with many a smack. He came in again with great trays smoking with halibut steaks, barely visible under a tomato sauce that filled the forecastle with fragrance and joy.

"What's he got now?" asked the cook, who was full of chowder and full of jealousy, of course. "By hunky-dory! Looks like fish to me."

"Fish all right," said Bartley, "but not out of the salt sea. So you're safe. It's mountain brook trout *au gratin*."

Well, they all knew Tommy Grattan, cook in the Mary Glen, so they ate it all up and called for more. There were twenty or thirty apple pies left from the old cook's last endeavor. Thus they turned in with full tummies and no comments except heartfelt thanks.

And then—yes, it had to happen. Sooner or later, Bartley had to make the grand discovery. Up until the last serving, nature—or fate—was just going along with him, giving him a break. When he sat down to his own array of steaks, he laughed beautifully and forked away. He opened his mouth, which was watering, and tasted his own cooking. He put the fork down gently. He waited until the Adventure whooped up out of a trough, splashed in a poor way, and soared on. He tried again. No, he couldn't do it. This time he put the fork down for good. All he did was sigh.

What was the matter with that man? Oh, nothing. Nothing much. It was this: gallant Bartley Malone was a born cook who couldn't eat his own cooking. If there's a harsher fate in the known world, it's not in the records.

Bartley understood at once the tragic meaning of his discovery. He took it like a man. He did the dishes, took out his mixing bowls again and cried out cheerfully, "Pannycakes and bacon for tonight, boys! And *salade beaucoup de Sardinia!*"—his eye having fallen just then on a case of sardines left there by mistake or deviltry a voyage past. Snug in the swaying forecastle, the dorymen thanked him dreamily.

In the next ten minutes Bartley lost the first ounce he had ever lost in his life. The great Malone shrinkage had begun.

All this sounds bad for Bartley, and it was bad. You might think it impossible to be worse off than a cook starving in the midst of plenty broiling and stewing right under his capable nose. Well, we all know that there's more than one good cook has done his duty by skipper and crew, year in year out, and come ashore half famished because he couldn't stand the savor of his own perfections. But what happens to them when the vessel ties up in Gloucester and the cooks go home? Do they starve there too? Ahungering while their dear wives look blubbering on at their sea-tanned spouses sighing and shrinking visibly?

No. Not a bit of it. Cooks are smart. Barring the skippers, they're the smartest lot in the fleet. And how smart are they? This much: they marry skilled cooks. No other consideration is given to an aspiring young lady. If she hasn't a light hand over a mixing bowl and a few recipes from her mother, let her marry elsewhere. Not among brave cooks.

So, in some cases, it isn't the worst thing in the world not to be able to eat your own cooking. Why, it's nothing but a long fast—ten or twelve days maybe—and a fine supper when you come down the lane with a cook's share of the voyage folded in the pocket. No, the worst fate in the world is to be such a famished cook, ten brisk days on old Banquereau, and no wife to come home to at all.

"What keeps the poor fellows alive?" That's the great question the sea lawyers have always before them.

The answer is: hope. Nothing but hope. Hope for breakfast, hope hash for dinner, and the same for supper. It sounds a little thinning. Wouldn't a man get run down and maybe a little peevish after a few seasons on such a diet? Especially after spending all day over a hot stove? It would seem so. But not Bartley Malone. He faded a little more each voyage, ran a little to the lean side of things. He never faltered.

This is not to say—oh, no!—that Bartley lived on hope sandwiches all that time. He stayed hopeful. He tried the restaurants for a while, but he had to give them up because there wasn't a chef 'longshore who could equal him and tempt his listless appetite. Just the same, he managed a bite here and there. Now and then he had a slice of home-baked bread to keep his hopes up, and twice he pursued such skilled ladies in an outrageous fashion until it turned out that was all they could do: bake bread. Once, in Fortune Bay, the skipper bought a Newfoundland salmon and cooked it himself for Bartley. This lasted two days. And again, the sympathetic captain of a Lunenberg schooner, hailing the Adventure on the Grand Bank itself, saw Bartley diminishing by the weather rail and sent over a case of Newfoundland lobsters. Just in time too.

Two seasons later that beautiful man was a shadow of his former self. His genius over the galley stove gave the vessel a good name and the halibuters fought to go to sea in her. They did little for Bartley. Oh, they tried this and they tried that, but the truth was plainer than ever: he couldn't eat his own cooking, and no other cooking was half as good as his own. What could he do? Lower himself? No, he could only suffer in silence.

He had to auction off his beautiful blue shirts. He was beginning to rattle in them, especially when the ice was making. Second, he became a little melancholy. When he was ashore, he used to sit in the pretty kitchen of his cottage—a nice old one in Folly Cove—and just ponder his fate. Sometimes he went out and mingled with happy mankind, men who were content with the meaner dishes of earth like roast turkey, beef stew, mince pies, apple pies and ice cream. Stuff like that.

Then he stopped going out of his cottage. He was afraid of seeing somebody eating, and such a sight was unbearable to him. Yet even in his worst days there was one last thing he could always look forward to: the music of the circus—the band, the calliope and the merry-go-round. As he shrank and shrank, and the skipper and the dorymen grew plumper and plumper, he used to stand in the galley and whistle an old circus tune, very stately, and often they heard him singing and banging pans to the tune they always played when the cavalry was coming out from under the twenty-cent seats.

Well, one day in September the circus posters went up in Gloucester. The Adventure was home again from the Gully, hailing for another hundred thousand pounds of halibut, and poor old Bartley—yes, that's what they called him now—argued himself into going down the lane at Folly Cove and into the meadow where the circus had its canvas up.

Everything and everybody was loud with music and laughter. Inside the gate, the dorymen and their wives and all the kids for miles around were having a grand time. Bartley headed at once for the elephant tent to see if it was true they had an African elephant this time. Bad luck. They were grilling fat frankfurters down that alley.

Bartley tacked hastily off, shouldering his way through the throngs in such a man-

"That's a lot of felt for the money."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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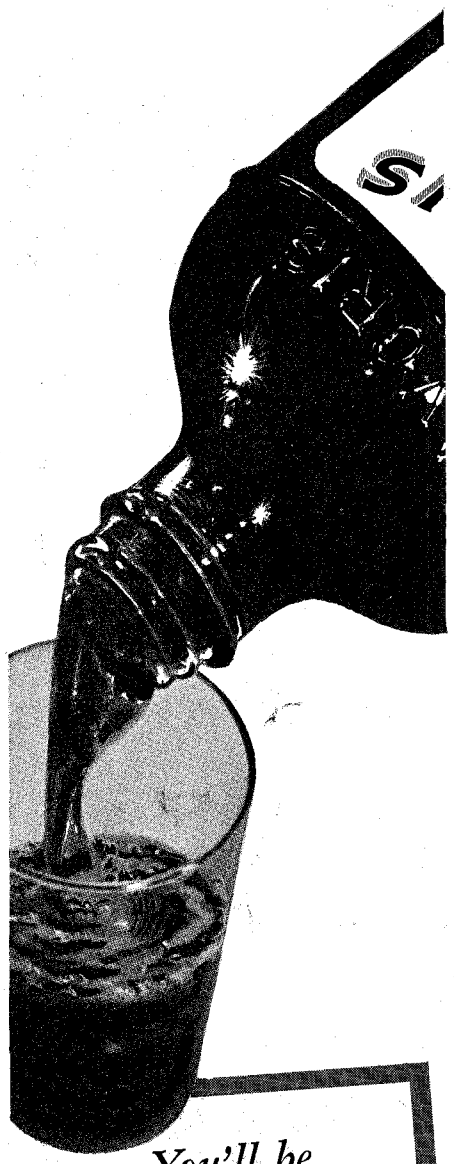

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ner that the dorymen looked after him in pity. There was a big new sign in the next alley saying: TO THE LAPLAND WITCH. Bartley thought it was about time he had his fortune told, and he was heading for the fortune-teller's tent with a great deal of hope when a blast of fragrant air from a popcorn machine hit him amidships.

He luffed. He was under way in a panic when he heard a deep voice calling politely, "Hey, you! Just step over here a moment, my friend! I've a personal message for you!" This lad was a red-vested handsome bucko with a mustache all waxed up and diamonds everywhere he could tack them, except on his silk hat, very tall.

Others had heard his remark and paused, plainly intending to butt in on the private business between Bartley and the barker. They were sent away by the barker, who bent down and boldly pointed a gorgeous ten-cent cane at the sign blazing over his head. "You can read, captain. I can tell that."

Bartley accepted the compliment without replying. Gazing along the rigid cane, he read the banner, which declared that the mystery in the tent was The Wild Woman of Timbuktu. Wild? Aye, she was more than wild, if you could believe the crinkled canvas beneath the sign. It was all filled up with a daub of a black-skinned girl, snarling wickedly, her wrists manacled in golden chains. Her ankles were in irons too. They weren't taking any chance on that one breaking out. Not by a long shot.

"She's savage, captain. Absolutely savage through and through." He bent an inch farther in confidential style to let Bartley in on the real mystery. "I can tell you're a traveled gentleman familiar with the antiquities of the ancient East and the mysteries of glorious Egypt, but I assure you, sir, that in all the panoplied Orient, and Occident, too, there is nothing to equal the Wild Woman of Timbuktu. You been in Timbuktu, captain?"

"Well," said Bartley, "as a matter of fact, I have."

This didn't faze the barker at all, for the simple reason he didn't believe it. Nobody could take him in. He went on, "Then for you, sir, and you alone—a special performance! For the sum of one dollar, added to the customary admission fee of fifteen cents—one dime and one nickel, captain—you may see the wild queen eat her supper. Specially prepared from her own stock of African dainties, maintained by us by daily air freight at excessive cost. Excessive!"

At that instant, the fragrance of food cooking in the queen's tent forced Bartley back a pace. He was ready to reel away when he perceived that the fragrance wasn't hurting him at all. He took a long snuff; then he handed over the money.

"You'll never regret it, captain!"

"I'm hopeful," said Bartley, and he marched into the tent.

The gloom was rosily lighted by a cooking fire set in a little cage of canvas and wood. The delicious, nonrepellent fragrance floated about like a gay song. Somebody in the cage was whistling cleverly, a tune so familiar that Bartley figured he must have heard it on the African run.

"Hello!" he said loudly, in order not to enrage the queen into an attack at once. He came up to the rim of the canvas wall and peeked over, lifting his hat politely. "Me no savvee Timbuktu," said he, remembering his manners.

She snarled dreadfully. She shook her head of woolly curls until the combs and gewgaws of her crown jangled. All her dark body gleamed in a furious rattle of manacles and leg irons, which her long, slender legs clanged in a spectacular rhythm. Her eyes flashed. Her noble bosom heaved beneath its bodice of real African hay. She didn't say anything because her mouth was full of those air-freight African dainties.

Soon as she could, she cried, "Gee-row-a!"

"No," said Bartley, "I won't get out. I don't want to bother you, queen. Don't want to interrupt your supper." His voice broke in pitiful fashion over that last word. He looked down into a pretty copper pot that was on a charcoal grill. It seemed empty. Nothing in it but hope.

"You savvee me Number One cook-boy topside fo'castle, queenie?" He pulled out his share of the Adventure voyage—four hundred bucks in new five-dollar bills—and tossed it at her pretty feet. He pointed to the pot and made the international signal for eating. "I'm starving, missie. I—I can't eat my own cooking and that's a fact!"

For a moment, she seemed to understand. A curious expression filled her lovely, violet-colored eyes, fixed on Bartley's. She put her hand firmly over her lips—very pretty too—and pressed hard. If she hadn't been a real African lady, you'd have thought maybe she was going to bust out laughing.

No. She picked up the mighty roll and tossed it angrily at Bartley.

He nabbed it in mid-air. "No offense, queen."

Then, in a more regal gesture, she held up the copper pot and a silver spoon. His hands shaking, his mouth watering, poor old Bartley spooned up the wonderful morsel in the pot.

He ate it, slowly, delicately, fearfully. A thrill of joy seized his emaciated frame. For the first time in five seasons he gained an ounce.

When he came down to earth, she was gone. She had slid off into the gloom, leaving all the gold handcuffs right there. Pot in one hand, spoon in the other, Bartley hurried out. The barker was gone. Twilight was drifting in from the sea. It took him ten minutes to find the little house on wheels with a simple sign: WILD WOMAN AND LAPLAND WIZARD. He knocked.

A girl's voice sang out rather sweetly, "Who's there, please?"

"It's just me," said Bartley, "pot and spoon."

The door opened as he climbed the steps. In the soft lamplight, a fine-looking black-haired girl stood, her finger across her lips in warning.

She made a sign toward a locked door and whispered, "Who frightened her? Was it you?"

Bartley nodded. "But I didn't mean to, miss. I—well, you see, miss"—and he humbly told her his sad, sweet story. It moved her.

From time to time, she sighed and often tears dimmed her eyes. "Poor Mr. Malone! And you feel her African dishes will save you? Oh, Mr. Malone, I'd so like to help you, but what can I do? She does all the cooking for herself."

"You can do this, Miss"—she said at once her name was Dolly O'Reilly—"Miss O'Reilly," he went on, hauling out his roll again and laying it before her. "I know the queen is a nice girl. They're all nice people in Timbuktu and I don't think her ma and pa would like it if they knew she was making a holy show of herself for every Tom, Dick and Harry. They don't know, do they?"

"I don't think they do yet, Mr. Malone. I must say it's awful sweet of you to think of them."

"Nice girl like that—she ought to have new clothes. Just like yours, miss, and maybe a pretty pair of shoes and some stockings. Why, she shouldn't be running around without nice warm stockings."

"I agree with you, Mr. Malone. Indeed, I do."

"Now, Miss O'Reilly, soon as she feels better I want you to buy her everything she needs, and then tomorrow night you take her to my house—right over there—and we'll have a supper. I'll cook your supper and you get her to cook mine and—and if she wants to give up this wild life and be my housekeeper—why, she can be and I'll always treat her real nice." He smiled bravely and added, "I'm not home much, you know."

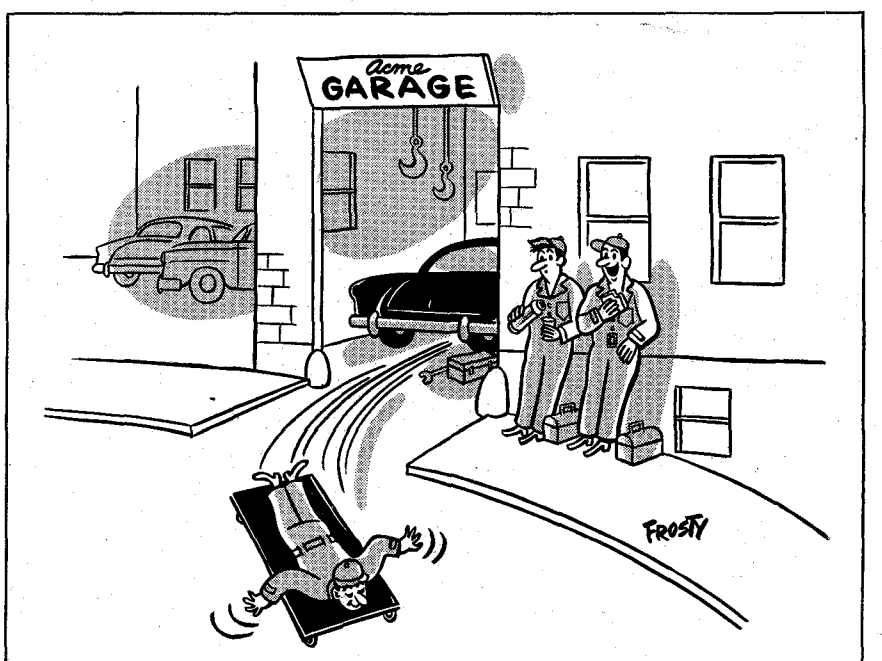
Just after dark the next night, Bartley came down the lane to his cottage, two broiled lobsters and a bottle of wine in a basket. He was feeling remarkably strong and, of course, very hopeful. At the gate he paused. He could see the firelight glittering on his ancient hearth. All the windows glowed mildly. Better still, that same delightful fragrance floated through the aroma of wind-fall apples in his yard. He knocked at the door. Miss O'Reilly greeted him and he entered a house full of life, full of cookery.

"Where is she, miss? Is she happy? Will she stay?"

She placed a warning finger across her lips and whispered, "Now just you leave everything to me, Mr. Malone. I've set the table right by the fire. For two—you and me—and we'll just go ahead and see what happens."

Before Bartley shook out his napkin there was a dish of soup before him, and thick pieces of buttered toast to drop into it. "African lentil soup, Mr. Malone, and this bread—African wheat ground in the old-fashioned way." She gave him a kindly pat on his shoulder. This thrilled Bartley too. Nobody had patted him in the longest time. "I'll just fix up those lobsters, Mr. Malone. You go right ahead."

Before she came out of the kitchen, the soup and toast lived in Bartley strong as the fire at which he gazed in quiet joy. By the time he had finished the main dish—same as the goulash he'd tasted in the tent—and eaten the African salad and had a glass of wine, he was a boy again. Blissful. By that time, too, Miss O'Reilly had



"Fred goes home to lunch."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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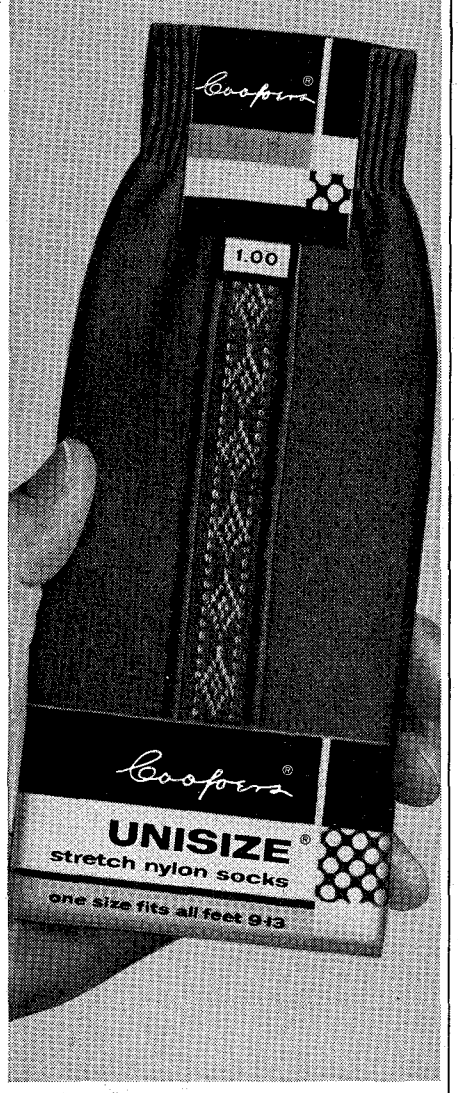

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dined well on the lobsters. Just the same, she seemed not at ease.

"She's had her supper, Miss O'Reilly?"

Miss O'Reilly nodded.

"I hope she liked the clothes you bought her?"

She rose and put in front of him the unaltered roll of bills. "It wouldn't do. No, Mr. Malone, that's not it."

"You mean she's going back home?" The old fear of famine sharpened his look.

"No, that's not it, Mr. Malone."

Bartley tried again. "Won't you ask her to join us for dessert, Miss O'Reilly?"

At this, she couldn't stand it any longer. She struck both her hands together and said almost in tears: "Oh, Mr. Malone, can you ever forgive me?"

"Why, sure. Sure I can. What's there to forgive, miss?"

"Mr. Malone—dear Mr. Malone—there isn't —— Oh, how could I be so cruel? Oh, it was because I liked you so much!"

"What isn't there? Come now, miss; you know you can depend on Bartley Malone."

She took his hand in hers and whispered, "There isn't any real Wild Woman of Timbuktu. It's all—all a circus lie. So there."

Bartley's heart turned cold. He began to lose weight. "There's a mistake somewhere. Why, I saw her!"

"No, Mr. Malone, you saw me."

"Oh," whispered poor Bartley, "oh!" He was stunned. Nevertheless, the warmth began again in his lonely heart. He gazed thoughtfully into the fire and listened to her tender voice explaining that she was really the Lapland Witch and had just put on the Timbuktu togs—black stockings, wig and stain—to take the place of the regular queen.

"Where is she?" asked Bartley.

"She's in Fall River, Mr. Malone, visiting her ma, who's feeling poorly." And: "I did it for my poor daddy, who owns the circus and couldn't find a really good African queen on such short notice." She rose tearfully. "I'll just do the dishes and run along, Mr. Malone. You do forgive me? I simply had to help you. You understand, don't you? Tell me that you do."

Bartley gently bade her sit down and very gravely, like a sea lawyer, he propounded a question. "Miss O'Reilly, if you please. Say you were lucky enough to find a good lot of string beans at the market—not a wrinkle among them—just what would you drop into the pot as a kind of finishing touch?"

"Why, Mr. Malone, happen I could find it—just the right kind, I mean—I'd drop in a cut of lean salt pork. It gives a ——"

He lifted his hand in satisfaction. "Miss Dolly—you won't mind my calling you Miss Dolly, will you?—happen you had a friend who was a duck hunter and he brought you a brace of green teal, how would you go about it? Happen you asked him back to supper?"

"Green-winged teal, Mr. Bartley—you don't mind me calling you that, do you?—why, I'd dress the birds with a Baldwin apple inside the way my mother's recipe says, and I'd kind of show it to the fire, just pass it over the coals two or three times, and serve without delay."

"Dolly," said Bartley, bringing his chair a little closer, "can I ask a very personal question? Kind of intimate?"

"Certainly, Bartley. You may ask me anything you care to. Anything! Because you are so goodhearted and so sweet. What is this intimate question, Bartley?" She brought her chair just a little closer to his.

"Over what kind of fire would you pass that teal to cook it right and keep it tender and juicy? Tell me, Dolly dear."

"Bartley dear, I wouldn't think of anything else than an applewood fire. It gives the real hot coals and if it's done just right there's a touch of apple fragrance in the crisp skin too." He was about to ask another question, but she went on, and her eyes were all asparkle now. "Such applewood must be seasoned indoors three full years. Just like the wood I put on for you tonight."

He smiled in deep content. "Now, honey, you know I'm not the sort to take advantage of a girl just because we're alone and she's in my house, and I wouldn't think of hurrying you or anything like that, but I have a still more intimate question to ask. You don't have to answer unless you really wish to, honey."

"Honey, you can ask me anything. Honestly, you can."

"Happen you knew a man was coming to supper—right here, let's say—and he'd been in a schooner a thousand miles from home, and home she drives under a whole mainsail—tell me, darling, what might he expect in the way of dessert?"

"Why, darling!" she cried, getting up graceful as a gull in flight. "I knew you were acoming, so I baked a cake." And off she ran and back she came bearing a chocolate cake with a magnificent fudge icing all agleam.

Bartley rose and gazed at her in all delight. He put his noble arm around her and drew her closer. At the same time he deftly thrust a fork into the fudge icing and established the fact that it was half an inch thick—the rule in all Gloucester galleys.

Bartley tightened the hug delicately and bent down to her enchanting lips. "Miss O'Reilly, may I?" His new hunger made him seem the youth he was.

"Mr. Malone, indeed, you may."

They kissed sweetly.

The great Malone shrinkage was at an end. THE END

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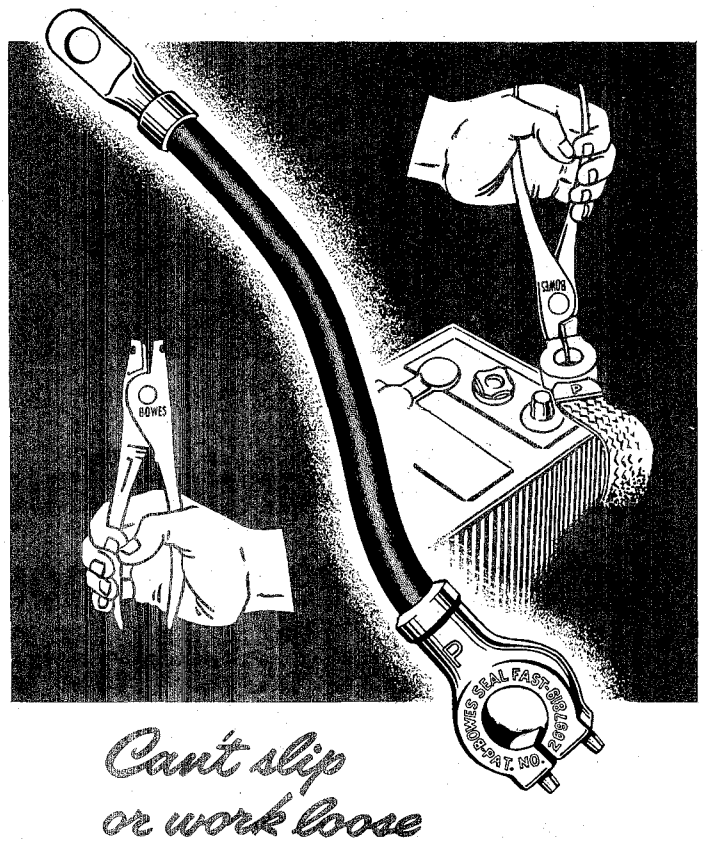

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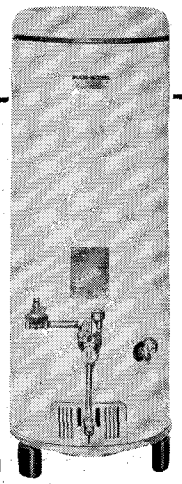

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New Clinic-Style Package works like doctor's atomizer—even children like it.

New Vicks Wonder-Drug Spray Lets You Breathe Almost As If Your Head Cold Had Gone!

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New Vicks Medi-Mist NASAL SPRAY

And for suffering of chest colds —also try dependable Vicks VapoRub!

Rebel in North Country

(Continued from Page 30)

secret of eight days. He announced that Murray Warmath, a forty-one-year-old Southerner who had never even seen a Big Ten game, was the new coach, succeeding easygoing Wes Fesler.

The entire state, which had been nursing football wounds ever since Bernie Bierman's all-winning campaigns of 1940–41, seemed taken aback by Armstrong's choice.

Dr. William Proffitt, an old halfback and mainstay of the lettermen's "M" Club, commented, "That certainly is a surprise." But he added, "We're interested most of all in a strong athletic program. We'll back Warmath a hundred per cent."

Other ex-Gopher athletes were less restrained. "I'm surprised and disappointed," said Orville Freeman, who now is governor of the state. Bob Bjorklund, a starring center under Bierman, declared, "I'm sorry Minnesota didn't hire an old grad."

The "M" Club had applied strong pressure for an alumnus coach—a campaign derided by Johnny Mariucci, an "M" Club member himself, a former professional ice-hockey star and the coach of the school's ice-hockey team.

"In all my years at Minnesota we've never received real aid from the 'M' Club," he said. "Ninety-nine per cent of the athletic help comes from outside the club and ninety-nine per cent of the stench from within the club."

Such was the explosive situation that confronted Warmath, a thick-chested six-footer, handsome in a rugged sort of way, who is exceptionally agile for a 230-pounder. The dynamic stranger ignored the bickering and factional strife. He quickly took charge and began delegating duties to four soft-talking, hard-working aides from Dixie and two holdover coaches—George Nash and Wally Johnson.

Warmath junked Minnesota's familiar single-wing power plays, installed his own version of the Split-T, signed up for two television shows and a radio show, traveled the state on a get-acquainted tour. Few rookie coaches ever broke into the Big Ten with such a satisfying splash. He took the Fesler leftovers and kept the Gophers in the Big Ten and Rose Bowl chase for the greater part of a spectacular seven-and-two season.

By autumn's end they were calling Warmath a "Bernie Bierman with a smile." Bierman, of course, is the football yardstick in Minnesota. His leadership and single-wing power forged the great teams of 1932–41—the Golden Decade in which the Gophers lost only twelve games.

Minnesota hasn't been on top since. Dr. George Hauser pinch-hit for Bierman, who was in the Navy, in 1942–43–44. Bernie returned in 1945, but somehow never could fit the pieces together again. He quit in 1950, after the team won only a single game out of nine.

Fesler, who had "retired" at Ohio State a few weeks earlier, got the job then, Armstrong says, "because we needed a name guy to replace Bierman." Fesler's teams played unpredictable football, occasionally upsetting a stronger foe—as in a 22–0 victory over Michigan in 1953—but lacking the defensive toughness to win consistently.

In three years Fesler won ten games, lost thirteen, tied four. Apparently recognizing the inevitable, he stepped down for an executive position with a Minneapolis radio station.

Oddly, two of Warmath's greatest boosters now are Bierman and Fesler, who frequently attend practice and never miss a home game. Charlie Johnson, long-time executive sports editor of the Minneapolis Star and Tribune, asserts that in one year Warmath has united the factions, driven the mavericks into hiding and gained the support of the entire state.

"Everybody up here is crazy about the guy," Johnson exults. "He had two strikes on him when he arrived, which didn't seem to bother him at all. Now he can have anything he wants in this country. He did it with hard work—I've never seen such a worker. Personally, I hope he stays with us forever."

Warmath is not indifferent to such praise. But he knew this year that no coach travels far on yesterday's victories. Fact is, Murray likes to worry. He says, "I've got a stable personality—I'm grouchy all the time." It would be more accurate to say that he is grimly determined to squeeze the most out of any situation. Football is his bread and butter, but he approaches fishing, hunting, bridge or a lecture assignment with the same sort of zeal.

Unlike some of his contemporaries, Warmath is not given to pregame lamentations that are patently ridiculous. However, he does find pessimism useful in modest amounts. "Before we played a game in 1954," he pointed out recently, "I said the 1954 team probably would be better than our 1955 team. I inherited a good bunch of seniors. Now they're gone. Furthermore, the schedule was favorable a year ago. We had Oregon State, Pitt, Nebraska and six conference games. This fall we've got Southern California, Washington and seven Big Ten games. One more thing, we won't be able to catch anyone napping this season—a 5–5 record would be a good guess for 1955."

Warmath's conservatism seemed justified when Minnesota got trounced by Washington in its 1955 opener, 30–0. The grave approach, according to Warmath, is the right one. "The big build-up becomes a big let-down when you lose," he explains. "The big build-up encourages overconfidence in your own players. In the third place, if you're optimistic in print it may serve as the very incentive the other team needs to get all steamed up. To be in step with your team you must often be out of step with the public."

His tremendous energy, quick wit and patience put him in step with the young Gophers almost at once. On the first day of practice in 1954 he said, "Men, you can't be a slow car in a fast race. We want speed. We think it can be developed by hard work and concentration. We want to have some fun too. So, sing from satisfaction."

The drills are highly organized, precise and exacting, usually running from an hour and forty minutes to two hours. An occasional wisecrack or story lightens the heavy labor. He calls his safety men "the DiMaggios." He says to the quarterbacks, "Spin your wheels," to emphasize the importance of short steps on hand-offs, or "You made a rainbow," when the halfback doesn't hit straight into the hole.

The four Southerners he brought with him—Denver Crawford, Bill Murphy, Jim Camp and Billy Hildebrand—match his own enthusiasm. Warmath says, "All of my coaches have red-haired dispositions." In season they work at a furious seven-day-a-week pace, plus at least three night sessions weekly.

At Mississippi State he plotted for a year on ways to (Continued on Page 142)

The woman who arranges a match for her daughter may intend to referee it too.

KENNETH L. KRICHBAUM

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Never underestimate the power of the No. 1 magazine for women... Ladies' Home JOURNAL

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(Continued from Page 140) whip his old coach, Robert R. Neyland, at Tennessee. However, the Vols won, 14–7, and late in the game one of Warmath's boys was carried off on a stretcher.

Neyland sought out Warmath after the game and inquired, "Murray, was anyone hurt?"

"Nobody but me," said Warmath, "and I'm dying."

Football business always comes before pleasure with Warmath. Minnesota is famous for hunting and fishing, and Murray is extremely fond of both, yet he found no time to do either in his first year. Charley Gluek, a wealthy brewer, tried to lure him into making a quick trip last fall to his duck blinds—a mere half hour from Warmath's office. Murray at first agreed; then backed out at the last minute.

"Can't do it, Charley," he said. "We got Michigan State next. I've got to concentrate on that. If I went down there with you and then we got beat, I'd never forget it."

Nor does Warmath relax, once the season ends. A year ago he concentrated on natives of Minnesota; forty-three of the forty-four numeral winners were home-state athletes. This fall he rounded up many more Minnesotans, but lost the most famous one—Bronko Nagurski, Jr., son of Minnesota's all-time great football hero. The boy publicly professed a preference for his dad's alma mater last spring, but in a bitter summer-long duel, the Gophers lost the 215-pound tackle prospect to tenacious Notre Dame.

After 1955 spring practice Warmath and the staff conducted a "dry run" of the entire season to come, devoting one week to each 1955 opponent. The coach assigned to scout, say, Wisconsin, tells all he knows about that squad—offense, defense, personnel, patterns of play, peculiarities. The coaches look at movies, argue, plan, revise. They wind up with firm conclusions on battle plans.

Does such painstaking detail pay off? Warmath thinks so. He tells of a rival team that had a first down on his one-yard line. Four plays later the ball was back on the six. Each opposing play had followed the pattern revealed by the staff's tedious study.

Summertime is clinic time. Warmath lectured at or attended five coaching schools during the hot months of 1955, always alert for valuable tips. His football appetite is insatiable and his memory vivid, especially in defeat.

Over his office door this year hangs a red-lettered sign that confronts him daily. It reads:

1954—MICHIGAN 34, MINNESOTA 0.
1955—MICHIGAN ??, MINNESOTA ??

"We were whipped before that one started," he admits wryly. "It's axiomatic in football that you play like you practice. My players hear that constantly. All of the signs were there the week of the Michigan game—unresponsive, no snap, no spirit. Somehow, I couldn't 'get to' the players. Maybe it was because we had won four in a row, maybe because many of these same boys had beat Michigan the year before.

"The game was at Ann Arbor, where both teams use the same tunnel to the field. My players started out first. Then the Michigan door swung open and those fellows seemed to explode out of there. My boys stood aside and let them pass! I knew then only a miracle could save us."

Michigan won easily.

However, the Gophers snapped back to defeat Michigan State and Oregon State. Then came the season's thriller—a 22–20 victory over Iowa. This was the performance that swung the phlegmatic alumni to the Warmath banner.

Murray's family takes football almost as seriously as he does. Mary Louise, his pretty, red-haired wife—they began courting when he was a college junior—is a tough loser. "When we lose," she says, smiling, "I even hate to go to the market."

One Saturday morning last fall Warmath left his comfortable four-bedroom house in suburban Edina without his luck piece, a rabbit's foot. Two hours later an envelope was delivered to his desk. In it was the charm and a note, "Good luck, daddy dear," signed by Carol, their precocious ten-year-old daughter. Murray, Jr., a strapping fourteen-year-old, taller than his dad, is more on the silent side. His current favorite is ice hockey, not football.

While Warmath's quick success in 1954 came as a delightful surprise to Minnesotans, it was hardly unexpected in the profession. Back when Murray was just twenty-six, an assistant's assistant at Tennessee, Coach Neyland remarked, "Warmath knows more football right now than any other man on my staff, and I'm not sure he doesn't know more than I do."

Army's Earl (Red) Blaik, under whom Murray worked for three years, said, "If Warmath gets the kind of material I think he'll get, he will have those coaches out there scared to death." Neyland and Blaik, it might be added, are not given to extravagant statements.

"Nothing for you."
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

In his youth Warmath was just another country boy with big dreams. It was to be an upstream fight all the way. Murray was nine, growing up in Humboldt, the strawberry-growing center of West Tennessee, when his mother died. His father, Carl E., moved to nearby Jackson, leaving his son with an aunt, Mrs. Tom Barksdale.

When she died three years later, Murray moved in with Mrs. Howard Foltz, his father's half-sister, remaining there through three years of high school. He took his senior year at Branham and Hughes Military Academy—now defunct—where he played football, basketball and baseball.

Young Warmath considered himself a pretty good athlete, but the college recruiters—what few there were in 1930—ignored him. His reaction was typical. He enrolled at Tennessee, paying his own way the first year, and joined the freshman football squad, an unknown among a glittering collection of cocky prep stars.

Old teammates tell of the day when the freshmen, scrimmaging the varsity, had blocked every scoring threat for more than an hour. Finally the varsity's Bobby Dodd, who was to make All-America that season, hit Buddy Hackman with a touchdown pass, ending the arduous workout. Everyone seemed quite pleased to call it a day except Warmath. He was down on his knees, beating his fists into the turf and yelling, "They can't do it again!" This sort of thing did not endear him to his weary teammates.

A knee injury eventually side-lined him as a sophomore in 1931. In retrospect, he considers this a lucky break. In that year he added fifteen pounds, matured a great deal, studied a dozen football books and moved well ahead in the classroom. Murray played end in 1932 and 1933, not spectacularly but well, then made all-conference at guard in 1934.

After graduation Warmath was promptly attached to the Tennessee football staff. The players quickly accepted him as an expert on fundamentals, an exacting teacher and a rugged conditioner.

Warmath went to Mississippi State in 1939 and served as coach Allyn McKeen's line coach for four years. McKeen, who has been in football for thirty years as a player, coach, and now scout, still calls Warmath, "the best line coach I ever saw."

It is probably more than coincidental that the Maroons won their first and only Southeastern Conference championship and lost just five games out of thirty-nine while Warmath was on duty there.

The war years of 1943–45 brought a virtual blackout of football for Warmath. Serving in the Navy, he missed out on the physical-training program, drawing communications duties, mostly in Brazil and North Africa.

Tennessee's Coach Neyland, himself just returned from a five-year Army tour, lured Warmath back to Tennessee in 1946, but not for long. Murray left in 1949—"toughest decision I ever had to make"—to go to West Point. He wanted to break away from the single wing and soak up T-formation techniques.

Warmath's study of Blaik's methods greatly intensified his desire to become a head coach himself. He got his chance in 1952, returning to Mississippi State at $15,000 a year, more than that school had ever previously paid a coach. In two years, with a remarkable natural quarterback in Jackie Parker, a rejuvenated school spirit and ever-improving material, he made the Maroons a rugged contender.

After State's 33–14 conquest of Louisiana State in 1952—his team piled up nineteen points in the second half—a delighted alumnus cornered Warmath.

"What did you tell 'em at half time?" he asked.

"Nothing," said Warmath. "If I'd had anything that good, I'd have told 'em the middle of last week—I wouldn't have saved it for half time."

However, there was a gimmick involved in the rally. Warmath was disgusted with a 14–14 half-time score, and relayed his feelings to the squad in mule-skinner language. He also asked the officials to notify him when six minutes remained at the intermission, instead of giving him the usual three-minute warning.

"The squad was resting in silence when the timer gave us the warning," he recalls. "Figuring we had just three minutes to go, the players began to stir. 'Just stay where you are,' I said. 'I'm not going to send you out there until you're ready to play football. You're not ready. We'll just stay here until you are ready.' So we just sat in that awful silence as the minutes ticked by. You could feel the tension mounting. Finally, I said, 'Let's go,' and they charged out and showed me some real football."

Warmath, most Southerners agree, had laid solid foundations for a long stay at Mississippi State. However, there was no hesitation on his part when Minnesota beckoned in January of 1954.

Warmath flew to Chicago for a secret huddle with Armstrong and Dr. J. L. Morrill, the university president. He flew back to Mississippi with a firm agreement—a four-year contract at $15,000 a year.

Warmath's football methods are far from revolutionary. Like all good coaches, he bears down on recruiting. He says quite frankly that he intends to attract every good prep prospect in the state, just as Bierman used to do. Once at Minnesota, they will discover that behind this aggressive fireball and his Split-T are a few bedrock fundamentals.

"We go for the defense first," he says. "We ask, 'How can we stop them?' You must answer that one before you go to the offense. Too, we coach execution rather than fancy stuff. We use few plays. You study the play-by-play over a whole season. Know what it shows? The other team doesn't stop you. You stop yourself. You fumble, miss a block, hit the wrong hole. You make mechanical mistakes."

Having seasoned a great deal in his three years as a head coach, Warmath now manages to maintain a certain calm as a game day approaches. The pressure tightens Thursday, by which time all serious practice is over, and increases Friday. Before all home games, the squad, Coaches Warmath, Crawford and Murphy, and the trainer move by bus to a St. Paul hotel. That night the players see a movie—usually the very latest from Hollywood—and retire early.

Murray occupies the room next to Crawford and Murphy. "We don't sleep much," says Murphy. "Murray bounces in and out of bed, munches on apples and brings up various details all through the night."

The coaches conduct a skull session Saturday morning, show football movies—usually of the last year's game with the opposing team—and review the offense and defense and special plans. The players do not go back to their rooms.

"They doze off or play cards or clown around—get their minds off the game," Warmath explains. "We keep them occupied until it's time to tape up and suit up for the bus ride to the stadium. I'm usually pretty well composed by then. That doesn't mean I take a nap on the bus."

And when it's over? "Well, Saturday night, like they say, is my night to howl. Seriously, I try to forget football and relax. Mary Louise and I go out with friends, maybe dance a little or something like that. Come Sunday, we assume battle stations and full speed ahead. We start all over. It's a new day, a new game and a new challenge." THE END

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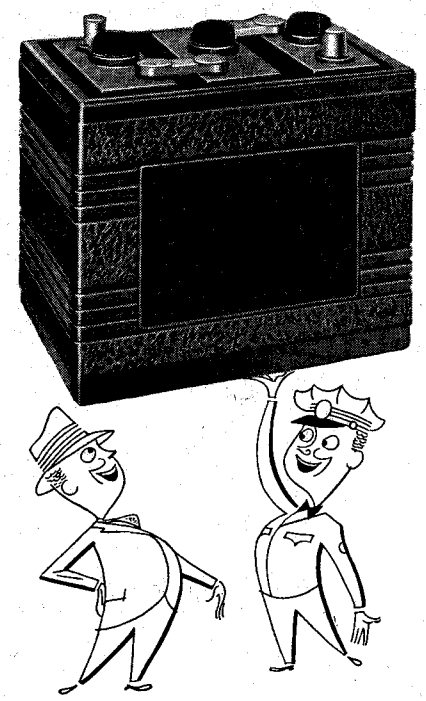

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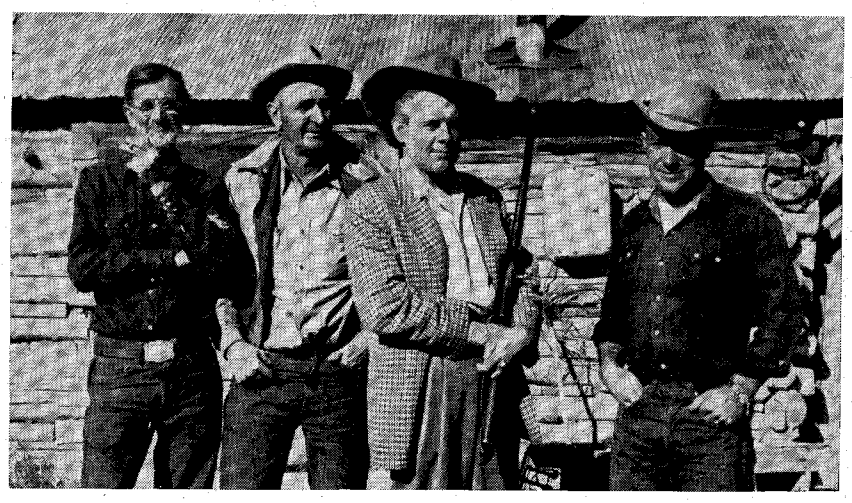

Author Gustafson (with musket) and flying cowboys; rancher Bachman at his left.

In Idaho, where page 32 says that "most of the people have stepped out of saddles into airplanes," Phil Gustafson flew all around with the new generation of air-borne cowboys. And it transpired that he had his picture snapped with air-minded Earl Bachman and two ranch hands on the 7000-acre Triangle Ranch. Although cowboys in air machines occasionally pursue badmen as well as horses, antelopes, and many other things, Gustafson is vague about why he clutches that artillery in the photo. Actually, the author grew up on a horse in the Midwest. He got very sick of pursuing cows, and now, a New Yorker, is homesick to live on a horse among cows again. Just a confirmed old malcontent.

Author Meets Author Time and Time Again

In response to a recent query, Maurice Zolotow assured us that nothing interesting had befallen him while he was working on his article about Maurice Evans, which awaits you on page 36.

Having thus disposed of the query, Zolotow proceeded to relate that during one of his interviewing sessions with Evans he ran into a chap named John Horn, who is one of the writers of Ed Murrow's Person-to-Person show.

"And this," says Zolotow, "is the third time Horn and I have crossed lines during a job."

The first time, it seems, was when Murrow was preparing to do a show about Bert Lahr, which was only a few weeks after the publication of Zolotow's Post article on the comedian. When Horn called upon Lahr, he found him in a very suspicious mood.

"There had been a few statements in my piece," Zolotow explains cheerfully, "that made Lahr leery of all reporters. So Horn had a hard time getting his material."

The cause of the second crossing of lines was Brandon de Wilde, the child actor, whom Zolotow wrote up for your favorite magazine, and Horn for the Murrow program.

"The third time I bumped into Horn," says Zolotow, "was in Maurice Evans' house in Greenwich Village. Well, by now we have gotten into a sort of amiably competitive relationship. I let Horn sit around and listen to the questions I ask, and he lets me listen to his."

Unselfish fellows, these authors.

"But I suspect," Zolotow adds, "that neither of us asks our important questions when the other is around."

Canny fellows, these authors.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"TV's Colossal Hassle"

Two Phonevision TV Sets

Is the era of free TV expiring? Many would be willing to pay if they could get better programs. It's now up to Federal authorities to decide for or against the introduction of toll video.

Mystery of the Disappearing Horse

Here's something about the 1st Marine Division's fabulous horse Reckless which came to light after Col. Andy Geer had wrapped up his story on page 22. In the April 17, 1954 Post, Geer told you about Reckless' marvelous combat record in Korea, and later this column reported that the valiant little mare had been rotated home and, with high honors, assigned to shore duty in a California pasture. Recently Geer, while on active duty in Washington, learned from Col. Phil Berkeley, the 1st Marine's chief of staff when Reckless was rotated, and from Lt. Col. Vic Bisceglia, then the division's liaison officer at 8th Army Headquarters, that all wasn't beer and skittles in getting Reckless out of Korea.

Seems that the Army Veterinarian Corps got upset about the mystery of why a Marine horse should migrate to the States without being interviewed by the quarantine officials. The officials were quite sticky about the matter for several weeks. For a while the Marines registered wide-eyed ignorance, kept asking, "What horse? Whose horse?" When they couldn't pull that any longer, they stalled some more by saying, "Oh, *that* horse. Why, just check with Col. Andy Geer—he's in the States now and he'll clear everything up." As this Geer's whereabouts proved sticky (he was then in mufti writing a book about Reckless), the Marines in Korea finally suggested, "You can reach him through The Saturday Evening Post." Beyond this point no reliable information is available; somehow the inquiry fogged away into the mists of futility.

The Post had no part in this anticlimax and if Geer later is captured and put in quarantine himself, that's all right, for his full-length Reckless book is finished and just published by Dutton. It could be another Black Beauty—happy ending too.

Trout Expert Displays Brook Items

These recent photographs depict Edmund Gilligan after a hard day's work as rod-and-gun editor of the New York Herald-Tribune. He asserts that his work during trout season consists of researching trout streams—"a melancholy fate, but I bear up under it the best I can." The astonishing creature Gilligan is holding in the upper picture is not a tuna, but a brown trout. This record brown was brought to shore on the famous Esopus Creek at Phoenicia, New York, after it made the error of swallowing a minnow. Half a mile down-creek Gilligan caught the minute specimen he proudly displays in the lower picture, a rainbow. Query to the author: very well, and of course you caught the big one too? Oh, that one—no, that was caught by a friend, Lawrence Decker of Goshen, New York. Anyway, Gilligan did write the story on page 24, and presumably also a book titled Sea Dog, the tenth with his by-line, which currently is selling in pleasant numbers.

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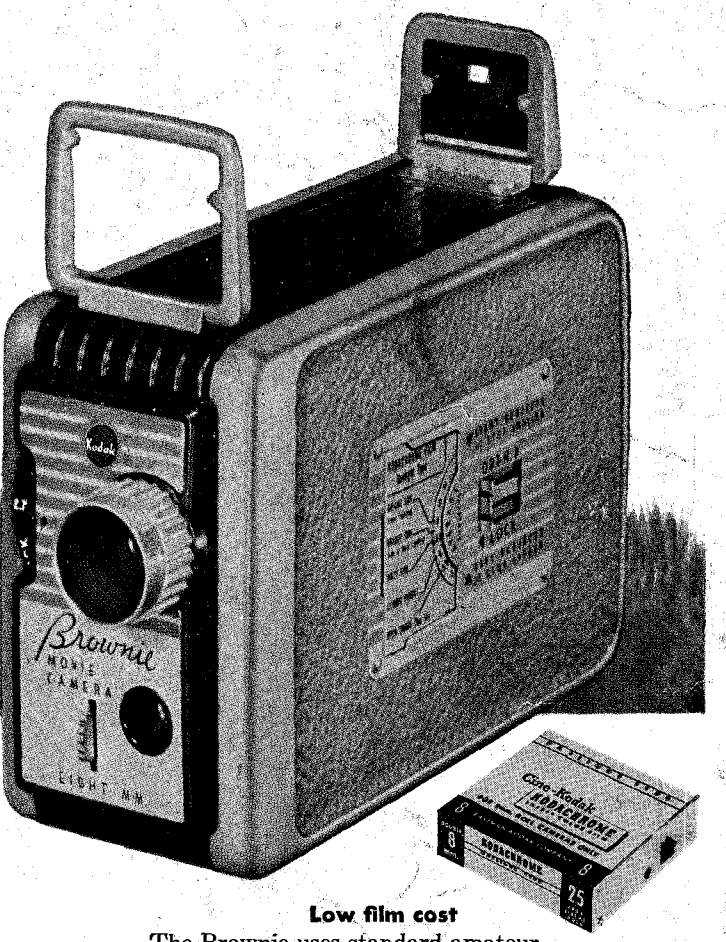

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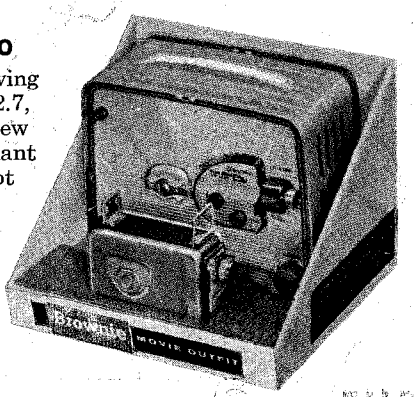
Prices include Federal Tax and are subject to change without notice.



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